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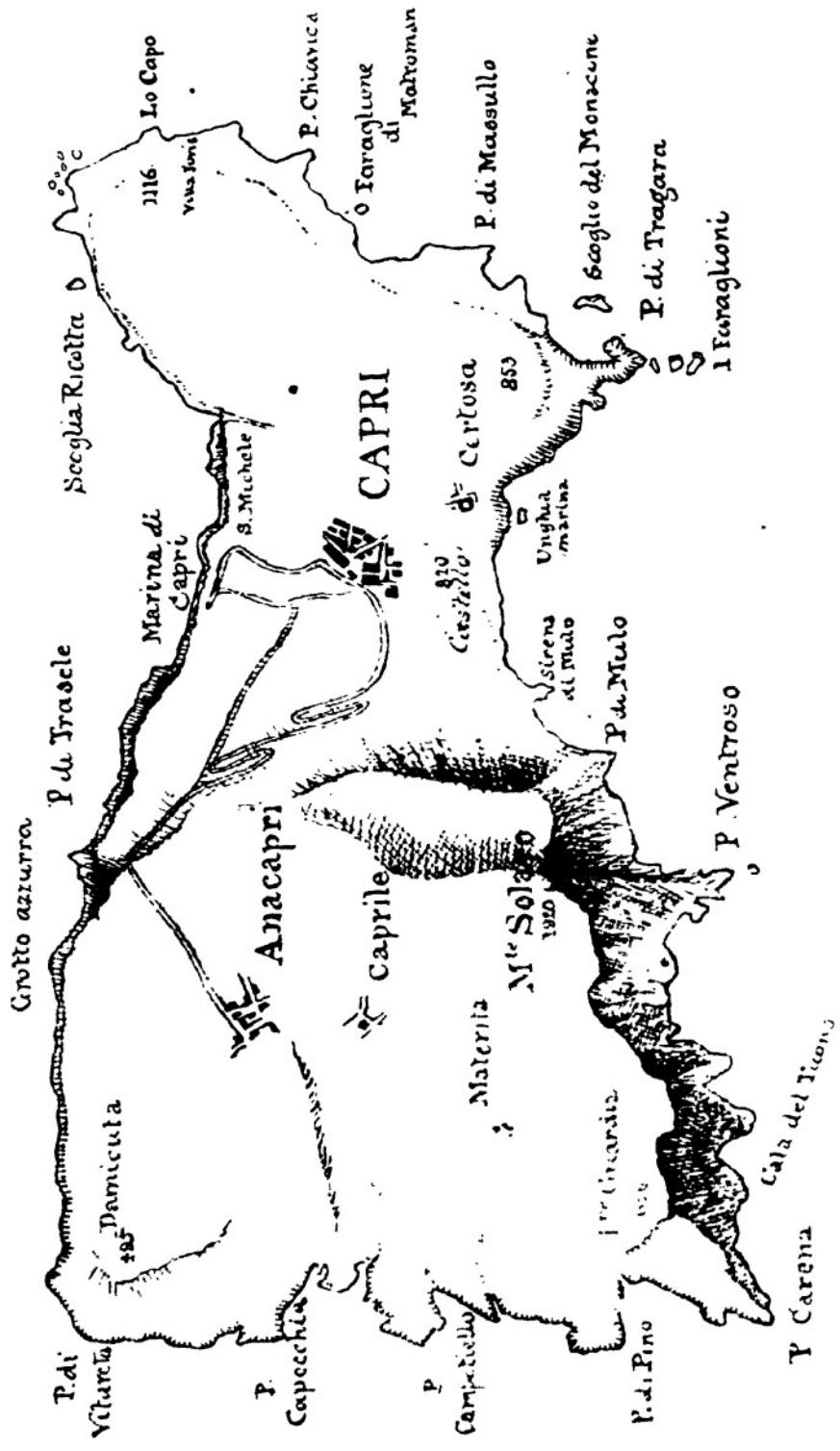
















# LOTOS EATER IN CAPRI

BY

ALAN WALTERS

AUTHOR OF

"PALMS AND PLATES"; OR, SCENES IN CEYLON.

"O suol beato !  
Ove sorridere  
Volle il creato."

"Hoc ut potero explicabo . . . ut homunculus unus e multis probabilitia conjectura sequens; ultra enim quo progrediar quam ut veri similia videam non habeo. Certa dicent ii, qui et percipi ea posse dicunt, et se sapientes esse profitentur."

CICERO, Tusc. i. 5



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARIE VAGNER  
AND THE AUTHOR

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## FOREWORD

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If this volume should, like Doctor Johnson's dish of cold sheep's head, fall under the condemnation of being but 'confused feeding,' it may possibly for that very reason commend itself to some fellow-vagrant, who has neither inclination for more learned labours nor space in his portmanteau for weightier tomes.

There is so little English literature on the subject of Capri that I make no apology for this outline of its history and antiquities, sketched among the scenes which I have attempted to describe. Closer topographical details will be found in my pocket '*Guide to Capri*,' published by Furchheim, Naples.

I have done my best to verify my quotations, but in one or two instances have been compelled

*FOREWORD*

to content myself with a translation only of the original.

To Doctor Cerio and Colonel MacKowen I am under great obligation for materials placed at my disposal.

A. W.



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# A LOTOS-EATER IN CAPRI

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## CHAPTER I.

IN MY GARDEN.

*'We reached, borne downward with an easy helm,  
Land of the flowery food, the Lotos-eating realm.'*

THE first rays of the sun are kissing the tender emerald of the vine shoots, and tipping the olive boughs with a lustrous sheen; the snowy peach-blossoms float lazily earthwards and lose themselves in the sweet-scented tangle of wild-flowers at my feet, as I pace my little garden patch, and try to realize that nine short days ago I was shivering in the grip of a gray north-easter in Plymouth Sound. Now, as I look southwards in the soft haze of this young April dawn, through a medley of orange-gardens and roses and ferny walls and gray-green aloes and gnarled carouba

trees, my eyes rest lovingly on the soft outlines of the islets floating upon the fair Sicilian sea, where in days of old

‘*The shrill Sirens, couched among the flowers,  
Sang melodies that lured from the great deep  
The heedless mariner to their fatal bower ;  
Where round about them, piled in many a heap,  
Lay the bleached bones of mouldering men that sleep  
For ever, and the dead skins waste away.*’

But the

‘*Sweet death-songs of the singing sisters three*’

are heard no more; and as I listen to the silence around me, I fall to musing upon the world-old wonder of springtide, and the mighty mystery of resurrection, and the exceeding beatitude of the lotos-eater, whose love of work, set over against his love of idleness, is as Falstaff’s penn’orth of bread to the sack with which he mingled it.

The island of Capri, ‘*un pezzo del cielo caduto in terra*,’ is a mere rocky speck compared to such brilliant spots of splendour as the Antilles or Ceylon; but her beauty excels by reason of a subtle deepening charm undreamed of by the gadding traveller who, in his rushing gallop round the globe, can spare but an hour for a hasty lunch at the Marina, and a swift patronizing glance at the unique marvel of the Blue Grotto. Capri is a

joy for ever, not with the flashing loveliness of a queen, that strikes men dumb as she passes and is gone, but rather with the undistinguished glory of a face in whose features, lined and rugged, we have learned by a daily companionship to discern unfathomed depths of grace and tenderness.

*'Who can light on as happy a shore,  
All the world o'er, all the world o'er?'*

If Capri be, as our American cousins would say, a one-horse place, that horse is Eclipse. Nowhere can a confirmed lotophagist, who, like the wife of the civic knight of Edmonton, is with frugal mind on pleasure bent, pitch his tent in a more congenial resting-place. Nowhere can he with sweeter contentment chew the cud of dreamy meditation, oblivious of the stress and strain of the 'social mill,' the big drum of Booth, and the irrepressible cackle of the compound householder; nowhere, with his feet set upon the threshold of Nirvâna, can he find a charm more potent to assuage

*'The fever called living,  
That burns in the brain.'*

I will adapt the words of Goethe, who has said: 'Just as it is asserted that a man who has once seen a ghost is never afterwards seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be affirmed that a

man can never be utterly miserable who retains the recollection of Capri.'

At a distance of nineteen English miles from the noisy city, to which, as Ovid tells us,

‘*Sirenum dedit una suum memorabile nomen  
Partenope,*’

Capri lies across the southern entrance of the Bay of Naples like a crouching lion. Jean Paul traced in its rocky profile a resemblance to the figure of a sphinx; the solid and sentimental Gregorovius compared it to ‘an ancient sarcophagus whose sides are adorned with snaky-haired furies’; the fancy of others has likened it to the head and neck of a crocodile, or to a *caliga* or boot of a Spanish cavalier. A more accurate notion is conveyed by the German name ‘Eber Insel,’ or Boar Island, suggested by *kapros*, the Greek name of that animal. Looking at the facts that the Greek was here long before the Roman, that the language of Greece was the common speech of the islanders at the period of the imperial occupation, and that from very early historical times the highlands of Capri have been known under the distinctly Greek name of Anacapri, it seems difficult to avoid MacKown’s conclusion that we must distrust the popular Latin derivation which would make it the ‘island of wild goats.’ Strabo, writing in the

time of the Cæsars, calls it by its Greek designation ; and seeing that the name of every other rock and town and island in the ‘ pulcherrimum sinum ’ was at that time of Greek origin, it is not to be believed that Capri alone should have had a Roman one.\*

However this may be, the seagirt mass of rock, four miles and a half in length, and less than two miles wide, looks from the mainland like the just and proper continuation of the Punta di Campanella, the northern headland of the Salernian Gulf, from which it is separated by the Bocca, a strait only three miles in width.† The circuit, which at the present time is about nine miles, was for many years—at least, on paper—supposed to be forty, a mistake that had its origin in a misprint in successive editions of Pliny (iii. 6), whose ‘ xi.

\* Marmocchi favours the popular derivation : ‘ Ecateo il più antico de’ geografi la chiama Capriene, e pare che i Greci vi abbiano posto tal nome dal numero delle capre selvatiche che vi erano ’ (*Diz. di Geo. Univ.*). Martorelli thinks that the name is from the Phœnician word *Capraim*, meaning ‘two towns.’ The plural form *Capreae* used by ancient writers may be compared with *Athenæ*, *Mycenæ*, *Thebæ*, *Cumæ*, etc. An inconclusive note on the subject will be found in Quaranta (p. 7), who points out that in Ptolemy alone the single form *Caprea* is met with, to which I may add the ‘ Capriene ’ of Stephanus Byzantinus.

† The διάπλος βραχὺς of Strabo.

M. passuum' was turned into 'xl.' To bring present measurements into agreement with his, we must suppose considerable encroachments of the sea during the last eighteen centuries.

That the island was once part of the Surrentine peninsula is not out of harmony with the requirements of geology and with the character of the neighbouring coast. From its shores we look out upon the isles of Ischia and Procida, both of which may have been severed from the mainland by the same convulsion of nature that insulated Capri.\* Such an idea is confirmed by the incontrovertible fact that in very early times Vesuvius had been in active eruption.

Strabo (v. 4) says of Mount Vesuvius in his day that it 'is covered with beautiful meadows except on the top, which is mostly level, but quite sterile, with an appearance of ashes, showing rugged rocks of sooty consistency and colour, as if they had been burned with fire. From which one might conclude that the mountain had once burned, and possessed fiery abysses, and had become extinguished when the material was spent.'

Girt in almost its entire circumference by ram-

\* Strabo (*Geog.* I.) says: 'Some think that Lesbos was torn from Ida as Prochyta and Pithecusa were from Misenum, and Caprea from Athenaeum (*i.e.*, Punta Campanella).'

parts of precipitous cliffs varying from two hundred to two thousand feet in height, and riven by innumerable gorges plunging sheer down into the sea, Capri is accessible only at a few points. Its geological formation consists for the most part of limestone strata from the tertiary period, covered in many places by a deposit of volcanic cinders and pozzolana underlying the surface soil.\* A few years ago light was thrown upon these evident tokens of volcanic action by the discovery of some human remains at a depth of eight or ten feet, beneath which at a farther depth of twenty-five feet was found a deep cinder deposit, with carbonized trunks and branches of trees embedded. It cannot be doubted that the cinders were originally deposited in a red-hot state, inasmuch as the trees were still standing in a vertical position, with their roots perforating the soil and their boughs spreading laterally outwards. But how cinders from an eruption either at Vesuvius or in Ischia could ever have reached Capri hot enough to

\* Pozzolana (the 'pulvis puteolanus' of Vitruvius) is a ferruginous ash, known locally as *tarras*, and is used in England in the making of fine mortar and cement. Tufa, known in England as 'Naples stone,' is a soft stone easily worked with a tomahawk, and consisting of pumice, ashes and burnt matter. It resembles freestone in colour, varying from a gray-green to a yellow.

produce carbonization is so hard a nut to crack that I am inclined to take refuge in the plausible suggestion of Colonel MacKowen, who supposes that they were transported neither from the mainland nor from Epomeo (which in 1302 was responsible for the devastation of Ischia), but from the mouth of the vast crater now covered by the placid waters of the Bay of Naples, to which the name Cratere is still frequently given.

The interior of Capri is for the most part rocky and broken, and one third of its surface utterly sterile. Although the many visible remains of its former glories give a certain forlorn look to the island, its scenery is no less attractive, its climate no less charming, than when the poet Statius invited his wife to come and share with him the delightful retirement of its shores :

‘Quas et mollis hiems et frigida temperat aetas,  
Quas mitelle fretum torpentibus alluit undis.’

The only level tracts of any extent are the ‘saddle’ in the centre near the town of Capri, the Unghia Marina near the Certosa, a grassy plain down at Aiano near the ruined ‘Palazzo a mare,’ and a fertile stretch of ground round Anacapri, to which, until twenty years ago, the only access lay along a steep rocky stairway of many hundred steps, hewn out of the face of the mountain ridge that runs across

the island from north to south. That the stairway was the work of men who inhabited Capri before the time of the Cæsars seems to be hinted at by Strabo, who says: 'Formerly there were two towns in Capreæ; now, however, there is but one'—a statement that suggests an amalgamation which was only possible on the supposition of a means of communication between the two. The steps, which can be followed now only in isolated portions, have fallen into disuse by the construction of the fine carriage-road that starts from the Marina and ends after many windings just beyond the village of Anacapri, nine hundred feet above the sea.

The dividing line by which the masterful hand of Nature has emphatically severed highland from lowland has not been without its effects on the history and racial characteristics of the islanders, amongst whom, divided into the hostile camps of the Capriotes and Anacapriotes, there has existed from time immemorial a heartsome feud.\* In 1496 the highlandmen complained bitterly to Frederic, the last of the Aragonese sovereigns, of the wrongs inflicted on them by the men of Capri,

\* From economical motives no Italian census was taken in 1891; the last numbering showed the population to be: Capri 2,827, Anacapri 2,021.

and were successful in obtaining the establishment of a separate commune. Half a century later they renewed their complaints to Charles V., saying that the lowlanders used to burn their boats and crops, and drive them from the fishing of the *aguglia*, or garfish. Capaccio, writing in 1607, tells us that 'the people of Capri and Anacapri are enemies, doing out of spite all the damage they can to one another.' At the end of the last century the Austrian Hadrawa, who made many excavations in the island, was much impressed by the haïred still existing, and by meeting with old people up in Anacapri who had never been down to Capri. The completion of the carriage-road in 1874 marked an era in the life of the islanders, hundreds of whom, though living but three miles from the nearest mainland, had up to that time never seen a horse. That there is no excessive cordiality at the present day is shown by an amusing instance in which witness was borne by a native of Capri against his own father. 'These people of Anacapri,' he said, 'are born thieves and liars; they are always quarrelling with one another and going to law. They cannot help it—the very air of Anacapri makes them thieves, whether they wish to be or not. You never see one of them without a sack on his

shoulder, to hide in it what he has stolen. Now, there is my own father : he was born in Anacapri, and can never go down to my boathouse without stealing a rope, or a bolt, or something, which he can sell for a few *soldi*, and then goes off and buys rum with it. He cannot help it, he was born in such an atmosphere as Anacapri, and I cannot blame him. I never let him carry a sack, because I know he will be up to his old tricks, and —who knows?—he might be arrested for stealing and sent to gaol. Every time I hear of his going into my boathouse I examine his pockets, and always find something which can be easily carried off. There is no need of his stealing, because we children give him everything he can want.' I am indebted for this naïve unveiling of a family skeleton to Colonel MacKower, who goes on to remark that, as a matter of course, the people of Anacapri consider the air of Capri as deleterious to all moral principle ; with a scornful designation of their neighbours as 'Saraceni,' they wonder how an honest stranger can remain any length of time among such corrupted and evil specimens of humanity. Probably, as the same writer suggests, the ill-feeling springs from a hate of races. The Anacapriote is almost a pure Greek; blue eyes and fair hair are predominant, and he

delights in a broad sonorous sounding of his vowels. The Capriote, on the other hand, is a mixture of Greek, Latin, Arabic, Turkish, Spanish, French, English, and Irish, hardly to be wondered at when we remember that his island home has lain for ages in the track of contending races and civilizations.

In no respect are the changes which are gradually transforming the island more evident than in the almost total disappearance of the picturesque feminine costumes. It is but seldom now that one sees the velvet sleeveless *corsage* laced up the front and trimmed with gold braid ; the white *chemisette* with wide sleeves fastened on the throat and arm by little silver balls ; the short, thickly-gathered skirts ; the gold or coral necklace and large round earrings of rough pearls, often with an emerald in the centre. The hair, which is usually very luxuriant and neatly kept, is commonly seen plaited with a silver pin stuck through the chignon. In summer the costume used to be varied by a blue corset bodice and a white-sleeved *chemisette* cut low in the neck ; but these are sights reserved in these degenerate days for the highest *festas*, when the female section of the community turns out in all its bravery.

Great is the glory of a Capriote maiden's bridal

raiment, and lavish her trousseau to an extent that would astonish northern dames. Although the inquiry trenches on delicate ground, I am in a position to state that a hundred *chemisettes*, three dozen pairs of stockings, three or four dozen plain and a dozen silk handkerchiefs, eight or ten petticoats, fifty bed-sheets, and five-and-twenty lace-edged pillow-cases, are thought nothing out of the way as part of the outfit of an ordinary *contadina*. While on the subject of marriage, I may mention that it is not *en règle* for the parents of a bride to attend the wedding ceremony in church ; it is considered that they best perform their duty by remaining at home, where, in theory at least, they sit and weep for the departure of their daughter from among her people. The progress of the bridal feast is accentuated at intervals by the throwing of very hard *confetti* among the guests, a proceeding that has been known before now to blossom into something very like a free fight. Though wine and food are cheap in Capri, money is scarce, and it is no uncommon thing for a man, say a sailor, after having saved a nice little sum for his married life, to squander every *soldo* of it upon his wedding festivities. And the wine (especially that which, after a barbarous custom, has been violently fermented for the second

time with a bunch of black grapes specially dried to the consistency of raisins)—if it be not dear, neither is it heady ; at the same time, quantity tells, and the semi-drunken fun waxes fast and furious, the bridegroom seeking to drown the future in copious floods of *rosso* or *bianco*, while his fellow-sufferer sits motionless as a wooden doll till the hour comes for her to be carried off to her new home, which she does not leave for a week. If venturesome enough to take a walk abroad after dark during that period, she must not be hurt if staid folk call her a *faccia tosta*, or ‘bold face.’

A Capriote girl is from early years consumed by a threefold ambition : to possess a pair of boots, to wear a hat, and to marry (as some have done) an English milord. As a rule she is not conspicuous for truthfulness, though, perhaps, no worse in this respect than some nearer home who ought to know better. I have questioned some of the natives as to their ideas of honesty, and I am inclined to think that the morality of many of them is on a sliding scale. ‘*Roba da mangiare non si porta a confessione?*’ (Is it necessary to divulge a theft of food in the confessional?) I have asked, and after a good deal of fencing have reached the conclusion that if my landlady comes into my

room and appropriates a plum it is *niente* (nothing); but if she goes of *malice prepense* into the *cantina*, or cellar, and helps herself to a bottle of my wine, it would, or at any rate ought to, lie heavy on her conscience, a distinction which puts her pretty much on the level of the rest of mankind, and compares not unfavourably with the conscientious scruples of the average British trader.

As a Chinaman has his Tat and the Australian his Bun-yip, so does the Capriote stand in awe of certain baleful creatures from whose influence he shrinks with dread. There is an uncanny organism described to me as a headless calf that still is said to haunt the island; at least, it did so a very few years ago, when a man obstinately refused to bring a message down from Anacapri after dark without a companion. Superstitions of a lighter kind are neither more nor less common than among other folk. A lizard in the house brings good luck, the killing of a snake misfortune; if a rat be slain in the cowhouse, the demise of the family cow is certain to follow quickly. A sneeze calls forth a benedictory ejaculation; the *mal occhio*, or evil eye, is dreaded as earnestly as in all other parts of Italy, and charms of all kinds are worn to avert its effects. On entering a house for

the first time, or on going into a cellar, San Martino is invoked, because his saintship '*fa crescere il vino*' (makes the wine increase)—a belief which is explained by the following tradition. There was once a poor Capriote woman who, when rent day came round, was terribly out of spirits because she had only a barrel of wine wherewith to pay, and in her distress she exclaimed, 'Oh, that my *barile* would last for ever, that so I might sell it always!' Then she began to draw out her little store into smaller vessels, and found to her amazement that the wine did not diminish. The faster it flowed the more there seemed to be to flow, and, greatly wondering, she made known the extraordinary circumstance to her neighbours, who went into her cellar and determined to get to the bottom of the matter. It looked very much like killing the goose with the golden eggs; but they set to work, digging in the earth under the barrel, and soon came to the body of a man, out of whose mouth was growing a lily, from the cup of which good red wine flowed in a constant stream. They ascertained that it was none other than the 'mortal coil' of one Giovanni di Martino, who was then and there, with the assistance, I presume, of the clergy, promoted to full canonical honours under the style and title of San Martino, and is to this

day invoked by the Capresi in all their vinous transactions. I have not been able to learn what compensation was made to the poor woman for the loss of her perennial store.

Hadrawa, writing a century ago, speaks of the Capriotes as men who 'though they have no knowledge of the laws nor the art of eloquence'—it is evident that the learned antiquary never listened to an *appiccio*, or quarrel, between a couple of Capriote women—'they possess a wonderful ability in hiding their real pretensions, until an opportunity presents itself, and then, when least expected, they find an excuse for eluding their obligations.' On the other hand, he has nothing but praise for the Anacapriotes. For my own part, I have found them honest and trustworthy—up to a certain point. The Capriote charioteer, or fisherman, knows the value of money ; but where is the Saxon or Celt who can throw a stone at him on that account? Granted that it is well to be particular over any bargains you make with him, in what country is it otherwise? I have travelled far and wide over the surface of this humming globe, and I should find it difficult to put my finger on any land wherein the 'doing' of one's neighbour is not elevated into an art. If one is ruffled just a little at first by the incessant

*Dat' un sol'* (Give a halfpenny) from the lips of every urchin one meets, or by the whining '*Qual co, per l'amor' de' Madre!*' from the old fraud squatting under the hedge, I can only state my conviction that a prolonged course of the sweet air of Capri will tend to soothe the nerves and make one indifferent to such disturbances ; and a little reflection will teach that what seems like sheer insistent greed is but the inevitable outcome of centuries of poverty and ignorance.

The good qualities of the Capriote, who is rich in nothing but offspring, outnumber the bad ones a hundredfold. He may be slightly avaricious and unable to rise superior to the temptation of passing off a worthless coin upon the unwary stranger, but he is courteous and hardworking, a lover of his home, and, notwithstanding a volcanic mannerism, is eminently disposed to peaceful pursuits. Murder and suicide are unknown. You have but to look at the happy, unlined faces of the splendidly healthy women, who flit about the piazza in their clattering *soccolas*, or stalk barefooted under their burdens along the narrow, rock-paved lanes, to know that they are temperate and abstemious, and far removed from the rampant vices of a highly-civilized life. To say that a Capriote enjoys a mild gamble is but to say that

he is human and of a southern race. The *lotta*, or weekly State lottery, has its attractions, and is a source of steady income to the Government.\* Of the hundred numbers, ninety only are open to the public, the State reserving to itself the last ten. In the mind of every Italian each number is associated with a certain idea of good or bad luck ; and for his guidance in buying a five-franc ticket he has all sorts of queer cabalistic traditions. No. 48, for instance, is associated with the idea of 'the dead who speaks'; while No. 90 has to do with the notion of fear, and so on. When any unwonted incident comes under a man's cognizance he sees in it a guide to a winning number in the lottery.

In former years not a few of the men used to be absent during a great part of the year as sailors or coral-fishers on the Sardinian and African coasts, and upon their wives and daughters fell most of the heavy work at home. But times have changed, and it is not so now, although the women, in accordance with Oriental ideas, still take more than their

\* As a Roman wag said long ago by the lips of the pungent Pasquino :

‘ *Il gioco in complesso  
E un vizio bestiale,  
Ma il lotto in se stesso  
Ha non che di morale?*’

share of toil. It is simply marvellous to see what they can do. A load of sixty or seventy kilogrammes is carried on the head, as if it were a bundle of feathers, for a mile or more up the roughest paths. A couple of strapping wenches will carry a pianoforte up from the Marina to Capri, hardly resting by the way; and the weights of stone to which even young girls are equal make one's head ache to look at them. It has been said that there is not a house in Capri which has not been carried to its present site on the heads of women—an evidence not only of the strength of their cervical vertebrae, but of an endurance all the more remarkable when we know that their common food is bread and broth, macaroni, beans and green stuff, now and then a bit of fish, and a mouthful of meat on the three or four great *festas* in the year; to which is sometimes added a condiment of semolina dough baked with garlic, called *pizza*, or snails in garlic and oil. Little do they know of 'Voit's standard,' with its 118 grams of protein and its 3,055 calories of energy. There is a good deal of difference between the daily diet of a Capriote and that of a Massachusetts brickmaker, commonly said to be the largest consumer of animal food in the world.

As for the children, they must be known to be

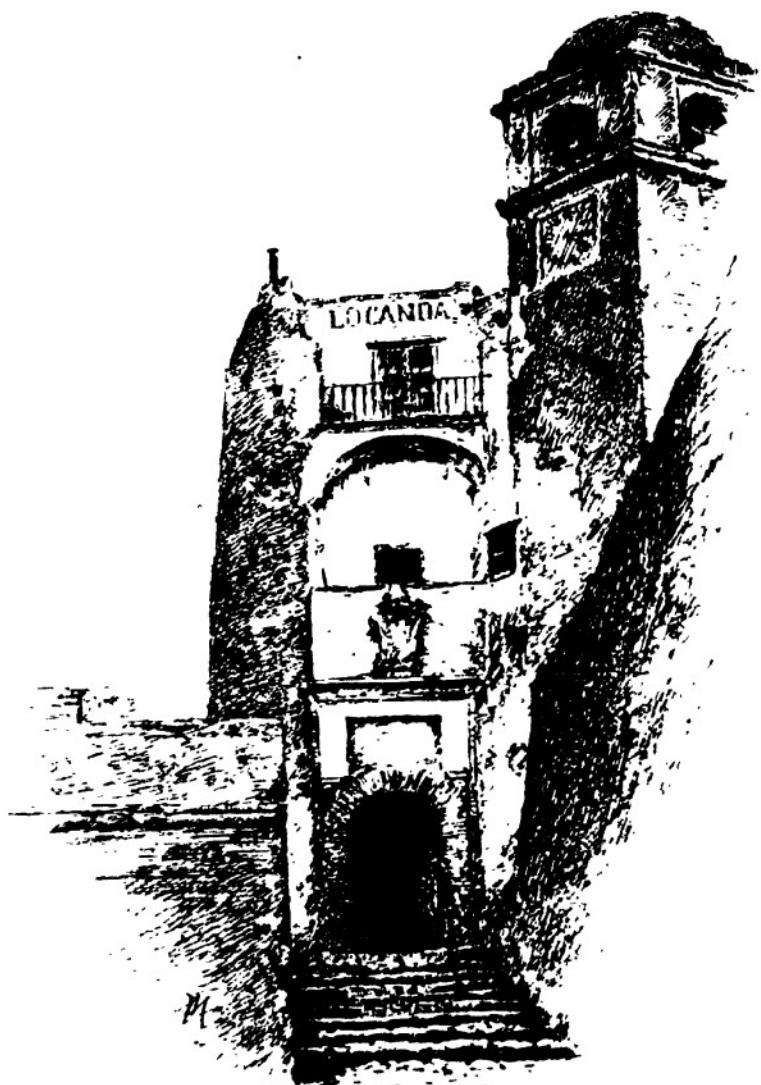
appreciated. It is generally admitted that a juvenile American is not backward in coming forward, but a genuine Capriote *ragazzo* can give Master Ulysses Tripper, of New York city, five years' start and beat him easily. He can hop before he can walk, and act before he can talk, and at seven years of age will swagger up to you with his hands in a couple of make-believe pockets, and offer, with a confidential '*Signur*', *me very good guide!*' to conduct you to the top of Monte Solaro.

The dialect spoken is harsh and uncouth in comparison with pure Italian, and not easily comprehended by one who has made his acquaintance with that mellifluous tongue only through the fascinating pages of Ollendorf. As witness the following : '*Facciamo presto per venire sù, perchè ho da scandere subito per portare delle pietre,*' is transformed by a Capriote maiden, anxious to increase her daily wage as a stone-carrier, into, '*Fammo priest' pe venire 'n copp, ca io aggio a calà subbete a portar le pietre.*' Instead of the polite '*Buon giorno! come sta Ella?*' the Capriote snaps out, '*F'oggi?*' Anglicè, 'Do-day?' His speech is laden with a certain Teutonic heaviness, turning *posso* into *bosso*, *monte* into *monde*, *c* into *g*, *b* into *v*, and so on; so that, in my initial ignorance of the '*Crap*' tongue, what I under-

stood to be the laudable virtues of the female cousin (*cugina*) of my landlady, I discovered to my chagrin were but the transcendental excellencies of the appointments of her kitchen (*cucina*). In addition to a general mixing up of the alphabet, they invariably deprive their words of the legitimate terminations, and, from a philosophical point of view, may be said to live wholly upon roots.

Turning for a moment from man to beast, the natural history of Capri may be dismissed in a very few lines. The wolves and boars and foxes and polecats and rabbits and snakes, which once abounded, have disappeared ; and, with the exception of a few woodcock in the winter, and the quails, which in spring and autumn come in large numbers, there is no game of any kind. Song birds and butterflies are by no means numerous ; and were it not for an occasional hawk or seabird, a few harmless black snakes, and the handsome green lizards which dart about in legions, there would be little ‘wild’ life of any kind. A few goats and cows are penned here and there, and donkeys (quite tame, and rejoicing in such names as *mezza notte* and *grott’ azzur’*) may be had with any number of legs up to four, and with saddles of shameless peakiness and undisguised nodosity.





GATEWAY AT CAPEL.

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There are also mules and horses, the latter mostly cow-hocked and goose-rumped, mere horsebone as distinguished from horseflesh — angular equine frames with just skin enough about them to hold the anatomy together ; and so thin, from a persistent diet of straw and *carouba*, that they scarcely cast a shadow as they pass. The men who drive them (mostly Neapolitans) are of the race of Nimshi ; the vehicles they draw, rattle-traps in every stage of decay.

In a little book published by an Englishwoman at Leghorn in 1825, the authoress gives the following advice to those about to visit Capri : 'The best way to accomplish the trip is to take a boat with ten rowers, and a cold dinner, including bread, salad, fruit, plates, glasses, forks, knives, etc., but no wine.' Times have changed since then. Three-quarters of the population get their living directly or indirectly from the strangers who visit the island, to the number of some thirty thousand every year, of whom, however, at least nine-tenths remain but for two or three hours, arriving by the daily steamer from Naples and Sorrento at noon and departing at three. The number of foreign residents is exceedingly small, and it is but seldom that all the hotels are full. Pension may be had at six francs a day, including excellent island wine,

and comfortable lodgings may be found on very reasonable terms.

Among the things that strike one on landing in Capri for the first time is the different type in the faces and forms of the islanders as contrasted with that on the opposite shores of Campania. This is chiefly noticeable in the case of the women, who, especially at Anacapri, are sometimes comely enough. But the lowland women have been overpraised. I had heard so much of their lithe and graceful figures, their pure Grecian profiles, their magnificent heads, etc., that I was sorely disenchanted when I first met a long string of *contadinas*, in whom the most conspicuous 'points' were square shoulders, short broad backs *à la Gillray*, thick waists (like eternity, without beginning or end), massive lumbar regions, and a gait more like that of a grenadier than a goddess. But their hands and feet are frequently small and delicate, their faces wear a look suggestive of a light heart within, and there is a certain erect independence and springiness of carriage which at once attracts the eye. The marvel is, considering the work they do, not that they should look muscular and large-limbed, but that they should preserve the outer semblance of woman-kind at all. It is one thing to bear a pitcher to

and from a well *à la Rebekah*; it is another to carry day after day a dead hundredweight of stone on the top of the head. I am afraid that the artists who frequent Capri, knowing that *l'art embellit la nature*, have as little conscience as their brothers of the brush elsewhere, in that they are greatly given to idealism. Whence it comes about that on the walls of the Salon or of Burlington House the hard black eyes of 'A Capriote Girl' shine soft as those of a gazelle, the short broad nose is elongated, the long upper lip abbreviated, the square chin delicately rounded. As one sees them in live flesh and blood, not a few have the black hair and full nose of a Saracen, or the low wide forehead of a Greek, or the panther-like eyes and mouth of a true Latin; while here and there, as I take my walks abroad, I come suddenly upon a pair of blue or gray eyes shaded by a soft fringe of light-brown hair, upon the origin of which a ray of light is perhaps thrown by the following anecdote :

Not a hundred years ago an officer was sitting next an Irishwoman at a table d'hôte in Capri, when the conversation turned upon certain insular ethnological varieties, which had so puzzled the gallant gentleman that he ventured to ask his neighbour if she knew of any reason which might

account for them. The lady, with a little mischievous laugh after her kind, made answer:

'Shure, Colonel, now, and don't ye know?'

'Indeed, madam, I am at a loss, though I have given considerable attention to such subjects in many different parts of the world.'

'Ah, then, Colonel dear'—dropping her voice to a whisper—'we are ould married people, d'ye see, so you will think nothing of it if I just remind ye that a regiment of boys from ould Ireland was quartered here at the other end of the century.'

A wider field of conjecture is opened up in the attempt to identify Capri with the isle of the Sirens, mentioned in the Homeric poems as sighted by Ulysses.\* To this hour the little jutting rock at the Marina, on the south side, is called by the natives La Sirena, a fact from which at least may be deduced the existence of a venerable myth to which I shall refer again. That Capri had of old its age of stone and its dwellers in caves is proved by the excavations of Dr. Cerio in the Grotta dell' Arco, who brought to light vessels

\* Ovid sings of the hero sailing north :

*'Inde legit Capreas primum: riuumque Minet, &c.*

*Et Surrentus geno* → *pac*

*Herculeamque uric* → *Stabi*

*Partium per, et ab* → *Cumae templo Sibyllae*

*Met., xv. 709.*

of pottery, the possible handiwork of Phœnicians, who may have followed the cave-dwellers, and in their turn have been superseded by Greeks. Some have thought that the Greeks came first. However that may be, it is certain that the men who founded maritime colonies beyond the Pillars of Hercules and at Adria (now high and dry at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the sea) were just the men to seize upon an island peopled by a few half-savages, and lying most conveniently for their own enterprises.\*

Although, therefore, in the ebb and flow of centuries not a few muddy rivulets have mingled with the pure stream of the Capriotes' ancient lineage, I have learned to look with some respect on them as upon men whose sires were soldiers under the walls of Troy. Tacitus tells us† of the Teleboi, who many centuries before the Christian era sailed over the Sicilian sea ; men whose home was in the Echinades, a little group of bare rocks

\* Hamel (*Tabula Chron. Sac.*) arrives at the conclusion that the Greeks landed in Capri in the sixth century B.C. Martorelli puts them after the Phœnicians : ‘Ante Teleboos etiam Phenices hanc insulam adunasse. Itaque cum Phenices binas urbes parvas eā in insulā vel repererint vel condiderint unam scilicet in supernā et altiori parte, alteram in inferiori.’—*De Reg. Theat. Gal.*, 12.

† ‘Capreas Telebois habitatas fama tradit.’—*Ann.*, iv. 67

off the Acarnanian coast at the mouth of the muddy Achelous ; hard by the Taphian isles, the modern Meganisi, realm of that Mentes who declared himself

*'Mentes, the son of brave Anchialus,  
And sea-famed Taphos is my regal right':*

Mentes, whose counterfeit presentment Athene took upon herself when from the council-hall of the gods she wended her way to Ithaca, that she might 'sting with sterner virtue' the heart of Telemachus :

*'She waiting as a guest-friend at the door,  
Of Mentes, Taphian chief, the likeness bore.'*

Herodotus has it that in his day one half of these Echinades had already been converted into continent by the alluvial deposits of the river ; and what the dwellers upon them were like we may gather from Homer, who sings of a maiden that fell a prey to their marauding ways :

*'Once Taphian pirates, as I wended home,  
Found me afiel'd, and o'er the rushing sea  
Led to this manion of my beld.'*

The mother wit of the Greek had given the rocks their names, seeing in the sharp ridges of their bristling crags the same prickly outlines of the echinus or sea-urchin which to this day make them known as the Oxiēs or 'sharp islands' to the

gatherers of sponge and coral—men who know nothing of modern life beyond the thin far-off swathe of ship's smoke that now and again lies over the western horizon ; men who have been little moved by the roll and roar of things mundane since the day when Meges, son of Phyleus, led forty ships to Troy from ‘Dulichium and the sacred isles of Echinæ situated beyond the sea opposite Elis.’ This, added to the name of Telon their king,\* is all that I have been able to fish up out of the past about the dwellers in my lotos-garden, which after a sleep of many centuries awoke suddenly to more stirring times in the days of imperial Rome.†

\* Silius Italicus (vii. 50) calls Capri ‘Antiqui saxosa Telonis insula.’ Virgil (*Aen.*, vii. 732) sings thus of him and his discontented son :

*Ebale, quem generasse Telon Schethide nymphæ  
Fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret,  
Jam senior; patriis sed non et filius arvis  
Contentus late junc tum ditione premebat  
Sarrastis populos,’ etc.*

The date of the departure of the Teleboi is unknown. It is certain that they did much for the island both in the way of agriculture and public works.

† When the Byzantine empire was parcelled out, the south of Italy had the name of Sikelia, from the Siceli, its earliest inhabitants, mentioned by Thucydides and Timæus. Hence the origin of the name ‘Two Sicilies,’ which has for many years been an unmeaning one.

## CHAPTER II..

## CÆSAR IN CAPRI.

*'Insula est ad rem quidem nullam utilitatem: women adhuc hodie retinens propterea quod ibi habitavit Tiberius.'*

DION CASSIUS, lib. liii.

*'Insula parva quidem, quondam tamen etiama Roma, Cæsaribusque viris hospita digna fuit.'*

*'Passan' vestri trionfi e' vostre pompe; Passan le signori passano i regni, Cose 'l temp', trionfa i nomi e' l mondo.'*

THE island of Capri formed for many centuries a portion of the Greco - Italian republic, after whose institutions, laws, and religion its own were fashioned. As time went on, the neighbouring isle of Ischia or Pithecusa slipped from the grasp of Naples and came under the power of Rome, in which it remained until it was exchanged for Capri by the Emperor Augustus after the battle of Actium. Thus the (so-called) island of

Circe returned to her Neapolitan allegiance, and Capri became Roman. ~~14505~~

It may be said of Capri that she awoke and found herself famous on the day when the foot of Caius Octavius Augustus, son of the Velletri money-lender, first touched her soil. So moved was the imperial visitor by an auspicious and timely omen, that during the remaining years of his life he paid several short visits, and bestowed many signal marks of his favour upon the island folk. His biographer records that as he stepped ashore the leafless boughs of a decaying ilex, which hung drooping to the earth, instantly recovered themselves and took a new lease of life. It was the keen satisfaction with which the superstitious Emperor took to heart this spontaneous welcome on the part of the vegetable kingdom that no doubt brought about the subsequent adornment of the island at his hands. Like others of his race and lineage, Augustus was never happier than when engaged in building. The hands that had reared in Rome many a temple and portico and basilica were not long idle in Capri. He set to work on things of use and beauty in the building of villas, the cutting of roads, the rearing of aqueducts, and the revival of the local Isthmian games on the little strip of level land at Aiano,

across which now lies the path to the 'Palazzo-a-mare,' near the Villa Haan. With a flash of humour he called a certain place in the island Apragopolis, or 'Far-niente town,'\* because of the sleepy ways of its people, who in truth seem to have fattened on the bread of idleness, and to have busied themselves with little beyond the assiduous cultivation of the lotos. He employed as chief architect or engineer one Masgabas, an African,† whom in jest he was wont to call the 'founder' of the island ; and amid weightier occupations amused himself with fishing—'animi laxandi causa'---and with the collection of a number of bones of extinct species of animals, thus fairly earning the distinction of being the proprietor of the first palaontological antediluvian museum on record.

Only a week before his death Augustus spent four days in Capri, during which he gave himself up 'entirely to his ease, behaving at the same time to those about him with the utmost good nature and complaisance.' He graced with his presence the sports of the fisher-boys, and gave them a

\* *Vicinam Capreis insulam (Monacone?) Apragopolim app: labat a desidio scendentium illuc e comitatu suo.*---Suet.

† His name is perhaps connected with the Arabic *mash* or *masgib*, meaning a guide.

special entertainment, making them ‘scramble for fruit, victuals, and other things which he threw among them ; in a word, he indulged himself in all the ways of amusement he could contrive.’ A few days later the kindly old citizen Emperor, who had outlived the splendour of his youthful renown, lay dead in the arms of Livia at Nola. He was never intended for a great man.

It was under Tiberius Claudius Nero, his successor, that the ‘narrow rock’\* rose in material glory to the zenith of its fame, and won for itself a place in history to the end of all time. Remembered only by the splendid edifices in which he lived for more than ten years, Timberio, as they call him, is to the Capriotes of to-day what Arthur is to the Bretons. It is not my purpose to offer any vindication of the imperial misanthrope, of whom many hard things have been left on record by the pen of the accurate but prejudiced historian, no less than in the light and airy pages of the gossiping biographer. There is, however, little doubt as to the real reasons which prompted the Emperor to make choice of the island as a residence. Finding that the suspicious death of his son Germanicus had made Rome too hot to

\* ‘*Angusta Caprarum in rupe.*’ Juvenal, Sat. x. 93. Another reading is ‘augusta.’

hold him, he carried out a project he had long brooded over,\* and departed from a city made hateful to him by the presence of his mother. Starting from the capital one morning, he gave out that he was going to Nola† for the dedication of a temple in honour of his predecessor. But from Nola, 'the ancient cradle of the plastic art,' he came on to Capri, attracted, as Tacitus tells us, by the climate and perfect solitude of the island, 'for there are no harbours in the neighbourhood, and few stations even for ships of an inferior class; while no one could put in unperceived by the coastguard.' Suetonius hints at the same inglorious reason for his choice, telling us that Tiberius was 'greatly delighted with the island because it was accessible only by one small shore, and everywhere surrounded by craggy rocks of stupendous height and by a deep sea.'

I cannot do more than sketch in barest outline what Capri was like under the auspices of this singular man, who at the time of his sojourn here was the supreme ruler of an empire stretching from the English Channel to the first Nile cataract, and

\* Tacitus plainly asserts this in *Ann.* iii. 31. He adds in another place, '*Sejanus hoc flexit, ut Tiberium ad vitam procul Roma amoenis locis degendant impelleret.*'—*Ibid.*, iv. 41.

† *Specie dedicandi templa apud Capuam Iovi, apud Nolam Augusto, sed certus procul urbe degere.*—*Ibid.*, cap. 57.

from the Euphrates to Cape Finisterre. ‘In proportion,’ says the annalist,\* ‘as he had before devoted himself to public affairs, so now did he wholly give himself over to secret debauchery and hidden wickedness.’ He changed his manners according to the times. During the life of Augustus, when in command of the army or in private life, his reputation was of the best ; while Germanicus and Drusus were living he feigned to be virtuous ; the good and bad in his character were equally mixed until the death of his mother ;† but ‘when all restraint was taken away, he gave himself up to every kind of wickedness and crime,’ though Dacian and Parthian and German were overrunning the fairest provinces of his empire.

Although many of the buildings in Capri which we now see in ruins were already standing when Tiberius landed, there is no doubt that he largely improved and added to the works of Augustus. That what he did was on a scale of lavish magnificence and the most massive construction is evident from the rich character of the decorations, the marbles and mosaics and gems and

\* *Ann.*, iv. 67.

† Notwithstanding that Livia gave birth to Tiberius while she was the wife of Claudius Nero, the face of her son bore a strong resemblance to that of Augustus, her second husband. I say no more.

sculptures which have from time to time been unearthed in enormous quantities. Of these I shall have something to say later on. It is enough now to mention that among other works the Claudian emperor improved the little harbour on the south side, built the Faro, and constructed villas and aqueducts and reservoirs in astonishing profusion. It had been well had he confined himself to such enterprises as these, which, however wasteful and out of season at a time when Rome was in sore straits, were at least in themselves not to be despised, although they were debased in the hands of Cæsar by the unworthy purposes which they were made to serve.

These were not the works by which the name of this arch-roisterer has been handed down to infamy on the page of history, and of Capriote history in particular. It is open to us to believe or not, as we will, that his soldiers in contempt for his drunken orgies christened him Biberius Caldius Mero, and that, being 'remote from the observation of the people of Rome, he abandoned himself to all the vicious propensities which he had but imperfectly concealed.' In Rome he had been dubbed 'Callipedes,' or the man who was always 'going to do' a thing, but never did it; whence it is plain that in course of

time he might have qualified as a full-blown lotos-eater. But in Capri he earned for himself the less honourable sobriquet of 'Caprineus,' and was thus apostrophized by a lampooner of the day :

*'Asper et immitis, breviter vis omnia dicam?  
Dispcream si te mater amare potest.'*

Some tell us that he left his mark—a hoof-mark—upon every rood of rock in Capri. Many of his eccentric freaks have been recorded for our delectation in the pages of Suetonius and others; amongst them the oft-told tale of how, a few days after his arrival, as he was standing on the summit of the precipitous (and, as he thought, inaccessible) hill which he afterwards crowned with the Faro, a fisherman suddenly appeared, and humbly presented to him a large mullet which he had caught at the foot of the rock, and which he hoped his imperial master would deign to accept. But the simple *pescatore* had reckoned without his host. Tiberius was enraged, not so much at having his privacy invaded as by the nimbleness of the man in climbing the cliffs, which go sheer down seven hundred and fifty feet into the water. Thinking, possibly, that, as the fellow had scaled the mountain, it would be a good jest to make him help in scaling the fish, the Emperor ordered his face to be well rubbed down with it. The fisherman bore the

operation in silence ; but as he turned to go away Tiberius overheard him congratulating himself that he had not also offered his master a gigantic crayfish which lay at the bottom of his basket. The hint was too good to be lost, and in a moment the poor wretch was writhing under a course of cancerous laceration compared to which the preceding part of the entertainment must have been a mere *hors d'œuvre*.

Not content with such brutal jesting, it is said that he used now and then, as a mere *passatempo*, to find an outlet for his capricious humours in deeds which savoured of downright insanity with a strong homicidal tendency. Taking an airing one day in his *chaise à porteur*, his imperial fingers were accidentally scratched by a bramble bush at the side of the path. The road-overseer, a centurion, was sent for, and promptly paid the penalty of his neglect by being whipped to death on the spot. Scarcely a day passed unstained by the blood of some luckless wight who for this or that trivial reason had fallen under the imperial displeasure. A poetaster, who was adjudged to have spoken in his verses disrespectfully of Agamemnon, was flung from the Salto into the sea. An imprudent historian, who exalted Brutus as 'ultimus Romanorum,' paid also for his indiscre-

tion with his life. Numbers were thrown into prison at the mere word of lurking informers, and escaped torture by suicide. Having grounds of suspicion against one who was a courtier and most intimate friend, he put him to the torture that he might be brought to a due acknowledgment of his guilt. Finding, however, that he had made a mistake, and, in fact, had got hold of the wrong man altogether, Tiberius put it out of his victim's power to divulge Court secrets by sending him over the cliff after the poet and the historian, having made due arrangements for the battering out of his brains by a boat's crew of soldiers in the water below.

We need feel no surprise that, with every opportunity of satisfying the desires of his heart, the Emperor was a miserable, anxious, fear-tossed man. He was detested by all, and he knew it. Surrounded, as the satirist tells us, by a 'grex' of Chaldean astrologers, whose art had no power to charm away his forebodings of evil to come, Tiberius tried in vain to dull by days and nights of dissipation the envenomed stings of fear. In the museum at Naples there is a colossal bust of the Emperor, which may serve as a representation of what he looked like at this time. The head is decked with a crown of leaves, the armour adorned

with military trophies, but there is a world of misery in the deep earnest lines of the brooding face, the powerful brows, the loosely-hanging lips; a glance is enough to show us that it is no mere ideal presentment, but the actual life-like portrait (after the manner of those old truth-telling artists) of a man with plenty of intellect, but without friends, or loved ones, or honour, or truth, or manhood.

Sejanus, his ignoble familiar, was playing a dangerous and desperate game by the Tiber. He was emperor—at any rate, in his own imagination—in all but name. His image and superscription were side by side with those of Caesar upon the coins of the empire; his statues and busts were to be seen in half the public ways of Rome. For years he had been standing on the brink of a volcano, feeding himself in secret with thoughts of one day wearing the purple. Drusus and the children of the ill-starred Germanicus stood indeed between him and the throne. But such obstacles were scarcely worth consideration by a man like Sejanus, who made Livilla, the wife of Drusus, first dis honour her husband and then murder him. If he only played his cards well, there could be small doubt as to the issue. With Tiberius safe in Capri, and shameless Livia, the aged widow of Octavius, dead,

and Agrippina, the widow of Germanicus, banished with her boys, things looked well for him.\* He was a clever creature, no doubt, but no match for Tiberius, who knew when he had ‘a wolf by the ears,’ and who was nothing if not astute. How could Sejanus guess that Cæsar was only giving him rope when he made him joint consul with himself? that he stood on a pinnacle of sand which any instant might crumble under his feet? An awakening came, and his eyes were opened—but what could he do? In a cursed strait between two courses, either of which he was sagacious enough to know would equally entangle his feet more hopelessly than ever, the poor upstart’s dilemma was quickly put an end to. A missive came from the Emperor to Rome which sealed his fate :

*‘Vixisse et grandi opere la veritatem  
A Capri.’*

—a letter, says Juvenal, which threw every corner of the capital into commotion ; a letter than which

\* There is an eloquently beautiful statue of the second Agrippina, wife of Claudius, among the master-pieces in the Naples Museum (last portico, ground floor). She is seated, and with head gently inclined wears a thoughtful and grave look, as if conscious of coming sorrow and death. Her feet are crossed, and her joined hands lie listlessly upon her knees. This was the statue that Canova imitated in his figures of Napoleon’s mother and the Venus Victrix.

surely a more pitiful one was never penned by mortal hand; of which the exordium—the ‘insigne initium’ of Tacitus—ran thus: ‘What to write to you or how to write I know not; and what not to write at this time, may all the gods and goddesses torment me more than I daily feel that I suffer, if I do know!’ It was a bungling, shifty kind of epistle, a perfectly characteristic effusion from the pen of the strange man of whom it may be truly said, as was said of our own harmless poet Gray, that ‘he never spoke out.’ Passions, feelings, ambitions were locked up in the nature of Tiberius as behind an impenetrable barrier, and everything had to be interpreted by the uncertain light of his external actions. But the senate thought that they could catch the straight drift of the imperial letter. Before the reading of it was ended the whole assembly sprang to their feet. With half a score of swords at his throat, Sejanus strove in vain to make his voice heard. Nemesis had found him out; he was hurried with every mark of infamy to the Mamertine dungeons in the living rock under the Capitol, the ‘one gaol’ with which, according to Juvenal, Rome in her young days was ‘content’—the same ‘Robur Tullianum’ within whose gloomy recesses Jugurtha, King of Mauritania, had been starved

to death by Marius; exclaiming on his entrance, as he found the floor ankle-deep in water, ‘By Hercules! how cold your bath is!’ The statues of Sejanus were smashed in derision before his eyes as he passed along, and before the sun rose next morning he was strangled and dragged head downwards through the streets, and crushed into a bleeding mass of pulp beneath the heels of the citizens :

‘*Sejanus ducitur uncis  
Spectandus; gaudent omnes.*’

After the death of this dangerous arch-plotter, Tiberius, so far from finding relief from his apprehensions, sank deeper and deeper into a condition almost of mania, with frequent abandonings of all moral restraint. Compared with the excesses laid to his charge the indecencies of the Lupercalia were but a sorry jest. He became more and more abjectly the slave of superstitious terror. For nine months he never showed himself beyond the walls of the Villa Jovis, and would stand for hours gazing out over the water—*speculabundus ex altissima rupe*—ready at a moment’s notice, at the blazing up of a warning beacon-fire on the headland of Minerva, to flee to Syria or to Gaul in the swift galley that lay moored down below.

Twice during ten years Tiberius ventured to

steal secretly Romewards, on the first occasion going as far as the Cæsarean gardens and the Naumachia of Augustus in the Flaminian fields by the Tiber, whose banks were lined by his secret orders with the men of the imperial guard. There his heart failed him, and he turned his prow and went back again down the stream amid the wonderment of the citizens. Once again, a few weeks before his death, he came to the city, in the streets of which the astrologers had foretold that he should never more set his foot; but, ‘ostento territus,’ frightened by some omen or other, he reached no farther than the seventh milestone on the Appian Way, which now forms one of the ends of a parapet on the piazza of the Capitol, hard by the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux. Once more he turned back, and, falling into the clutches of a deepening malady at Astore, with difficulty reached one of the villas of Lucullus, near Misenum. Here, since winds and waves would not permit him to cross to Capri, he, with great persistence, roused himself to the compassing of such of the delights of life as were still within his reach, and literally with one foot in the grave gave himself up afresh to his old riotous ways and half-crazy pranks.

It was but the blazing up of the torch ere it was extinguished. He over-exerted himself, caught a

chill, and died on March 16, A.D. 37, at the age of seventy-eight—a miserable ending of a life that had been perhaps as strange a commingling of good and evil as this world has ever seen. Some affirm that his attendants hastened his end by starvation. The record of Tacitus is that one morning he fainted away from bodily exhaustion, and that, thinking he was dead, those around him rushed from the chamber to greet Caius Caligula, the unworthy son of the brave Germanicus. But Tiberius, opening his eyes again, called for help, and Caius stood trembling before him till one Macro at his side whispered softly : ‘Heap more bed-clothes on him, and leave him! ’\*

Seneca narrates that ‘a little before’ the end came, ‘finding himself dying,’ the Emperor took his ring off ‘and held it awhile as if he would deliver it to somebody, but put it again on his finger and lay for some time with his hand clenched and without stirring. Then, suddenly calling upon his attendants, and no person making answer, he rose, but, his strength failing him, he fell down a little way from his bed.’ We do not know exactly how the end came—enough that he died of being Tiberius. When the tidings of his

\* The words of the annalist are : ‘*Macro intrepidus opprimenti senem injectu multæ vestis jubet, discedique a limine.*’

death reached Rome a shout of joy, mingled with curses, went up to heaven : ‘ Away with him to the Tiber ! ’ It was not seemly that such ashes should lie in the sepulchre of their kings. The bringing of his body to Rome was attended with much difficulty, and at one place, Atella, the sturdy country folk laid rough hands on the bier, and were within an inch of making a bonfire of the whole thing. Ultimately he found a resting-place in the stately mausoleum of Augustus—that venerable cypress-decked tomb and fortress—where in these fallen days a spangled circus troupe gyrates over the dust of Cæsars—Livia, the ‘ mother of her country,’ who gave Tiberius birth, and was called by Caligula ‘ Ulysses in petticoats’; and Germanicus her noblest foe, with Agrippina, his faithful wife, and the daughter murdered by the matricide Nero ; and the worshipful Marcellus, and Octavia scorned for the ‘ rare Egyptian,’ and Agrippa, builder of the Pantheon, and the poor poisoned lad Britannicus. Many centuries after, when the grand old tomb had been rent stone from stone by the masterful hands, first of Alaric and then of the Colonnas, the body of Rienzi—ultimus Romanorum—was dragged hither, and his ashes scattered by Jewish hands over the soil of the ageless ruin. You must seek

in the Palazzo Corea, in a sunless *vicolo* called the Via dei Pontefici, near the Ripetta, for all that is left of the vast ‘tumulus of earth raised on a lofty basement of white marble shaded by evergreens from the base to the summit, which terminated in a pinnacle crowned with a bronze statue of Augustus,’ with its fourteen sepulchral *loculi*, or chambers, and its lofty obelisks and sacred groves of ilex and bay and cypress, the glory of the Campus Martius. Now you can walk in through the gloomy marble-paved *cortile* and take a place among the crowd of *canaglia* and listen to the dubious quips of Pagliaccio, the white-robed jester, and watch Bucefalo’s performing pony, and the thrilling antics of half-naked nymphs, and all the rest of it, for the sum of two sous. And if amid the ringing laughter and ‘Bravos!’ of the unwashed *plebs urbana* you can spare a thought for the dead past, you may remember that you are sitting at the grave of Tiberius Claudius Nero. *Hominem te esse memento.*

‘Sceptre and crown must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal laid  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.’

‘In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar the word of God came unto John, the son of Zecharias, in the wilderness.’ That was in the

second year of the Emperor's sojourn in Capri. Four years later followed the Crucifixion, of which announcement must have come in due course to Tiberius at the Villa Jovis.\* As I pace the grass-grown courts of that wonderful ruin, I remember that he who used to dwell within its walls was the ruler whose friendship the timid Pilate feared to forfeit—‘If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar’s friend’—the morose and melancholy being who, moved by the remorseful record of his procurator, came, as Tertullian bears witness, to be so convinced of the Divinity of the Nazarene that he willed to enrol Him among the gods, and forbade any hand to be laid on those who believed in Him.†

As a man, Tiberius had fallen from the bright promise of his youth, which was marked by a singular moderation and self-restraint. As an emperor he had done much for Rome, and given to his people the best of his strength and thought. The man who said, when urged to lay heavier taxes on the provinces, ‘It is the shepherd’s part to shear, not to flay the sheep,’ could not have been

\* ‘Auctor nominis ejus Christus, Tiberio imperante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum suppicio affectus est.’—*Tacitus, Ann., xi. 44.*

† ‘Comminatus periculum accusatoribus Christianorum.’—*Tertullian, Apol. v. 6.*

devoid of feeling. Nor has he lacked apologists even for his vices. Velleius in old times, and Dean Merivale in our own day, have warned us not to put too much faith in the accuracy of the pictures, of which we would fain believe that the dark colours have been deepened either by personal spite or official prejudice.

We need hardly take into account rambling old Dion Cassius (third century), seeing that he has left us little but a jumble of actions good and bad, dotted thickly with extravagant and puerile tales worthy only of an Oriental fancy. With the words of Lord Byron in our memory, 'I know no justification, at any distance of time, for calumniating an historical character : surely truth belongs to the dead,' we must accept the dark record of Suetonius *cum grano*; for though the chatty biographer always told the truth when he could see it, there is no question but that a great deal of his information came down to him from Agrippina, the mother of Nero, who had little reason for speaking lightly of the dead Emperor's vices. It is, moreover, highly probable that some of the most outrageous stories which have reached us had their origin in the vamped-up charges brought against Tiberius by envious courtiers and unscrupulous calumniators —men whom he himself spared no effort to hunt

down, and every word of whose scurrilous diatribes he fatuously caused to be carefully scheduled and preserved in the public archives.

The darkest blot upon the career of Tiberius was the death of Germanicus, his nephew and adopted son, although it is more difficult to say what his actual share in that miserable murder was than it is to discover what Rome thought about it. It formed the turning-point in the Emperor's life. From that day forward he began to mope ; he hid himself from the eyes of men, and delivered himself into the hands of astrologers ; nor did his good name ever recover from the blight cast upon it by the lingering death of the popular idol at the hands of Lucius Piso. Germanicus had passed through the gates of Rome on his last campaign amid the foreboding whispers of many who had said, ' Those whom the plebs love die young ;' and he deserved a happier fate than a poisoned cup of wine. Had he not wiped out a national disgrace, purged Rome of her most dangerous foe, bound the olive garland of peace on the brow of the remotest provinces, and borne himself towards every man so that every man loved him ? When it was heard in the capital that he lay dead on Syrian sands, strong men wept and bewailed him, not knowing what we know, that it was, after all, a kind and timely end

for one who from a feverish weakness of character was ill-fitted to wear the purple. Had he become emperor, his epitaph might have been the epitaph of Galba, ‘Omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset’—‘All men would have thought him fit to rule had he not ruled.’

So let the curtain fall upon dark scenes too long drawn out. But in truth, here in ‘dites Capreae,’\* with all these sombre memories of departed greatness floating about me, it is difficult to end my musings. The house in which these lines are penned stands under the shadow of that Villa Jovis which for ten years was the home and haunt of a man who, whatever his faults or virtues, probably never really liked, and was never really liked by, a single living being, save and except his young wife Agrippina. The elder Pliny speaks of Tiberius as ‘the most gloomy of mankind’; Mouravieff among the moderns calls him ‘*le plus exécrable*.’ I have tried in vain to discover the exact estimation in which his memory is now held by the Capriotes. He is to them as a shadowy hero lost in the mists of time—a being concerning whom the greater part of them have no more accurate knowledge than has the old woman who the other day informed me

\* Statius, *Silv.*, iii. 1, 128.

that he lived 'some time, oh yes! some time ago,' long before her grandmother!

It is hard to acquit Tiberius of one vice, and that one of which I am constantly being reminded in Capri. It is as if a shred of the imperial mantle had fallen upon these peasant folk, his former subjects, and endowed them with a stolid indifference to animal suffering. Like their neighbours of the Campagna and Calabria, these Capriotes seem to have absolutely no notion of kindness to dumb creatures. Little do they know of that lesson of nature sung by Wordsworth :

*'Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.'*

Their cruelty is differentiated from cruelty of a similar kind elsewhere by its utter wantonness. The Japanese, when he detaches a cutlet from the living but unflinching carp, or *koi* fish, tells you that he does it with a definite idea of teaching his child a lesson of fortitude in time of tribulation. The Singhalese, when he flays a turtle alive, in order that his customers may carry home a warm and still quivering slice of its flesh, does it because he fancies, or possibly has learnt by experience, that the flavour of the morsel is thus rendered richer and more toothsome. But the Capriote will vivisect a lizard, and gloat over its internal arrange-

ments, for no other reason than that he may amuse himself. A child, whom the wildest fancy could not imagine to be devoted to scientific research, will tie a string to the leg of a bird and swing it round his head, or pull all its feathers out and skip with delight at its writhings. From such juvenile amenities it is obviously but a step to the torture of a cat, a goat, a dog, or a horse. But, then, when he grows up to man's estate, the Capriote does not skin eels alive, or kick his wife to death, or blast his neighbour's life by anonymous post-cards. So, perhaps, as an English lotos-eater I had better say no more.

## CHAPTER III.

EXIT CÆSAR.

*'The glories of our blood and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
 There is no armour against Fate,  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.'*

*'Quid tituli ? quid opes ?'*

By what mighty agency, visible or invisible, spiritual or material, has Capri—the Capri of the Cæsars—become, as it is to-day, a vast dismantled garden?

We may say of the Romans what Empedocles said of the men of Agrigentum, that they built as if they were to live for ever, and feasted as if they were to die to-morrow. After the wind and weather of eighteen centuries, my finger cannot pick off even a crumb of the adamantine cement that still binds together the fragments of imperial ruin. Walls three feet thick stand torn asunder as if they were morsels of ship

biscuit ; at every few score yards a bit of cyclopean masonry, that once may have screened a Court beauty from the vulgar gaze, or barred the light and air of heaven from an ill-starred captive, arrests the eye, majestic even in its desolation ; masses of rubbish, that once echoed to the sounds of revelry or shrouded the mystic rites of a god, peep out from between tangled vine-roots and clumps of sheeny aloes, telling with mute eloquence of the impotence of man's utmost toil ; on every side downfall without decay, abundant upheaval but little actual demolition, set the mind turning over and over the same unanswered conjecture. What power, human or Divine, has wrought so great a change ?

If it be true that after the decease of Tiberius the senate passed a decree for the destruction of the palaces and other buildings erected by him in Capri, the order could only have been partially executed, seeing that not only did his successor, Caius Caligula, half buffoon, half barbarian, an altogether ill-favoured beast, put on the ‘toga virilis’ in the island ; but his sycophant, Vitellius, ninth Cæsar, and king of gourmands, spent a part of his eight months’ reign here in A.D. 69 ; and Commodus, ‘the handsomest man of his age,’ as Herodian calls him, who lived the life of a *fin de*

*siecle* Tsar, singeing his beard, like the elder Dionysius of Syracuse, through fear of a barber, sent hither into banishment his wife Crispina and his sister Lucilla.

After that, for nearly six hundred years, little is known of Capri or its people. Lying beyond the fringe of those billows of change which century after century flooded half Europe with wreck and ruin, and unmoved by the rise and fall of empires in east and west, I dare say that the life of a Capriote was pretty much what it is to-day. Probably the island remained the personal property of the Roman Emperors until A.D. 476, when Romulus Augustulus, the last feeble monarch of the western empire, breathed his last on the Pizzofalcone, in Naples. But we know nothing for certain until the sixth century, when Capri seems to have been bestowed by a certain Tertullus upon the Benedictine monks of Monte Cassino. In A.D. 868 it was taken from them by the Carlovingian Louis and given to the doge of Amalfi, a change of masters which quickly brought it into stormy waters, and gave it a share in the calamities of that spirited little republic. The isolated situation and strong natural defences of the rock were no safeguard against the attacks of Saracens, who again and again in the ninth and tenth cen-

turies moored their galleys at the Marina, and made havoc from end to end, driving the island folk like sheep into their last refuge in the vast grotto under the Castiglione, and carrying off so many prisoners to the African coast that there was scarcely a *vignajuolo* left to dress the vines, or a fisherman to catch ‘the vaulting tunny in the main.’

In the early part of the eleventh century Capri was annexed by Guaimar IV. to his kingdom of Lombardy, and in 1075 came into the hands of the Norman Robert Guiscard - *Dux Apuliæ et Calabriæ*,\* changes by no means productive of tranquillity, ‘in mezzo a tante peripèzie e contrasti non potea essere molto felice.’ Matters improved as little under Robert’s sons as they did under his brother and hard-handed nephew, the latter of whom on Christmas Day, 1130, was crowned as Roger II. in his new Cappella Palatina in Palermo, the most exquisite palace-chapel in the world. The Capriotes appear to have made objections to doing homage to their new Norman masters, and a faction of them, with a party of soldiers, withdrew to what is now called Barbarossa’s Castle, and were not brought to order till they had made a sturdy resistance.

\* He lies buried in the badly restored church of SS. Trinità at Venosa, which he founded in 1058.

So far as we know, Capri was as little affected by the troubles of William the Bad and William the Good as by the later prosperity of the Emperor Frederick and Conrad and Manfred ; prosperity rudely broken in upon by the advent of the Angevine line, after the death of Conrardin (A.D. 1268), whose barbarous murder in the Piazza del Mercato was expiated fourteen years afterwards by the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, when Capri, with many another fair and fertile acre, slipped from the grasp of the ferocious brother of Saint Louis. Three years later, during the struggle between Charles II. and the Sicilian James, the poor islanders found themselves in the thick of the *mélée*, and were compelled once more by the prowess of Bernardo Sorriano to accept the hated Sicilian yoke. But Charles the Lame rescued them before long, and conferred upon them, in return for their good-will, a perpetual exemption from all financial *devoirs* to the State. Not only was this immunity confirmed by his successors Robert the Wise and Joanna I., but as time went on it was crowned by further benefits at the hands of the Aragonese Alfonso I., who (A.D. 1448) ordained that Capri (1) should never be alienated from the royal demesne, (2) should receive a confirmation of all previous privileges and immunities, (3) should pay

no hated hearth-tax, and (4) should receive from the fishermen of Naples a fixed sum for every garfish caught in Capriote waters.

So the Capriotes went on their way down the stream of time, now in sunshine, now in shadow ; happiest, we may be sure, when they had no history, and were undisturbed by *tout le tremblement* of high politics that kept the dwellers on the shores of the bay in a ferment. A historian ascribes to them a spirit greater than their fortunes--‘in summa egestate tamen vivunt contendentes superbia.’ But twofold troubles fell upon them later. In 1535 Kheyreddin Barbarossa, Beglerbeg of Algiers, and Capudan Pasha of Suleyman’s fleet, coming from the Golden Horn with a squadron of galleys, galleots and brigantines, plundered Reggio, stole a march upon the lovely Giulia Gonzaga at Fondi, and landed in Capri with a horde of Musulman desperadoes and his trusty lieutenant Aydin Reis, known as ‘Drub-devil.’ He sacked and burnt the place, and hoisted his horse-tail banner over the castle on the crags in the centre of the island, making his name a terror from the Dardanelles to Cadiz. Hardly had the Capriotes recovered from the smart, when in 1656 a horrible plague-fiend visited them, and the whole island became a charnel-house--none escaping except the monks in

the Certosa, who, like the worthy merchant of Wood Street in the plague of London, shut themselves up and refused all communication with the outer world. Many families were absolutely extinguished by the ravages of the pestilence, and their property, in default of heirs, was appropriated by the Benedictines. Here is a picture of Capri at this period from the pen of the historian Capaccio : 'The town of Capri possesses an exceedingly strong fort and about two hundred inhabitants, the village of Anacapri having also two hundred. The latter is built upon a lofty rock, the approach to which is by a narrow and difficult path, though it is easy enough to the inhabitants, who carry burdens along it. The people of Capri are free from all taxes and dues, and are by special favour permitted at all times to carry arms. They live in great poverty, and are often pillaged by the Turks, who carry off the mariners and the fishermen into captivity.'\*

Under successive Spanish viceroys the islanders suffered many hardships from men who, with few exceptions, showed themselves tyrannical and unprincipled governors. The incessant attacks of

\* Evelyn records in his diary, under 1644, that he durst not venture by sea from Naples to Rome because of Turkish pirates.

over-sea marauders were even a worse worry. 'Every day,' wrote Parrino in 1727, 'many unhappy fishermen are carried off as slaves by pirates, and especially by renegades, who come hither to inflict every kind of barbarous outrage on their native island.' This lasted till Bourbon times, when Charles III. (1748-1759) brought about a better state of affairs by the organization of proper guards and the construction of defences. He it was also who took in hand the work of excavation afterwards continued under Ferdinand IV. by Hadrawa, who tells us that in the latter half of the last century the condition of the island folk was greatly improved. There was then plenty of business doing in the way of wine and oil and silk. The Capri wine, which resembled claret, and was considered by many to be superior to the best produced on the mainland, was made to the annual amount of 4,000 hogsheads, and sold at from nine to twenty-five francs the *barile*, which is the price at which you can buy an excellent sort at the present day. Of excellent oil, upwards of 6,000 *staji*, or bushels, worth ten francs apiece, were produced every year. The fish all round the island, and especially the tunny, which seems now to have betaken itself to the Salernian gulf, were so plentiful that upwards of 2,000 tons weight was

shipped to Naples in 1784, besides what was eaten in the island. Let us hope that the fish had less bones and more flavour than they have now. Among other industries were the coral fishery, and the catching of quails, which in those days visited the island twice a year in much larger numbers than they do now, as many as 150,000 having been caught in a fortnight.

On January 23, 1799, when the 'Repubblica Partenopea' was proclaimed by Championnet, orders were sent to Capri for the unfurling of the new flag. Solemn Te Deum was sung in the cathedral, and the syndic D. Carlo Arcucci, being requested by the military commandant to address the assembled multitude, made the following laconic and two-edged oration: 'I respond, my people, with gladness to the request of his Excellency, seeing that now all is ours, and from this day forward we shall stand in need of nought.' The applause of his audience by no means harmonized with the feelings of the Frenchman, who said nothing, but retired in dudgeon. At the fall of the republic, six months later, Capri came once more under the sceptre of Ferdinand, but after six years, when Masséna set up Joseph Bonaparte, she shared the fate of Naples, and was constrained to give quarters to a French force under Captain Chervet.

The island now became the scene of a pretty bit of fighting work that does not altogether redound to the credit of the British arms. In the Mediterranean naval operations of 1806, Capri was looked upon by the allies of Ferdinand as a station of considerable strategical importance, and Sir Sidney Smith, with half a dozen men-of-war, made a descent upon it and captured it by a brilliant *coup de main*. Colonel (afterwards Sir Hudson) Lowe, who was left to hold the island in the Bourbon interest with 1,800 Maltese and Corsican troops,\* set to work to put it into an impregnable state of defence, and succeeded so well—at least, in his own imagination—that he dubbed it ‘Little Gibraltar,’ and defied the Gaul. His challenge was quickly taken up. On July 15, 1808, Joachim Murat was crowned King of Naples, and lost no time in making up his mind that the alien bit of bunting on the grim rock out in the bay must come down. Accordingly he sent Colonel Pietro Colletta, a Neapolitan engineer, in the disguise of a fisherman, to ascertain where it was possible to effect a landing.†

\* Corsica ceased to be in British occupation in 1796. How came it, then, that ten years later Corsicans formed part of Lowe’s garrison? I have some recollection of Napoleon twitting his gaoler with having once commanded Corsican *condamnés*, but I cannot verify it.

† Pietro Colletta afterwards became Minister of War, and

On the morning of October 4, 1808, an expedition of 126 transports and fighting ships, having 2,000 men on board, weighed anchor and made sail in three divisions for Capri—one from Naples, one from Castellammare and one from Salerno. Some steered for Orica, on the western side of the island, and others for the Grande and Piccola Marinas. At three p.m. they opened fire, and thoroughly caught Colonel Lowe napping—not literally, indeed, seeing that he had been watching the movements of the fleet since daybreak, and had made up his mind that the Frenchmen were steering for the Isle of Ponza, fifty miles away beyond Ischia. Great must have been his astonishment when he discovered, as he quickly did, what the real game was to be. Not that there should have been any real cause for alarm. From the nature of the island coast there are but three, or at the most four, places where it is possible to land troops, and, with 'Little Gibraltar' at their backs, it seemed impossible that the English could lose the island before the return of the squadron. But

died at Florence in 1831. In 1860 an indifferent statue of him was put up in the Villa Nazionale at Naples, near the little temples of Virgil and Tasso. He is represented as holding a letter in his hand, on which is inscribed the word 'Capri.'

it was a day of mistakes. What at first was but an error, before evening fell had become a disaster. Murat's trick was one that should not have deceived a British soldier. His detachments from Naples and Castellammare made a feint of delivering the whole force of the attack at the Marina and the Mulo—a mere ruse to conceal the disembarkation of the main body of 1,500 men at Orica, near the site of the old Roman villa of Damecuta. The fatuous folly of the English commander had left this end of the island unprotected by a single piece of artillery; as the result of which neglect the French effected a landing with little difficulty, and, having escaladed the cliffs, drove back the Maltese across several hundred yards of rocky slope, in the direction of An:capri. As the shades of night fell, another detachment, that had made a footing for itself near the Blue Grotto, climbed a difficult path and took the defenders in the rear. Major Hamill, who was in command, was shot dead while directing the fire of his men, and the whole body, to the number of ~50, laid down their arms. The remains of the brave Irish officer, who was buried where he fell, on a spot now marked by a fig-tree, were removed many years afterwards to the cemetery, where a tablet records his valour.

Anxiously now did Colonel Lowe, down in the town of Capri, look out for the absent squadron, which was lying weather-bound and helpless away at Ponza. One thing was plain : no power on earth could hold Capri long, with an enemy who held the Marina Grande and a battery on the heights of Monte Solaro that swept every nook and corner of the lower ground. An irrevocable error had been made, and nothing was left for Lowe but to make himself as snug as he could and wait for the wind to change. But now began a pretty bit of comedy. At the end of three days the English squadron was seen bearing up ; but, though the ships surrounded the island, and for a few hours cut off all communication with the mainland, before they could render any real service a fierce *ponente* (the wind most dreaded by mariners in these parts) sprang up, and they were obliged to haul off again and stand out to sea. The wily Murat, looking on from the Punta di Campanella, took advantage of this piece of good-fortune to land a quantity of supplies in small feluccas from Massa, just across the bay ; a daring enterprise, the success of which was cheaply purchased by the loss of the boats which they were compelled to beach in a battered condition on the Marina. Invigorated by their newly-arrived rations (for they had been

reduced almost to starvation-point), the French now fell furiously upon Capri, and, though they were repulsed with heavy loss, they succeeded by fresh advances in making Lowe's position more and more untenable.

On the following day, October 16, a look-out man reported a war-ship in sight, but it must have been like that *Pietra bianca* rock outside Hong Kong, which so nearly resembles a junk under full sail that an old sea-dog on the starboard tack once declined to give way to it till he found himself within a cable's length of everlasting smash. It was but an idle rumour, and, like Mariana in the moated grange, aweary of waiting for one who delayed his coming, Colonel Lowe sent a flag of truce the same evening into the French headquarters, offering to surrender on condition that he and all his should be allowed to embark unmolested, and that the Capriotes should suffer nothing for their fidelity. To this King Murat, who held a strong hand in trumps, would not agree, but sent his aide-de-camp, Colonel Manches, to inform the English commandant that the capitulation must be unconditional. While the officer was actually on his way across the bay with this ultimatum in his pocket, the British squadron once more hove in sight. Colonel Manches thereupon

judiciously kept the despatch in his pocket, and it was left to the English naval commander on his arrival to protest against the contemplated surrender of the island. But Lowe so pressed him and so strenuously urged upon him that he could not go behind his pledged word to Murat, that in the end they all, to the number of 780, made the best of their way, on October 26, down to the Piccola Marina and off to Sicily ; after which time, up to the period of the Bourbon restoration in 1814, Capri remained in the hands of the French.

On the whole, a piece of bungling and bad tactics from first to last, to which, it is satisfactory to think, we cannot find many parallels in our military annals. Not to end this chapter with a bitter taste, here is an extract from the light rhymes in which Tom Moore has enshrined the memory of Napoleon's timid gaoler :

‘ Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson Low  
(By name, and, oh ! by nature so),  
As thou art fond of persecutions,  
Perhaps thou’st read, or heard repeated,  
How Captain Gulliver was treated,  
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

‘ They tied him down--these little men did--  
And having valiantly ascended  
Upon the mighty man’s protuberance,

*They did so strut!—upon my soul,  
It must have been extremely droll  
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!*

*. . . alas! alas! that it should happen  
To mighty men to be caught napping!—  
Though different, too, these persecutions;  
For Gulliver, there, took the nap,  
While here, the Nap, oh, sad mishap!  
Is taken by the Lilliputians!*

Well might the *Nautical Chronicle* remark (vol. xxi., 1809) : ‘Some of the newspapers have affected to disguise the importance of the late successful attack of the enemy on the island of Capri, in the Gulf of Naples. One of them actually made the following comment on the French account : “A pompous description is given in the French papers of the capture of the island of Capri, a station we never heard of before.”’ Now, any schoolboy who has ever read Tacitus or Suetonius has heard of Capræ—its more modern history is to be found in Swinburne and Brydon—and as a test of its actual importance we shall only observe that Buonaparte and his generals do not waste their means in *useless* enterprise ; and what furnishes matter for exultation at Paris may be pretty generally deplored in London.’

I add no more than the words of Sir William Napier, who observes (*‘Peninsular War,’* vol. ii.)

that 'Sir Hudson Lowe first became known to history by losing, in a few days, a post that might have been defended for many years.'

In more recent times there has been nothing in the history of Capri to interest the foreigner. In 1837 a terrible visitation of cholera destroyed many of the inhabitants, who were laid in pitched coffins and buried in the ground above the Camerelle. At Anacapri, which also suffered severely, the victims were interred close to the hermitage of S. Maria di Citrella. Two years later came a plague of caterpillars, which, notwithstanding the exertions of the peasants, who burnt them in sacks, made great havoc among the vines and fruit-trees. In 1846-7 the vines were again brought to such an extremity by the inroads of disease, that for a year or two not a single barrel of wine was made.

By the plebiscite of October 21, 1860, Capri followed the fortunes of Naples, and on its annexation to the kingdom of Italy ceased to be a *piazza de' armi*, in consequence of which the island forts were abandoned and left to ruin, and the military stores transported to the mainland.





CARNAVAL MARINA, CALIF., SHOWING THE NEW ROAD

To face p. 71.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LOWLAND.

*'Cœli tempestes bieme mitis objectu montis ; quo saeva ventorum arcentur : æstas in faciunum obversa, et aperto circum pelago per amena.'*--Tacitus, Desc. of Capri.

Up from the line of gaudy fishing boats that fringe the quaint landing-place at the Grande Marina, facing Vesuvius, several steep and slippery paths, fringed with lemon groves and vineyards, lead to the top of the ridge where Capri nestles between the hills of Castiglione and San Michele. For many ages, before the marauding Saracens compelled the islanders to take refuge higher up, the town lay by the margin of the bay between the Punta Francesco and Aiano, round the church of San Costanzo, past which the new carriage-road now winds along.

As we follow this, the first piece of man's ancient handiwork that meets the eye is the mouth of the massive Roman Cloaca, or main sewer, in

the sea-wall, about fifty yards from the Hôtel Grotte Bleue. In the present aspect of this ruin there is indubitable evidence of a bygone convulsion of nature, to which agency alone can be attributed the reversal of the dip of the drain, which, instead of being (as must have been the case when first constructed) from south to north, is now from north to south, at an angle of between  $20^{\circ}$  and  $25^{\circ}$ . This disturbance, later than the Roman occupation, occurred probably many years after the subsidence of the centre of the island on the south side, where now the land slopes steeply down to the Piccola Marina.

A few yards beyond the Cloaca a narrow lane, by the side of the Hôtel du Louvre, leads in about ten minutes to the Villa Haan, on the site of a temple of Isis, many relics of whose worship, together with fragments of sculpture, have been found under the soil. The villa overlooks on one side the bay, and on another the *place d'armes*, a spacious level grass-grown tract, artificially enlarged by a line of arches on the southern and western sides, and, as we may suppose, the scene of the games at which the Emperor Augustus was present just before he died. A hundred yards beyond, a path, winding westwards through gardens, opens out on to the shore, and the extensive ruins of the Palazzo a

Mare, about which I shall have something to say later on.

Returning to the Hôtel du Louvre, a bend in the road brings us to the small church of San Costanzo, the patron and protector of the island, who, according to local tradition, once delivered Capri by a miracle from destruction at the hands of the Saracens. The cupola-crowned edifice, which is supposed to have been the earliest Christian place of worship in the south of Italy, either stands on the site of, or else actually was itself originally, a pagan temple, of which relics have been found in the shape of Byzantine frescoes. Once upon a time the interior was ornamented by fourteen *giallo-antico* fluted columns, of which all but one were taken away in 1751 and set up in the royal palace of Caserta ; the remaining one now lies broken on the floor of the building near the door.

Leaving the church, and pursuing our way up the carriage-road through masses of pale lemons and vines running riot among the olive and fig trees, we reach in about twenty minutes a spacious house on the left hand, the Palazzo Inglese or Canale, the principal entrance to which is in a lane leading up from the road. It was once the abode of kings when they came to Capri to shoot quails ; but now, with the deep scars of French cannon-

balls in its western wall, and a generally out-at-elbows appearance, it wears a faded and forlorn look. The house was rebuilt and enlarged in the last century by Sir Nathaniel Thorold, who, having outrun the constable at home, took up his abode in Capri, where he acquired considerable riches by trading in salt and dried codfish. During the French attack in 1808 Colonel Lowe had his headquarters here, until the Frenchmen up on Solaro made it too hot for him.

Another turn in the road and we are on the top of the ridge at the base of the Castiglione, from which there is an extensive view on each side : on the south, down to where the Piccola Marina (or Mulo, as it is locally called) lies hidden under the rocky slope, beyond which stretches the wide Tyrrhenian Sea ; and on the north, over the bay towards Naples and Vesuvius. Passing close under the walls of the suppressed convent of St. Theresa—utilized first as barracks, and after Bourbon times as an invalid hospital for soldiers, and now let out in tenements, part being used as a prison—in five minutes we are in the town of Capri, which Hadrawa (*Letters*, 1793) thus describes : ‘It is surrounded by a wall and stands half a mile distant from the sea. The ground all round is uneven, and the houses are badly built and flat-

roofed. The cathedral is an ordinary edifice, and remarkable for nothing else than the pavement in the presbytery. Close to the cathedral is the palace of the Bishop, where the present Monseigneur Gamboni resides when in Capri. The canons who form the chapter have their several houses, and some are the possessors of fair farms. It is commonly said that the revenues of the see are drawn from the sale of quails; but there are also funds which pertain to it. Over against the episcopal house is the new clerical seminary, with an inscription written by the aforesaid monseigneur. Close by you see an institution (*conservatorio*) for boys, with another inscription. A little square, which, beginning at the cathedral and ending at the house of the Customs officer, forms a very narrow enclosure, is the market-place of Capri, where they sell beans and certain fruits, sometimes macaroni, but meat hardly ever. If through ill-luck a cow falls from a rock and is killed, they proclaim throughout the island by a trumpet that the flesh will be sold. As you go out of the market you pass through a gateway leading to a Gothic castle [now dismantled] with a third inscription of Monseigneur Gamboni. Descending a few steps, you come to a commodious house with red ornamentation and a terrace platform<sup>\*</sup> and

trellis-work supported on columns. This house has been for many years the dwelling of the governors. At the Marina [Grande] one sees a miserable barrack, which has, however, the name of an inn, where one can find nothing, not even a bed.' Evidently one of those *locandas*, not uncommon in the country districts of Italy, where there is offered you, according to the proverb, *piu fumo ch' arrosto*—more smoke than roast—and where the *consommations* promised are anything but consummations 'devoutly to be wished,' places eminently suggestive even from the outside of *insalata d'aglio* swimming in oil. 'A stranger,' adds Hadrawa, 'who wishes to inspect the island without inconvenience, should first make ample provision for, at least, three days, and then should go straight to the lodging of the governor, who is always willing to receive strangers, and who, if his own house be full, will make up for it by obtaining accommodation in the house of Canale.' The 'miserable barrack' has long since given place to a dozen decent hotels, but in other respects the visible aspect of the town has probably changed but little during the last hundred years.

A glance at the map will show that Capri town stands snugly ensconced between lofty hills. Westward rise the frowning vertical walls of

Monte Solaro, absolutely unscalable except on the north, at the point where the new road has been blasted out of their solid face. To the east, a gradually rising path trends to the summit of Lo Capo, crowned by the enormous ruins of the Villa Jovis.

Be it understood that Capri boasts of but one road along which it is possible for a carriage to pass, the one already mentioned as running for a distance of two miles up from the sea to Anacapri. All the other ways are mere rocky or lava-paved alleys from six to ten feet wide, and as often as not broken into steps. Leading out of the piazza (which could well be accommodated on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre) are three of these alleys, by which we can reach several objects of interest and a hundred superb points of view at the eastern end of the island. The widest of them, just beyond the steps of the cathedral, winds down by the Hiddigeigei café (kept by an Italian Jew, who is a purveyor of everything from blacking to black coffee, and from jam to jewels), past the Hôtel Pagano, till we reach the Quisisana, whose 'English landlady' survives only in the pages of Baedeker. Turning to the left, we follow the remains of a very massively constructed semicircular line of ruined arches, nearly half a mile long and twenty

feet wide, known as the Camerelle or ‘Little Chambers,’ which extended at one time from Tragara to the Castiglione, skirting the Unghia Marina, and Valentino. It was thought by G. M. Secondo and Rezzonico, with no sufficient reason, that the Camerelle formed part of a Roman palace; but their construction forbids any such idea. Hadrawa and Romanelli found in them the site of the imperial Sellaria, while others have conjectured them to be the relics of a large ‘*circo Caprense*.’ Mangoni’s opinion is more likely, that the whole vast structure was nothing but a fine viaduct with water reservoirs underneath, many of which still line the path with their cemented walls, and the *lacerti* always found in Roman cisterns, plainly visible.

Half an hour’s walk over the Punta Tragara, and along the shoulder of the Tuoro Grande or Telegrafo hill, brings us by a track commanding magnificent views to a belvedere overlooking the Cala (or bay) of Mitromania, whence, by going inland a little, we can wind round into another path that in a few minutes lands us at the top of a hundred and eighty steps, forming a rough *vicoluccio*, reconstructed by Feola in 1836. This stairway leads down to a grotto supposed by some to have been dedicated to Cybele, and by others to

the Shades ; in the latter case its name of Matro or Mitromania would come from 'Mater Manium,' which, according to Varro, stands for 'Dea Manium.' But the best opinion identifies it with a temple of Mithras, from which point of view it is a place that yields in interest to no other in the island, taking us back to myths and mysteries far anterior to the times of the Caesars. As we look into this venerable nature-built temple, with its fern and ivy-clad rocky lintel, our antiquarian zest sinks for a moment into the background, and a certain religious awe steals over us at the remembrance of the men who in past ages were wont to throng hither with their joys and their wearinesses, their vows and aspirations, craving protection and peace from a beneficent and compassionate power—a divinity whose cult was for generations no mean rival to the worship of the Son of Mary, in days when Greek myths were found wanting and Olympic rites had grown stale and unsatisfying. The religion of Mithras, who by some has been identified with Osiris, was a religion redolent of joy and full of fascination to the men of Greece and Rome, to whom the socialism preached by Divine lips at Nazareth and Capernaum was as a sealed book. But here to-day, in this venerable natural temple, ruinous walls and a down-trodden

shrine are all that remains of the 'magnum Mithræ antrum,' the presence-chamber of 'the unconquered god of the sun.'\*

Let us look at it a little more closely. It is a large cavernous chamber with two smaller ones on the right, in one of which the wall-plaster is almost intact. The grotto, entered under a huge over-hanging rock, is shaped like a horseshoe, and in its principal chamber measures sixty feet by nineteen. The eastern end stands quite open, and frames a lovely view of the Salernian Gulf and the Siren Isles. Round the inner end, the walls of which are in their natural rocky state, runs a semicircular dais with reticulated tufa facing, twelve feet broad and four feet high, with a lower one in front of the same width, but half a foot lower, to which what was once a staircase leads in the centre. In the middle of the back wall is a small recessed chamber or shrine, with a smaller aperture on the right reached by twelve steps. That it was a hypathral shrine is evident from the fact that in front of the lower dais, in the long axis of the cave, is a circular cavity four feet six inches in diameter, where once

\* Representations of the Leontica, or peculiar Mithraic rites, have been found on ancient altars in Northumberland, Cumberland, Yorkshire and Cheshire. The monuments of the cult may be studied in the works of Von Hammer and Layard.

## *LOWLAND*

stood perhaps an altar, with a drain for the sacrificial blood.\* The position of this was such that at certain times the beams of the rising sun would fall exactly upon it. The cavern has been left in its rough state so far as regards the roof, which varies in height from twenty-five to fifty feet, and is evidently a natural formation enlarged or adapted for the purposes of worship by the addition of limestone and tufa walls, with well-cut reticulated faces, and of a vaulted arch, resting on a foundation of rubble abundantly cemented with an adamantine mortar.

Though the present appearance of the cave is desolate enough, many relics of its former uses have been unearthed and carried away, and many more, no doubt, lie buried. On every side are signs of a vast natural subsidence, and of a destruction which it is difficult to ascribe to the hand of man. Huge fragments of earth and rock, with masonry adhering, lie in the valley in front of the east entrance, where once, as we may suppose, stood an imposing portal to the temple. In place of the throngs of worshippers laden with offerings, no footfall now stirs the echoes of this

\* Various authors (copying one from another) assert that this altar is in the British Museum. It is not so, and never has been.

silent solitary shrine but that of the fisherman or the quail-catcher ; the only music one is likely to hear is the dismal screech of the *zampognaro co' pupi*, the delight and solace of the wandering goat-herd.

Close at hand have been found many vessels of terra-cotta, human bones, sepulchral urns, a statuette of Mithras, and a pathetic Greek inscription in memory of a youth who is supposed to have been attached to the court of Augustus. I give the infelicitous Latin version, printed by Martorelli in his 'De Regia Theca Calamaria,' ii. 5, 4 :

‘*Qui Stygiam incolumis regionem, dæmones almi,  
Excipite intra Orcum me quoque ter miserum :  
Parcarum fædo raptum me, sed violenta  
Morte improvisa ex vi superum fædo merita.  
Jam cumulabat sat multo me munere Cæsar,  
Cum patres a spe et me quoque repulerit.  
Et non quindens non se vicius et annus  
Festiverat, infelix fædo jubar intuer.  
Nomen mi est Hypatus, sed et illud adhuc rogo frater,  
Patre que ingemere fædo ulterius miseris?*

The original epitaph, as given by Mangoni, I venture thus to paraphrase :

*Dread powers, in murky Stygian shires who roam,  
Thrice wretched me receive into your home :  
Me snatched ere life's allotted race is spent,  
By death resistless, swift, unmerited.  
The hand that me with ample bounts crowned  
Hath dealt to sire and son this hopeless wound.*





*Ere thrice five years their finished course have run,  
I, hapless child of sorrow, leave the sun.*

*My name is Hypatus—dear brother mine,  
And weeping sire, I bid ye not repine.*

Mangoni and others give long descriptions of a basso-relievo, illustrating the worship of Mithras, and supposed to have been found here. But such grave doubts have recently been thrown upon its connection with Capri, that, not having seen it, and not knowing where it is, I think it best to say nothing about it.

Two or three hundred yards beyond the Grotto of Mithras, at the point above the fine Arco Naturale, our walk in this direction comes to an end, and we make our way back to the piazza by the path between the Telegrafo and San Michele.

On the south-west of the town a plateau, immediately under the top of the Castiglione, was chosen of old as the site of an imperial villa, at which Hadrawa began his work of excavation. Here he found, at a depth of a dozen feet, a house with five rooms *en suite*, a loggia sixteen feet long, and many miscellaneous objects, including a white marble early Greek vase, with finely worked handles, and weighing five hundredweight. Upon its sides were bassi-relievi of a sacrificial scene, a figure with musical pipes in his mouth, and two others with torches, while a fourth is laying

upon an altar something that looks like a wreath. He found also a marble pavement of excellent workmanship, set in geometrical figures ingeniously interlaced, designed, perhaps, by the mathematician Thrasyllus, who was among the suite of Tiberius. It was taken to the new palace of La Favorita at Portici, through the court-yard of which now runs the highroad from Naples to Salerno. Another object found was a basso-relievo of a winged Victory offering a libation, with a portrait of Tiberius crowned; a genius, or priest (full length), holding a platter in the act of sacrifice; and the fragments of a hand playing on a cithern, all very beautifully finished. Hadrawa gives a drawing of this, as well as of two marble children's heads—one crying, the other smiling—both admirably done; also of a cameo portrait of the handsome Germanicus, which was presented to the Empress Catharine of Russia. Another broken cameo, containing only the shoulder-piece of a cuirass, with stars and a winged Victory, is thought by some to have been part of the effigy of Julius Caesar; it was given to Tischbein, the painter friend of Goethe.

In the same place were unearthed a number of lamps and 'mattoni' with inscriptions (most of which passed into the possession of Sir W. Hamil-

ton), pictures and fine stucco work, conduit-pipes for cold and hot water, with furnaces for heating. Among the inscriptions was one, now at the Villa Cesina, of which the translation runs : ‘ Theano (daughter) of Ænacus, farewell !’ and another meaning ‘ Athanodoros (son) of Agesandros of Rhodes made (this).’

The top of the Castiglione (750 feet) is crowned by a picturesque castle standing on earlier foundations, and built as a defence against the Saracens, with a chapel and hermitage added in later times. From the foot of the hill to that of San Michele may be traced here and there the remains of a cyclopean freestone wall, which must have rendered the eastern end of the island absolutely impregnable ; now it is only here and there that a few blocks of this massive unmortared line of defence can be observed.

Confining ourselves still to the eastern end, another grand walk may be taken by passing through the covered way in the corner of the piazza by the Municipio, and following a walled track through gardens and vineyards, past the chapel of La Croce (or San Michele), where is the entrance to the hill of San Michele, the private property of Prince Caracciolo. On the dominating summit stood in Roman times what must have

been a large and handsome palace, scarcely inferior to the Villa Jovis, but of which a detailed description on paper would be dull and unintelligible. A winding road, eighteen feet wide, constructed on arches, seems to have led upwards along the hill to twenty-one rooms or cisterns (now used as stalls and store-rooms), each twelve feet square, which stood in a line looking out towards the south ; at the back of these were many others, facing the bay, all the floors of which were found covered with volcanic black sand. On a quadrangular esplanade above, 230 feet by 100, stood the villa itself, one of the rooms of which, on the east side, was for many years used as a chapel, where a festival was held annually in honour of the archangel. The even dark-red layers of brickwork are still in splendid condition ; but the whole building suffered greatly at the beginning of this century, when both French and English pulled everything about in order to construct their forts, and spirited away many ancient treasures. Many marbles and vases have, however, been found, as well as a large quantity of coins marked with the imprint of King Pyrrhus. Vegetation of amazing luxuriance now covers the whole site—ivy, brambles, capers, wolf's-milk, fennel, figs, vines, and a hundred varieties of tendrils and grasses and mosses and creepers

wreathes and veil the handiwork of man. Looking eastward from the top of the hill, this end of the island presents the appearance of a natural fortress, with the heights of Santa Maria, Telegrafo, and the Castiglione, with San Michele itself, standing at the four corners like bastions, each rising sheer out of the sea, and inaccessible from it by any ordinary pair of legs.

Descending again to La Croce, a quarter of an hour's gradual ascent brings us to the Faro, which, after the manner of Swiss waterfalls, has been so shut in that the only access lies through a little *buvette*. A few steps through the garden lead up to the remains of what was once a Faro or lighthouse, the twin sea-mark with that on the Punta di Campanella, rivalling not only the Pharos of Alexandria, but, as Statius records, the very moon herself :

‘*Telboumque domus trispiai ubi dulcia nautis  
Lamina noctivaga tollit Pharus æmula luna.*’

Pliny speaks of it as ‘nocturnis ignibus cursum navium regens,’ and Suetonius, the Roman Pepys, informs us that a few days before the death of Tiberius, as he lay shrieking and groaning in the villa of Lucullus at Misenum, the lighthouse was overthrown by an earthquake. As we know that it was again in use in the reign of Domitian, it

must have been rebuilt, and again thrown down in more recent times. All that is now left forms an irregular square, with sides forty feet long and fifty high. At the base on the south lies a huge bramble-covered fragment fallen from the top, with indications of an internal staircase. In 1750 some leadwork was found here with the name of M. Aurelius on it, and in 1804 Hadrawa made excavations which resulted in finding an underground staircase of squared stones, leading to a lower story containing a great quantity of ashes, a mixture (according to Professor Poli's analysis) of all sorts of things. A more valuable find was a very delicately-worked basso-relievo of terra-cotta, representing Crispina and Lucilla, wife and sister of the Emperor Commodus, in a suppliant attitude and with dishevelled hair. He also brought to light a sculptured faun, a graceful Doric capital, a terra-cotta lacrimatory, and a broken sepulchral monument with the inscription *ταυρικες ταιου χαιρε*.

'A few yards eastwards from the base of the Faro is a lofty point of rock known as the Salto, from which, as I have already mentioned, in moments of merciless caprice or revengeful hate, Tiberius was said now and again to hurl his unfortunate subjects. If by chance the sensibilities of the Emperor, who was nothing if not a man of sentiment, were

at all jaded, he could at any time give them a fillip by popping an islander or a courtier over this 'lover's leap,' and could thus create a fine poetic contrast to the calm loveliness of the scene around him. A few years ago a misguided jackass, love-crossed or thistle-wearied, took the fatal leap, displacing 750 feet of atmosphere with neck outstretched, fore-legs wide apart, tail at an angle of 90°, and terror in every hair. He never spoke again.

At the Salto you may, if you wish it, see now and then a performance of a bastard *tarantella*. Gentle lotos-lover, have you ever seen a *tarantella*? I saw one danced\* the other night as an interlude in the hymeneal festivities of a worthy baker and his bride; and I will give you the best idea I can of what you may see any day for yourself in Capri. As a stranger admitted into the charmed circle of wedding guests, it would be impertinent for me to make any hostile criticisms upon a performance which evidently was a source of unbounded delight to all who took part in it, and I will strive to confine myself to bare description, premising only that in the unsophisticated ways of Capriote man and maid the *tarantella* is looked upon as an integral part of the marriage ceremonies, and it is open to conjecture whether some of them would not prefer rather to forego the more strictly ecclesi-

astical function than be deprived of the time-honoured *ballata*.

Imagine a room twenty feet square, with the smallest of windows, on the broad stone sill of which high overhead stands a dispirited-looking oil lamp that battles with the young May moon outside, and casts a sickly glare and an evil smell in upon the company of some forty souls, who are perched upon rickety chairs round the walls, each chair containing for the most part two occupants (not counting fleas). In one corner sit the leading lady and gentleman of the piece; the former, who is—well, out of her teens, is attired in a gown of modest gray stuff, with a flowing muslin veil and orange-blossoms. Her twin soul wears a suit of sombre black and an air of easy composure as he sucks at a dead cigar. Perhaps he looks a little silly, but far less so than a trembling British bridegroom, who, with one hand furtively reducing to fragments the ruins of a dyspeptic roll, and his eyes fixed in a wooden stare on a dish of tipsy-cake, lisps out faint nothings in the broken and smothered accents of a moribund criminal. The cockney, in a high state of civilization and a strait-waistcoat of unmitigated misery, languishes during the progress of his wedding feast; but the untutored Capriote, casting care to the winds, abandons him-

self to wild and uproarious bliss. After awhile, during which sweetmeats are handed round (with which it is *en règle* to pelt the bride at odd moments) and glasses of Capri *rosso* (redolent of posterior pains and penalties), the music is struck up. The expansive labourings of a fat *organetto* or accordion blend heavily with the mimic popping thunder of the *tamburello*; and in another moment the happy pair begin the dance, together with the bride's sister and the best man.

The *tarantella*, says Stamer in his amusing 'Dolce Napoli,' is nothing but a pantomimic love-story, of which the groundwork is 'Amantium ira amoris integratio est'---

'The falling out of faithful friends renewal is of love.'

Imagine a choreographic depiction of the alternating agonies and transports of a badly-bitten pair after this fashion: Act 1. Enraptured gaze, coy side-look, gallant advance, timid retreat, impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection, piteous supplication, softening dubitation, oblation of worldly goods, gracious acceptance, frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation. Act 2. Petting, wooing, billing, cooing; a smash on the tambourine followed by jealous accusation, sharp recrimination, manly expostulation (a scourge of bass

chords on the *organetto*), shrewish aggravation (bleatings *in altissimo*), angry threatening, summary dismissal, Strephon fuming, Amaryllis pouting. Act 3. Reaction, approximation, explication, exoneration, reconciliation, osculation; winding up with a grand *pas de circonstance*, setting forth confidence unbounded, harmony, peace, and love *ad saecula saeculorum*. The musical or (to keep well within the mark) the instrumental accompaniment is sometimes supplied by the local Strauss, who brings on to the scene an orchestra consisting of castanets; a *siscariello*, or fife; a *tricavala*, formed of three wooden mallets tied together so as to make a rattle; the inevitable *tamburello*, or tambourine (sometimes replaced by the *organetto*); and a *spassa-pensiero*, or Jew's harp. To these are added in Sorrento the *puti-puti*, a tin pot covered with skin, and with a bit of cane stuck through the centre, and the *sega-vaiasse*, a wooden saw and a split stick used as a bow and fiddle.

Above the accompaniment floated at intervals the vocal strains of a queer distraught kind of crooning ditty, the words of which (happily, as I have understood) were wholly unintelligible. It began thus:

‘*Io songo venuto a candar’*  
*Lu zito e a zita,*  
*Songo venuto alla*  
*Vosta chiammata.*

*Dio ve renne forza  
E longa vite,  
A guanno che vene  
Nu masculo à latu?*

The whole was sung to a melody that marched monotonously down in the key of A minor note by note from the dominant to the tonic, with each interval embroidered and disguised and knocked out of all recognition by appoggiaturas and acciacaturas and grace-notes and twirling turns and tremolos, ending with a prolonged drawl on the keynote. The effect, taken as a whole (it never does to chew one's pills), was inspiriting, not to say deafening; and, added to the stamping of the *soccolas*, or brogues, on the stone floor, the sharp, quick cries of the dancers, the buzz of admiring criticism, and the frequent interjecting of *bravos* and *bravas*, it was about as bewildering as I can imagine the Handel festival would be in a coal-celllar. I gazed in amazement at the untiring agility of the performers, the scraps of reel and fandango, gavotte and war-dance all in one; and (I hope) I blushed unseen as I thought of the infamous parody,

‘*Their soles did from their bodies fly.*’

Now and then, at the signal of a warning blast from the accordion, the two couples joined forces

and broke off into the whirling *tarascon*, and, after some fifteen minutes of perpetual motion, sat down amidst a burst of applause. Then came even a more imposing spectacle. *Da capo* was the word, and the whole thing was begun over again, but this time with only a brace of performers, one of whom was a slim and pensive *marinaio*, and the other the most massive female I remember ever to have seen. The passage of a camel through the eye of a needle would be a joke compared with the passing of that 'too, too solid' lump of flesh through any ordinary English doorway. The little room seemed to shrink into half its dimensions as she took the floor, 'teres atque rotunda,' portly and immense, with no woeful want of wilful waist, and with as little 'linked sweetness long drawn out' as there was in the strains to which she danced. But, for all that, she was far and away the best dancer of the lot; and if behemoth in his native swamps seeks ever to fascinate his equal half by a coy and graceful *pas de seul*, then hath he no mean rival in this incarnation of Balzac's 'embonpoint flottant.' By mere efflux of time, the gay revel was at last concluded—at least, I presume that it was; for when Signora Cantara Butta sank on to the edge of a chair, looking as 'fresh as paint' after ten

minutes' posturing, to which 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' is child's play,

‘*The wedding guest  
Here beat his breast,*’

and sought the sweet influences of Pleiades in the soft spring night outside, recalling as I strolled homeward a much more tuneful orchestra that I once heard, and a much prettier dance that I once watched, long ago, under the palms of Fiji. The truth is, there is not much more poetry to be extracted from a Capriote *tarantella* nowadays than from an old tin pot. As I made my parting salutations to the bride, and, with the presaging sympathy of ‘one who knows,’ grasped the tawny hand of her fellow-sufferer, I murmured in choice Tuscan what I trust they understood to be an aspiration for their lifelong felicity. May they keep pure hearts and clean hands! the husband especially, seeing that he makes my daily bread.

The Salto is separated by a few yards only from the entrance to what Pliny calls the ‘Tiberii arcem principis,’ or Villa Jovis. Whatever may be our opinion with regard to the vexed question of the true localities and designations of the twelve royal villas, it needs but a glance to see that these ruins before us represent what once must have been an edifice second to none in the island. Dr.

Gennaro Arcucci was the first, at the beginning of this century, to attempt the task of fixing precisely the sites of the imperial residences mentioned by Tacitus. Hadrawa made out the following list: 1, Villa Jovis; 2, San Michele; 3, Mitromania Valley; 4, Tragara; 5, Camerelle; 6, Certosa; 7, Castiglione; 8, Piccola Marina; 9, Truglio, or Fontana; 10, Aiano; 11, Canipo Pisco; 12, Palazzo a Mare. Romanelli, a few years later, committed himself to no definite opinion; while Mangoni strikes out of Hadrawa's list Nos. 3, 5, 8, and 11, and substitutes others at Capodimonte, Damecuta, Monticello, and Linaro (Timberino), all in Anacapri. It may, however, be taken as certain that it is now impossible to fix either the names or the sites of those edifices, in the construction of which the annalist affirms that Tiberius was immersed to the detriment of his own interests in Rome.\*

I have already alluded to the names that he is supposed to have given to his villas; but that each one was placed under the protection of a special deity is, though not in itself an improbable supposition, founded upon nothing more weighty than an *ipse dixit* of the Jena Professor Lipsius, who, three hundred years ago, jumped at such a con-

\* 'Sed tum Tiberius duodecim villarum nominibus et molibus insederat.' *Tacit., Ann., iv.* 67.

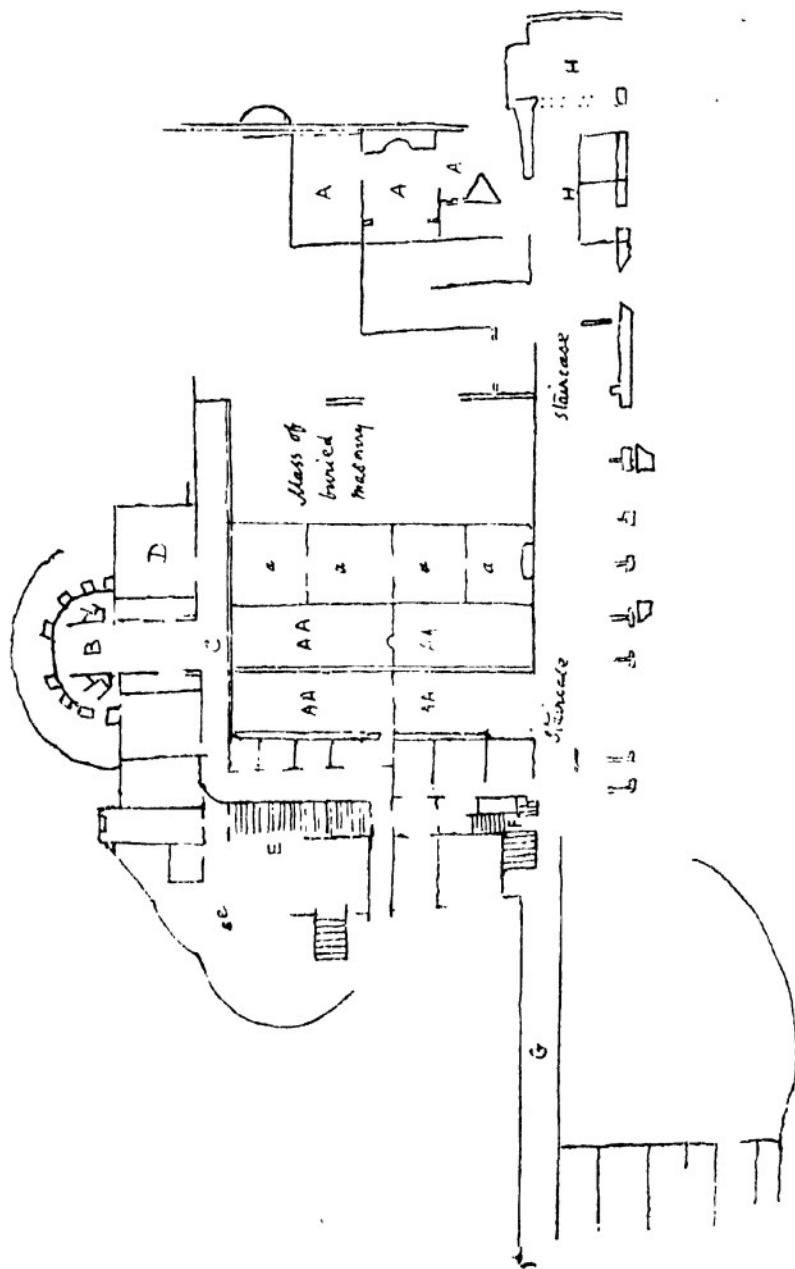
clusion in consequence of what he found in Tacitus. Suetonius plainly says that after the death of Sejanus the Emperor did not for nine months go outside the walls of the villa 'quæ vocatur Jovis,' so we need have no doubt about this one on Santa Maria; but as for the others, without an exception, all is mere guesswork.

It is too often forgotten that Augustus was in Capri before his successor, and that in many parts of the island, as has already been mentioned, he erected villas, which Tiberius may have enlarged and glorified. However this may be, the Villa Jovis, both from its commanding position and its vast extent, must have been a truly imperial retreat, half fortress, half palace, with theatre or temple, and innumerable rooms for the Court, and quarters for soldiers and slaves and officials of every degree. Excavations were begun here in the reign of Charles III. by Dr. Luigi Giraldi, of Ferrara, and continued by Hadrawa and Signor Giuseppe Feola, director of antiquities in Capri. Hadrawa, in 1786, had accompanied King Ferdinand to Capri on the occasion of a visit paid with the double purpose of shooting quails and inquiring into certain alleged grievances which the island folk had against their Governor. The King during his stay of twelve days (in the Palazzo Canale) had

many talks about the antiquities with the enlightened Bishop Gamboni, and Hadrawa used to amuse himself by grubbing about among the ruins and bringing to light whatever he could lay hands upon. In the following year he came again, and under royal authority set systematically to work, first at the Castiglione, and subsequently here at the Villa Jovis.

Passing the spot just beyond the Salto, at which the entrance to the palace probably stood, we are at once in the basement buildings, with ruined walls on the right of three vaulted chambers (A), in a very woe-begone condition, used, no doubt, as cisterns or bath-rooms, near which was dug up a fragment of wall with a war-horse well painted in fresco upon it. The accompanying sketch-plan shows in a rough way all that is at present to be seen of the villa.

Just beyond (A) are four small rooms (a) adjoining two very large and lofty ones, probably reservoirs (AA). A detailed description of the various parts of the palace would make my pages as tediously dull as those of Mangoni, whose prolix record must be perused by those who desire a more precise idea of the place as it appeared half a century ago. Time and tourists have done a good deal since then to modify some of its features, and those naturally the most conspicuous and attractive.



SKETCH PLAN OF VILLA JOVIS, CAPRI.

To face p. 98.



Broken walls, crumbling arches, masses of rubbish, fragments of marble and mosaic pavements, with here and there a forlorn patch of faded wall-colouring, meet the eye on every side. In some instances the shape and dimensions of the various rooms are well defined ; in others everything is left to conjecture. Among the most interesting remains are those of a very large building (B), surrounded on the south-east side by two parallel semicircular walls, with remnants of five or six massive bastions or pilasters standing nine feet apart, and forming portions of small chambers radiating from a common centre. They were approached by what must have been a noble paved and painted corridor (C), 126 feet long by 11 wide, now grass-grown and open to the sky, leading at the end to a chamber 25 feet square (D), wherein were found two marble puteals, or well-heads, ornamented with representations of the seasons. Here also was found the well-known marble basso-relievo, 20 inches long, of a girl with a torch in her hand riding a high-stepping courser, with an elderly man seated behind her. A slave is showing them the way to an oak-tree, under the shade of which is a truncated garlanded column, upon which stands a youth holding a platter or basket. The piece is now in the Naples Museum,

and is described somewhat apocryphally as representing 'Tiberius and his mistress riding the same horse, and led by a slave to the statue of Priapus.'

At the bottom of the steps (E), leading up to the plateau (ee) on the summit of the hill, a broad marble staircase of thirteen steps leads down westwards to a landing (F), from which nine more steps bring us to a corridor (G), 83 feet long by 6 feet wide, with black-and-white mosaic pavement almost intact. On a lower level nearer the palace entrance, and on the western side of the path, are remains of other ruins (H), with a pavement designed like the backbone of a fish, and corridors leading to underground parts which can only be partially explored by the help of candles. Giraldi here brought to light the beautiful pavement which has been relaid in front of the high altar in the cathedral, as well as many valuable marbles and columns, which were transferred to the same place and to the Church of S. Salvatore. Here also were unearthed the gems that now glitter in the mitre and pectoral cross of San Costanzo's effigy, a lapis lazuli pillar 5 feet high and 10 inches wide (sold to an Englishman for forty scudi), bronze candelabra, vases, and cameos. Possibly further excavation might reveal fresh treasures, but the hand of the spoiler has

probably carried off the bulk of what was really valuable. My own attempt at excavating had no adequate results. After digging to some little depth in what I thought a likely spot, I came upon a fragment of the *Daily Telegraph* containing an account of a dynamite outrage; so I did not continue my researches.

On the edge of the cliff stands the chapel of S. Maria del Soccorso, containing a handsome altar, given by the Argentine Italians, with the inscription : 'Capreenses in Argentina degentes dicarunt, 1885.' Hard by dwells a hermit (so called) who keeps a visitors' book (what a pity he cannot show us the Emperor's!) and a glass of wine always on tap, and who looks a more honest fellow than one of his predecessors, who, finding a gold image among the ruins, fled from the island by the next boat, and lived happily ever afterwards on the fruits of iniquity. And yet after all, if it did not belong to him, whom did it belong to? I hope I may never meet the same temptation.

And now, as the sun is fast dropping behind Ischia, I linger for a few moments, as I stand a thousand feet above the sea,\* and cast my eyes around upon one of the most sublime views in Europe. Look-

\* Manfredi, of the R.N. Hydrographical Service, ascertained the height of the cliff, in 1883, to be 340 metres.

ing over the island there is the lofty eastern front of Monte Solaro, with the castled crag of Barbarossa, and nearer the Telegrafo and its twin Tuoro Piccolo (the *taurubulae* of Statius),\* the Castiglione and the round terraced San Michele, with its dismantled ruin dominating the little valley of Moneta (Juno) and the Marina Grande. Looking across the bay to the mainland, the eye takes in at one sweeping glance the academy of Cicero, the grave of Virgil, the birthplace of Tasso, and the whole stretch of the lovely *costiera di levante* from Monte Circello to Paestum. Away to the north-west curves the 'littus Veneris'—pleasant shore of Venus with Baiæ and Pozzuoli and Posilipo, and the tiny isle of Nisida and the long low line of Procida, and 'stately Ischia, Circe's lair,' and Ponza, a soft shadow on the utmost horizon,† and the far Capo Circello, whence St. Peter's dome is visible, guarding the Gaetan gulf. Due north lies 'dolce Napoli,' with her far-reaching swarming suburbs, hanging like a fringe of squalor on the skirts of a comely queen.

\* Silv., iii. 1, 128. Is there here any hint of the 'taurus' of Mithraic worship?

† It was in Ponza that Pope Sylverius was starved to death by Belisarius, a crime expiated by the erection of the church of S. Maria in Trivia, the parish church of the Quirinal.

*'Partenope, cui mite solum trans æqua vectæ  
Ipse Dionæā monstravit Apollo columbā.'*

The picture is framed by the Falernian ridges—clothed with the choicest vineyards of Italy—the long range of the Samnite Apennines, backed by the ramparts of Lucania. Nearer at hand soars the huge mass of Vesuvius, with Resina (covering Herculaneum) and Torre del Greco and Torre Annunziata nestling like too trustful maidens at the feet of a tyrant lord.

*'A wreath of light-blue vapour, pure and rare,  
Mounts, scarcely seen against the bluer sky,  
In quiet adoration, silently,  
Till the faint currents of the upper air,  
Dislimn it, and it forms, dissolving there,  
The dome, as of a palace, hung on high  
Over the mountain.'*

Nearer still are the fantastic peaks of Sant' Angelo, that rise above Sorrento, with half a score of sun-bathed hamlets gleaming on their lower slopes, and striped with many a patch of vine and olive that lose themselves in the barren headland of the Punta Campanella, where once Ulysses reared his temple to Minerva.\* Southwards the three rocky

\* Here ancient mariners were wont to pour a libation to the goddess :

*'Prima salutavit Capreas, et margine dextra  
Sparsit Tyrrhenæ Mareotica vina Minervæ.'*

Statius, Silv., ii. 2.

islets of the Sirens, looking from here like one, seem to float on the bosom of the Salernian gulf, with many a deep indented bay and jutting headland that lead the eye across thirty miles of blue water to where malaria-stricken Pæstum, city of Neptune, gleams dimly at the foot of Monte Alburno, with the Licosian cape beyond, from which they say you can see the distant mass of fiery Etna.

Such is the prospect in black and white ; but only those who have seen it for themselves can fill in the sketch, or have any idea of the effects of sun and shadow, the magic melting of the prismatic tints, the witching brightness and transparency of the atmosphere. As I try to drink it all in, I am bewildered by memories of Ulysses and the enchantress, Cimmerian gloom and Phlegraean fires, the wars of the giants, and the graceful legends which first drew hither the wandering sons of Hellas. I remember that here the rugged Roman was first confronted by the culture of Greece, and captive Greece led captive her conqueror. Near at hand are the plains in which the flower of Carthage fell prone before the wasting breath of luxury in days 'antequam Vesuvius mons ardescens faciem loci verteret,' when as yet yonder yawning crater had belched forth nothing more terrible than a torrent

of servile rebels under the sway of a Thracian bondsman.

It looks the very home of tranquillity on this calm May evening as the sun is setting in splendour of rose and daffodil ; and across the sky, that is streaked with all the tints of a dying dolphin, there lies a marvellous archipelago of cloud isles, torn bannerets of amber and crimson and gold, of richest maroon and palest green, and carnation that dies into delicate rose. By little and little the glittering marble of the bay fades into sullen lavender, and then with a swiftness that numbs one by a sudden sense of loss the ‘great lamp of the world’ is quenched to our seeming, and the purple peak of Ischia deepens into azure gloom.

With drooping lids the sweet day dying lay  
On Capri’s walls ; round broad Solaro’s height  
Gathered the velvet mantle of the night ;  
Far down the foam-bells tinkled in the bay  
Like Siren music ; many a league away,  
O’er dead Salerno’s waters, pearly white  
The shrine of Neptune glimmered in the light,  
That like a dead rose hung o’er Ischia gray.  
Then softly Eve, with coronal of stars  
Atremble, from her dusky chamber crept  
O’er Angelo and Massa’s lonely crest,  
And breathing low, lest ’neath yon golden bars  
The sea-god waken, kissed him as he slept,  
And laid a dainty jewel on his breast.

## CHAPTER V.

## HIGHLAND.

*'Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?'*

BOUND now for Anacapri, I turn westwards past the convent of Santa Teresa and halt at the old Greek cemetery under the Castiglione, towards the broad front of Monte Solaro. Here, on a cemented floor, a large number of plain brick graves were unearthed, with bones of unusual size. Each body had two nails placed on its head, an imperial bronze coin in its mouth, and a terra-cotta vase at the feet. Not far off, a cup with the figure of a satyr on it was dug up, as well as some glossy black vases of terra-cotta, one of them worked with the yellow figure of a girl. Another relic was a large stone with the inscription (in Greek) 'Gnæus Me(g)acles P(atronus) Pestano(rum)', which may be taken as recording the purchase of a plot of ground. The

slab was used for many years as a threshold stone to the Palazzo Canale, but was purchased by the late Mr. Wreford, the correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, and is now in the loggia of the Villa Cesina.

A few yards farther and we are at the Parate (so called from the quail-nets),\* overlooking towards the south one of the choicest vineyards in Capri. All the world has heard of the excellence of 'vino di Capri,' and it does not belie its fame. Full-bodied and generous, one need ask for no better drink. I have already hinted, however, that there is both bad and good 'rosso,' excellent 'bianco' as well as an execrable ditto that cannot be trusted to make glad the heart of man. If Capri wine as purchased in a Naples hotel be usually, as it certainly is, a doctored stuff about as suitable for the system of a wandering stranger as the 'aqua tofana' with which the playful pontiff Alexander VI. used to physic his Cardinals, it is by no means a certainty that even on the island itself you will always be treated to the real unsophisticated juice of the grape. The wine is some-

\* On each slope of the Parate, between the two Marinas, is a favourite place for catching quails. The word *parate* is applied to the whole stretch of the nets when outspread upon the poles.

times not only drunk too new, but it is made carelessly; in consequence of which it is abominably rough, and both smells and tastes of the sulphur which is sprinkled over the vines from the perforated nozzle of a huge pair of bellows, as a defence against the dreaded phylloxera.

From this point two rocky paths diverge, one leading down to the Piccola Marina, with its pretty secluded little strand, and the other to the so-called Fern Grotto or Grotta dell' Arco, a huge cave in the broad face of the mountain. It is by taking the path to this grotto that we can observe the drastic effects of the convulsion of nature which, occurring probably since the time of the Roman Emperors, has made a vast change in the contour and general aspect of the island at this point. On every side gigantic boulders lie scattered about in the middle of cup-like depressions, in many instances with their sides and faces as fresh-looking and unworn by the stress of years as if they had fallen but yesterday, forbidding the idea that the disturbance which rent them 'from the mountain's brow' could have taken place at any very remote date. There is no spot on the island more interesting than this to the geologist; but since 'quot homines tot sententiae,' and having no data for exact knowledge, I can only pluck a wild-flower

from the nature-woven carpet at my feet, and pass on.

The Grotta dell' Arco is large and lofty, and has yielded some interesting relics of prehistoric times, including many small objects worked in an obsidian that is identical with that of the Ponza Islands, and fragments of pottery suggestive of Phœnician craft. Here also Dr. Cerio unearthed human bones split for the purpose of extracting the marrow, and lying mixed up with relics of snail-shells and other remains of what may have once formed the food of the cave-dwellers. If these may be explained by the presence of a primitive anthropophagous race, it does not seem beyond the borders of reason to imagine that a clue might thus be discovered to the identification of Capri with the isle of the Sirens, whose name has from time immemorial been given to the tongue of land just below this grotto, and who may possibly have been women who, when the family larder grew bare, were in the habit of swimming out into the little bay off the Piccola Marina, and alluring foolish mariners to the delights of what proved to be but a baleful 'cupboard love.' Palinurus, the man at the wheel, went overboard, as we all know, in the Gulf of Salerno, off the cape that still records the

mishap, about fifty miles south of Capri. Says Virgil :

*'Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum adiecta subibat,  
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos,  
Tum rauca assiduo longe salse saxa sonabant.'*

Whether those

*'Bleached bones of mouldering men that sleep'*

lay at the foot of this Grotta dell' Arco in Capri ; or on what Strabo calls the 'insulae desertae atque saxosae,' now known as Li Galli, or the Siren Isles ; or (as Suetonius thinks) on the Sorrentine headland, is a matter that admits of much discussion and no certainty.

Retracing my way back to the main road towards Anacapri, I skirt the mountain by easy gradients that bring me up at each step to views of ever-increasing loveliness, along a road that for two-thirds of its length (two miles) is blasted out of the face of the solid rock. Such was the difficulty of its construction, that at certain points the workmen, one of whom was dashed to pieces through a rotten rope, could only accomplish their task by being suspended in baskets from the cliff above. Now all is smooth and easy, and the commune of Anacapri is reached by a route which is second to none in Italy, and is in singular contrast with the ancient rock-hewn way, portions of which





ON THE STAIRWAY, ANACAPRI.

*To face p. 111.*

are still used by the country folk. One feels half inclined to regret the demolition of the 700 or 800 steps that have been trodden by so many feet in bygone ages ; yet the pedestrian who is a little thick in the wind, or just a trifle shaky in the legs, will find cause to bless the more modern path.

At a point immediately below the castle of Barbarossa the new road cuts through the ancient stairs which begin near the church of San Costanzo, and lead up past the dismantled chapel of Sant' Antonio to the height of Capodimonte, just beneath which is a mediæval gateway known as La Porta. Here we get a superb view, comparable to that from the theatre at Taormina, or the Epipolæ in Syracuse. Beneath lies a rich valley stretching upwards from the silver-fringed beach to where the town of Capri runs down in driblets among lemon groves to the water-washed Marina. Nearer are the fertile flats of Aiano, and the shapeless ruins of the Palazzo a Mare lying in the exquisitely clear water, and the cliffs overhanging the Blue Grotto. Right in front, across eighteen miles of water, are Naples and her suburbs, and Vesuvius, along whose slopes

*'Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa facilla ;'*

while on the left lies the soft plateau of Anacapri, backed by the bold peak of Epomeo far away, and

the Littus Veneris ; and on the right the soaring slope of Lo Capo, and the Sorrentine uplands and the range of Sant' Angelo.

At my back lie the ruins of the imperial villa of Capodimonte, under and around a ruined chapel. The site has been almost entirely destroyed by the wash of earth from the overhanging mountain, and is now for the most part concealed by vineyards. But there are fragments of excellent wall-colouring still to be seen, and a short time ago some elaborate pavements, columns and statues were brought to light, only, alas ! to be carried off by the ubiquitous vandal.

Above Capodimonte rises the lofty crag which is crowned by the ruined castle dismantled by Barbarossa, the auburn-haired son of the Lesbian potter, a stronghold in which, if he ever lived in it, he could laugh his rival Andrea Doria to scorn, and whence, like an eagle from his eyrie, he could swoop down upon his prey.

*'He clasps the crag with crooked hands ;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world he stands.'*

*'The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.'*

The arch-corsair has been credited with the

spoliation of many of the old treasures of Capri. If he laid hands on statues, images and bassi-relievi—unlawful for a Mohammedan to possess—he must have smashed them, which of course is quite possible. At the same time we may be sure that he looked more sharply after pieces-of-eight, and handsome slaves, and stout rowers than after mosaics and pretty curios. There are capital quarters in the castle for a picnic-party, and a rough way may thence be found along the northern side of the ridge to the hermitage of La Citrella and the top of Monte Solaro (1,920 feet). From the summit a fair path leads down to the oriental-looking village of Anacapri, with its little piazzas and convent and churches. In its six *casali* of Caprile, Boffe, Timpone, Porta, Filietto and Catena (where stood the earliest settlement in a long line of walled houses right under the mountain slope), there are few things of historical interest now visible to detain the stranger; but as a place of summer residence Anacapri possesses charms which it would be difficult to equal. Seen as I first saw it, looking down from the top of Solaro

‘*On an April day,  
In a lovely marriage of rain and ray,*’

surrounded by gardens bright with their new spring livery, it wears a look of the most fascinating

pastoral peace. Here, as all over the island, the orange-scented air, laden with a mysterious suggestiveness, seems alive with that uprising of invisible generations, that presence of effaced personalities, which is nowhere more insistent than in South Italy.

One's mental horizon is insensibly widened by coming face to face with men of whom one has read all one's life, and who seem here to take living form, and to walk in flesh and blood before the eyes of the imagination, amid what Paul Bourget calls so many 'sensations d'histoire, sensations d'art, sensations de nature.' Here, as yet, have not been heard the wailing accents of that bitter cry which goes up to Heaven from those out of whose lives the *fin de siècle* vandal is year by year snatching more and more of the gentle joy of living. Here you may sit under your own or somebody else's fig-tree, and ponder the 'consistent dignity of life,' as lived by the simple independent folk around you; and may cultivate to your heart's content the capacity of being happy alone with Nature in her sweetest mood—Nature, who with her merciful hand has here so covered up the past that you must dig deep down under the vine-roots if you would find any of the time-worn traces of man's handiwork. It is quite different at

the other end of the island, which is daily losing more and more of its pristine charm, and which, if not speedily swallowed up by an eruption from across the bay, where ‘Ucalegon proximus ardet,’ will in a figurative sense be turned upside down by the irruption of Berlin shopkeepers, who, satiated with the beery banalities of Potsdam, now rush hither during eight months of the year through the bowels of St. Gothard in an ever-increasing turgid stream, Herr Kaufmann and his attendant *hausfrau*. It is a hard matter to escape from them. Along the narrow winding walled lanes you hear a party of them crunching the air with severe consonantal force five minutes before they come in sight. There is not an hotel that does not echo their guttural utterances to an extent that renders life barely worth living. And when the threatened hotel, with four hundred rooms, shall rear its sacrilegious front on the top of the Castiglione, the cup of Capri will run over. Her youth was hectic, her middle age broken and troubled, and it seems hard to deny her rest in her old age.

The only balm that the lotos-eater can apply to his chafed spirit is that Capri does not willingly lend herself to Haussmannesque improvements. I have no doubt that before long there will be a funicular railway to the Villa Jovis, and a carriage-

road to the Blue Grotto ; but meanwhile I could take you, my reader, for a score of rambles between Lo Capo and Orica, in the course of which we would never set eyes upon a foreign face. I cannot tell you where they lie, for the topography of Capri makes it a difficult feat to direct a stranger to any one particular point. But I can tell you that if you want to find a beauty spot, take the first lane anywhere in among the vines and olives, and, so long as you keep to the little winding path, and do not steal the grapes, or 'make hay' of the beans and potatoes and standing corn, you may roam whither you will, and steep your soul to the brim in the charm of the glad life around you.

This is especially true of the district lying round Anacapri village, in which numberless beautiful rambles may be taken. One of the most delightful leads past an extensive oak grove, through gardens and twisted olive stems, to the Punta Carena ; passing the Torre Mattrita, from the tower of which you may get a superb view of Ischia and the range of coast along the bay. Where shall you find a more enjoyable walk than the one to Migliari (Fravacini), with its fine view of the southern ramparts of the island, and the Faraglioni, and the Salernian Gulf? or to the windmill built by 'our friends the enemy' for the

grinding of their grain? or to the Rio, with its delicious bathing nook? or to Orica, the very name of which is redolent of old Greek memories? or to the sun-haunted plateau of Damecuta (=domus Augusti), across the slopes up which the French drove back the Maltese? or, farther, to the mediæval tower of Damecuta, and the Gradelle Fort on the cliffs over the Blue Grotto, where in the days of old was the landing-place of the Anacapri fishermen?

It needs a more cunning hand than mine to describe the beauty of such walks as these, leading as they do over ground full of interest, although the antiquities that meet the eye are few. We know that many Roman residences were built at this end of the island, and no wonder, for here, 800 feet above the sea, the air is as exhilarative as sparkling wine, and the face of Nature is wreathed in her most gracious smiles. Rosario Mangoni, as I have said, put four of the imperial palaces in the commune of Anacapri; and Feola has made out a list of not less than fourteen sites formerly occupied by villas of different sizes. The most wanton destruction has taken place of rich marbles and precious works of art. In many instances the peasants no sooner came upon buried relics than they smashed them and covered them

up again, to prevent the depredations of curio-hunters and the injury done by roving feet to their growing crops. The most interesting finds have been made near the Blue Grotto and at the palace of Damecuta, which, on account of its open, breezy situation, may have been a favourite one with the invalid Augustus. On the northern edge of the plateau, overlooking the water, stands the massive Torre Damecuta, built as a defence against the Saracens. South of this are two reservoirs, 140 feet by 16, with the cement work in perfect preservation, and still used to conserve water. At Pozzo Grande, not far off, is a cistern in three compartments, each 138 feet by 120, the sub-structure, according to Feola, of a large palace ; tessellated pavements, bassi-relievi and columns having been found, some of which were taken to the chapel of S. Maria di Costantinopoli. At Monticello, between Anacapri and the windmill, were found two pavements, as well as a spacious room, the walls of which were still bright with red, blue and yellow plastering. But all this, and doubtless much more, is now entirely covered by vines and olives, the latter being now a less remunerative crop than of old through the formidable competition of the cotton-seed oil of America.

People live to a good old age hereabouts ;

indeed, that anybody should ever die except from sheer ennui appears improbable, though some of the epitaphs in the little cemetery tell a different tale. Here is one cut upon the arms of a cross over the grave of a child :

‘*Venni, viddi, e passai.*’

And here, close to the entrance, is the epitaph of Major Hamill :

‘ To the memory of John Hamill, a native of the county Antrim in Ireland, and Major in His Britannic Majesty’s late regiment of Malta, who fell while bravely resisting the French invasion of Ana-Capri on the 4th of October, 1808, and whose mortal remains are deposited near to this place. This tribute of affection and respect has been placed by his kinsman and namesake, October 3rd, 1831. Requiescat in pace.’

At the cemetery gate are the following couplets, which, I am afraid, would have brought a gleam of anything but delight from the spectacles of John Conington. On the left hand one :

‘*Disce subesse Deo qui legum monita sernis,  
Illius imperio tota natura subest.*’

And on the right :

‘*Siste pedem hic qui sis prudens exquire, viator,  
Pulvis et umbra sumus : discere subesse Deo.*’

Hadrawa, in his description of Anacapri, waxes very enthusiastic : ‘ Among all the attractive views in the island, that of Anacapri is the most splendid. Thence all the islands in the gulf can be seen, as well as an indescribable variety of fertile ground in the form of innumerable cultivated spaces looking like artificial gardens. The air that one breathes at such an elevation is of the purest, and in its purity one can see the character of the people who live in it. Here all dwell in peace and tranquillity,\* content with the little they possess, and passing their quiet daily life with perfect satisfaction. You find many old people with smiling countenances, of ninety or a hundred years, or even more. Their houses are always open, because they have no fear of thieves, but rather minister to each other’s wants, and live in most complete harmony. A special characteristic of the inhabitants is their hatred towards the Capriotes, whom they despise as a vile, malicious, and fraudulent race. There are some of them, old men, who have never visited Naples in their lives, and (yet more astounding) some who have never been down the staircase to Capri, but remain contented only with their happy

\* The more modern Anacapriotes have a bit of reputation for being ‘ inclinevoli a litigi,’ which at least is good for Neapolitan lawyers.

life, the excellent air, the magnificent views, and the exceeding fruitfulness of the earth. One great evil is that they can find no water but what is in the cisterns ; whoever wants well-water must go down to Capri. The women make the journey, not caring three grains for the terrible staircase. The men of Anacapri are the best mariners, and as a rule the people are finer, more robust, and more daring than those at Capri. They have better boats both for rowing and sailing, and possess a *marinella* where they land, quite separate from that at Capri.'

The Anacapriote is absolutely an untaxed being so far as regards his consumption of the necessities of life. In 1876 Capri, although not possessing the required number of inhabitants, was declared a *comune chiuso*, or close commune, and became liable to duties from which for many generations it had been exempt. The effect of this enactment almost takes one's breath away. While an inhabitant of the upper commune may consume every article of island produce without paying a sou for the privilege of doing so, his neighbour—or, rather, his hereditary foe down in Capri (a poorer man, taking him all round)—is bowed to the earth by such heavy *daziario* duties as would make our Wilts or Devon labourer

open his eyes. On every barrel of wine (say forty-five quarts) that is drunk in the commune of Capri the grower has to pay a tax of two francs thirty centimes, or four centimes a bottle (counting sixty bottles to the barrel). There is nothing that escapes except bread and vegetables and macaroni. Salt is so jealously guarded that the bringing up of a bottle of sea-water for cooking or any other purposes subjects the offender to a month in gaol. If you need the luxury of a saline tub in your own house, it is only to be enjoyed upon the order of a medical man. If a man has fattened a pig (a process to which the Capriote porker takes very kindly), and wishes to slaughter it, he must make a formal declaration to the authorities, who, if the proprietor of the said pig is a respectable householder, will take his word for the weight of the carcase: if not, an officer will drop in and superintend the weighing in person. You may take anything you like in the way of comestibles up from Capri to Anacapri with nothing but a passing glance from a pair of sharp eyes at the *uffizio daziario* at the limit of the commune. But woe betide you if, on your downward way to lunch at the Palazzo a Mare, you attempt to run the blockade in the opposite direction! Your *cocchiere*, who pockets a *soldo* for his treachery, knows that

as he passes the little red-tiled hut with contraband on board, a peculiar furtive jerk of his whip will bring on to the scene an official from whom there is no escape. Protestations will be as useless as were those of the unfortunate Capresi in 1876, who were thrown into a state of wild excitement by the reimposition of duties, but were forced to submit. So the Anacapriote can afford to suffer a little dearth of water now and then, in face of his exemption from such irritating and onerous enactments as his rival over the border groans under.

Anacapri may also fairly be considered to outdo its lowland neighbour by the possession of a patron and protector of far greater prestige than San Costanzo. Sant' Antonio da Padova, called *par excellence* Il Santo, occupies a very distinguished place in the calendar, and did many miraculous deeds which make him of Constantinople take a back seat.

Born of noble parents in Lisbon, and baptized by the name of Ferdinand, at the age of fifteen the future saint joined the order of the Augustinians, with whom he stayed until he was seized by a desire to join the Franciscan mission in Morocco, where many had been put to death by the infidels. Turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his father, he departed amid the lamentations of

all who knew that he was destined by heaven to become ‘un gran santo’; and being received with open arms by the brethren, was thenceforth known as Antonio. Shortly afterwards he set out for Marocco, where, on account of the climate, he made no long stay. Either the sun or the infidels made it too hot for him, and he took ship for Naples, whence he journeyed to Rome. From there he went on a preaching tour along the shores of the Adriatic, and converted many to the faith.

Walking one day along the port of Rimini, Antonio met a company of heretics, with whom he entered into a discussion about sacred things. They, however, only laughed at his admonitions, and so stirred his godly wrath that he turned to the sea and called in a loud voice upon the fishes all and several to come and listen to the truth. Instantly the surface of the water was stirred by an immense multitude of the finny tribes, who patiently gave a hearing to the exhortations of the saint. ‘Come,’ said he, ‘O fishes, who have neither reason nor judgment, come and hearken to the words of your Creator! I command you, for the confounding of these unbelievers, to bow your heads in token of gratitude to Him who made you.’ The effect was instantaneous. Well may his biographer exclaim in rapture, ‘Oh ! maraviglia

grandissima!' Every fish inclined its head and remained at the top of the water until bidden by the saint to 'turn and frisk again in the waves.' All who beheld the marvel were converted on the spot, except one free-thinking fellow, who a little while after met Antonio again, and demanded a further confirmation of the truth. 'Ask what sign you will,' was the reply; upon which the citizen proposed to the saintly man a test that was at once accepted. 'I have,' said this double-dyed Thomas, 'a mule, which I will starve for three days, at the end of which time I will take in my hand some oats, and you shall take one of your holy wafers: then, if the mule turns from the oats and adores the wafer, I promise to believe that what you preach is true.' 'Done!' said Antonio; 'but mind you keep your word!'

News of the proposed trial soon spread about the town, and at the appointed time seven thousand persons (it is as well to be accurate) gathered in the piazza to see the result. On one side stood the hungry mule and its master, on the other Antonio with the Host. The performance did not last long. 'Animal!' cried the saint, 'I command thee to adore thy Creator!' 'Eat, O my mule, and stay thy hunger,' responded the heretic, holding out the tantalizing sieve full of corn. Not a

bit of it. Running to the feet of Antonio, the mule fell on its knees, and bowed its head before the sacred mystery. In vain did the proprietor of the wayward beast try to worry its carnal appetite by dangling the oats close to its nose. The mule would have none of them until it was bidden by the saint to rise and eat.

Many other miracles were worked by Antonio in Ferrara and Padua and Lisbon. He made an infant of doubtful paternity open its mouth and proclaim that it was the proper offspring of a highly-respected Cavaliere ; he raised a dead man to life, and bade him disclose the name of his murderer ; restored a youth's amputated foot ; turned some poisoned food, intended for his own gustation, into a heap of venomous serpents ; discovered a stone in the body of a dead miser where his heart ought to have been ; and many more marvels did he, as duly set forth by the cunning hands of Sansovino and Tullio Lombardo and Minelli and others on the walls of the Cappella del Santo in the vast basilica of Padua, where also is preserved a reliquary containing the tongue of the saint. In the adjoining Scuola del Santo are several frescoes by Titian, with probably a good deal of work in them from the hands of his pupils, representing the same and other evidences

of Sant' Antonio's varied capacities as a worker of miracles. He died near Padua on June 13, 1231, on which day his annual *festa* is held at Anacapri, and his wooden image carried in procession through the village amid the blare of trumpets and a blaze of squibs.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CHURCH AND CLOISTER.

*'Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.'*

THE earliest knowledge we have of ecclesiastical affairs in Capri is of the time of Justinian I., when, either in 527 or 530, the island was handed over by a wealthy patrician to the monastery of Monte Cassino. Surius ('Vita S. Placidi,' 5 October) says that Tertullus, a noble and illustrious man, gave certain of his hereditary possessions to St. Benedict, including the isle of Capri, and thus may be looked upon as the actual introducer of the Christian faith. After a few years the monks built their church of St. Stephen, and asked Bishop Giovanni, of Sorrento, a prattling prelate who gave some trouble at the second Lateran Council, to come and consecrate it. On his refusal the Abbat Savino applied to Gregory the Great, who laid his commands on the Bishop to enable the

monks to carry out their wish of depositing certain relics of the virgin martyr St. Agatha in their church. ‘ Ideo,’ said his Holiness, ‘ ad prædictum monasterium te jubemus accedere.’ This extinguisher must have been put upon the Bishop somewhere in the last decade of the sixth century, inasmuch as Gregory ruled from 590 to 604, and Giovanni died in 596.

The erection of Capri into an ecclesiastical autonomy did not take place till the year 994, during the papacy of John XVI., when the first bishop was consecrated by Archbishop Leo of Amalfi, of which Mansone was at that time ‘ Dominus Dux,’ or doge. The official record runs thus: ‘ Regnante Domino Mansone Amalphitano Duce. . . . igitur præfatus Leo primus archiepiscopus sanctæ sedis Amalphitanae ecclesiae una cum tota plebe sua et universo clero suæ diœcesis ordinavit. . . . Joannum, et eum in episcopum consecravit in insula Capritana.’\* It is to be noted that the Capri bishop was not made a suffragan of the Surrentine prelates, but of those of Amalfi, to which republic the island then politically belonged, through the gift of Louis II.

The Benedictine chronicles give a list of successive bishops down to the year 1218, after

\* *Istoria di Amalfi, per Francesco Pansa.*

which there is a break till 1254. Then follows a century and a half of rulers, an inconspicuous succession of Giovannis and Guglielmos and Giacomas—whose good has doubtless been ‘interred with their bones’—until we light upon the name of a Giuliano Tommasao, a Minorite, who, having got himself into hot water between the rival Popes, so mended his ways that he was appointed in 1418 to the see of Capri, which he held for two years. Then the list runs on this wise: 1420, Giacomo da Capua; 1420, Giovanni Farvete or Faurenzio; 1433, Francesco; 1460, Martino, Vicar-General of Amalfi; 1474, Luca; 1485, Marco da Muro; 1491, Giovanni d’Aloisio, a Minorite from Aversa, who officiated at the coronation of the vicious Alfonso II. of Aragon; 1500, Raffaele Rocca, who was translated from Lucera, took part in the fifth Lateran Council, and died titular Bishop of Philadelphia; 1514, Eusebio Servita, Prior of S. Marcello in Rome; 1528, the learned and eloquent Agostino Falivonia, translated to Ischia in 1534, when he was succeeded by Angelo Barretta, Canon and Vicar-General of Naples; and 1538, Leonardo de Magistris, translated to Alessano, after holding the see for eleven years. In consequence of the poverty of the episcopal revenues, Pope Julius III. now attached

the bishopric to that of Mondragone, in the old Massic wine district, and placed the Spanish Alfonso de Val de Cabras over the two dioceses—an ill-judged arrangement which in a year or two was put an end to; Alfonso, on the re-division, retaining Capri till his resignation in 1555. After him came his fellow-countryman, Alfonso Sommario, and in 1564 the first, and so far as I know the only, native Bishop, Filippo Mazzola, who lies buried in the cathedral. Subsequent prelates were: 1583, F. Laparulo, a native of the neighbouring Massalubrense; and 1608, Traiano Bozzuto, a Neapolitan and an intimate friend of St. Philip Neri, the ‘apostle of Rome.’ This prelate, being treated with contumely by certain of his flock who ought to have known better, opposed rancour with a rare charity; and, feeling as others have felt since his time, that there are some accusations to which an innocent man may not stoop to make answer, contented himself with painting upon the ceiling of his room, in what is now the Municipio, the letters C. C. C. P., by which he would have understood ‘Capitulum Capritanum contra Pastorem.’ He died of apoplexy while preaching on the Feast of the Purification in 1626; to him succeeded Raffaele Rostro; in 1633 Loreto de Franchis, translated to Minori; and in 1635 Alessandro

Sibellia, who died after his consecration in Rome, before he could take possession of his see.

The next two names are, 1635, F. Antonio Blondo, of Cava, translated to Ortona on the Abruzzi coast ; and in 1641 Paolo Pellegrini, who exploded a bombshell in the island by holding in the following year the first and only synod that has ever been held here, and one that proved, according to Monsignor Canale, a fruitful source of mischief down to the year 1860, through the dissension caused between the clergy of Capri and Anacapri by its constitutions. A further mischief, for which the Bishop cannot be held responsible, was the terrible plague that in 1656 was brought to Naples in a ship full of soldiers from Sardinia, and carried thence to Capri. The story runs that one Roberto Brancaccio, an exile in the island on account of certain rebellious proceedings of which he had been adjudged guilty, was betrothed to a noble Neapolitan girl, named Giulia Morcalda, who fell a victim to the plague, and whose parents forwarded to her lover a little packet containing a tress of her hair. They confided the souvenir to a Surrentine skipper, who brought it over during the night, and hove-to off Orica, waiting for an opportunity to evade the stringent regulations which forbade all communications with the mainland.

Being challenged by a Portuguese sentinel, he induced the man to receive the fatal missive at the end of a fishing-rod, by which means the dreaded pest was introduced, and the people perished by hundreds.

In 1683 succeeded one of the most illustrious rulers that the diocese of Capri has ever had, Monsignor Dionisio Petro, a noble Neapolitan belonging to the Order of the Celestines. It was this prelate who took an active part in the restoration of the cathedral, and adorned it with choir-stalls and a marble pavement, as is duly set forth in a tablet near the high altar, erected to his memory in 1706 by Gallo Vandeneynde, who had succeeded him in 1698. This Bishop Gallo was the rich prelate who bought and rebuilt the house at Fortino, now known as the Campo Pisco, and under whose rule the Teresian monastery at Anacapri was brought to its utmost splendour. After an active episcopate he resigned his see in 1732, and retired to Anacapri, where he spent the rest of his life in devotion and works of mercy ; there is a large portrait of him in the cathedral. He was followed by Giovanni Maria de Laurentiis, a Carmelite, under whose régime was renewed with fresh vigour the ancient feud between the chapter of Capri and the Anacapriote clergy. He took

the severest measures in the interests of peace, but the flame of discontent was still burning fiercely at his death in 1751. The successor of De Laurentiis was F. Antonio Rocco, Dean of Sorrento, celebrated for his learning, and a close friend of S. Alfonso Maria di Liguori. His monument in the cathedral bears nothing but his name and the words 'Sibi suisque.'

The record now draws to its end. Nichola Saverio Gamboni was consecrated on the death of Rocco in 1777, and held the reins of government until the political troubles at the beginning of this century, when he retired to Rome, where he lived for a short time in peace. In 1805 he was nominated, but never confirmed, to the bishopric of Vigevano, then a centre of the silk trade in the fertile plains of the Po, from which in 1807 he was elevated to the patriarchate of Venice, where he died four years afterwards. After the concordat, drawn up by Ferdinand and the Holy See in 1818, the bishopric of Capri was suppressed, and the ancient connection with its metropolitan at Amalfi being severed, it was absorbed into the diocese of Sorrento, in which jurisdiction it has ever since remained.

There is not, and never can have been, since it was a Christian isle, any lack of church accom-

modation for the good people of Capri, who, like Asia of old, can boast, at least, their seven churches : San Costanzo, in the *campagna* down by the Marina ; San Stefano, the ex-cathedral and present *madre-chiesa* ; SS. Salvatore, in the Certosa monastery ; Santa Teresa (now San Luigi), in the suppressed convent under the Castiglione ; and La Croce, on the southern slope of the hill of San Michele. At Anacapri there are Santa Sofia and San Michele, called commonly S. Nicholà or Paradiso. Nor did these by any means exhaust the number of ecclesiastical edifices formerly in use. In Anacapri there was the now roofless chapel of Sant' Antonio da Padova, on the ancient stairway near Capodimonte ; the Chapel of the Annunciation a little higher up, on the site of the Roman villa ; S. Maria a Citrella, on Monte Solaro ; S. Maria di Catena, in the oldest part of Anacapri ; S. Maria di Costantinopoli ; S. Maria delle Grazie, in the Filietto quarter ; S. Nicholà, adjoining the convent church of San Michele ; and, lastly, in Capri town, the chapel of Sant' Anna. Of these, most are now disused and decaying ; and in none, excepting, perhaps, SS. Salvatore and Santa Teresa, could there have been at any time any pretensions to architectural elegance.

The collegiate church of St. Stephen the proto-martyr, was long the cathedral of the island diocese, and down to seventy years ago was presided over by a bishop who drew a considerable portion of his income from the quails, and was for that reason commonly spoken of as the *vescovo de' quaglie*, or 'bishop of quails.' The present edifice, on the site of a Benedictine hospice, an off-shoot of Monte Cassino, dates only from the year 1693, when it took the place of an earlier structure built by the monks when they were driven up from the Marina by the Saracens. A tablet over the sacristy records the date of consecration by Bishop Gallo thirty years later; and from another near the west door it appears that the earlier edifice was under the protection of San Costanzo as well as St. Stephen, and that the present one was erected on the foundations of its predecessors through the exertions of Dionisio Petro, a 'vigilantissimo vescovo.'

The church is attractive only for the sake of its two superb marble pavements, one of which (before the high altar) was brought from the Villa Jovis in 1759, and given to the cathedral by the Bourbon Charles III.; and the other (in the north-east chapel) was found in 1888 in the palace of Augustus at Tragara. In a chapel on the south

side is a recumbent statue of the founder of the Certosa, dressed in a flowing mantle and holding a model of the monastery. Opposite is his actual tomb.

The picturesque monastery of La Certosa, standing on a site anciently called Sama, was thus described by Hadrawa a century ago : 'The fathers possess all the ground in this part of the island, and much elsewhere, both in Capri and on the mainland. There are only fourteen of them, with a revenue of 12,000 ducats [upwards of £2,000], who give away in alms enough corn and bread for the wants of the poorest in the island, besides contributing to various extraordinary expenses of the Bishop. They make the best bread, and an excellent *rosolio*, or liqueur. They are now and then engaged in litigation with the chapter, for the simple reason that wealth opposed to beggary brings forth envy. The society holds large and special privileges from Queen Joanna I. The monastery and cloisters are very large, and the church is beautiful, though adorned with frescoes of no great value.'

The coming of the monks from Monte Cassino in the sixth century was followed by that of the Franciscans and the Carthusians, for the latter of whom, in 1363, Giacomo Arcucci, Count of

Minervino and Altamura, as a thankoffering for the birth of a son, began the erection of the Certosa after the plan of the San Martino convent in Naples. The Count was Secretary and Grand Chamberlain to Joanna I., whose fortunes so strangely foreshadowed those of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a strong temptation to a lotos-eater to linger over the fascinating story of this beautiful and much-married woman. ‘Her portrait,’ says Brantome, ‘shows that she was more angelic than human : I saw it in Naples, where it is treasured with the utmost care. Her countenance displayed great sweetness with a beautiful majesty.’ Andrea, her Hungarian husband, to whom she was married at the age of seven—a marriage of which the only offspring was a century and a half of civil war—developed into an indolent drunkard, known contemptuously among the Neapolitans as Andreasso ; and on September 18, 1345, after a midnight orgy at Aversa (cradle of the *fabula Atellana*, earliest Roman comedy, and the first Norman settlement in Italy), he was throttled by his nobles. He was just sober enough, as Polistore narrates, to hiccough out ‘*Questo è un sozzo giuoco*’ (It is a dirty game), and to seize with his teeth one of Nicholà Acciajuoli’s hands, a piece of which was found in his mouth next morning, as he lay in his palace garden

stark and stiff, with nothing on but a white and red stocking, after the fantastic fashion of the time. His tomb is in the north transept of Naples Cathedral, side by side with Innocent IV., and bears an inscription recording that he was ‘*Joannæ uxoris dolo laqueo necato.*’ Hallam, however, has acquitted his wife of the loathsome complicity thus attributed to her. But she paid the penalty of being a suspected participant in the crime by being driven for awhile from her kingdom by Louis, the elder brother of Andrea. She returned, however, and lived to marry three more husbands, and to accomplish a reign of forty years.

The new monastery was put under the patronage of St. James the Less (one of whose numerous arms formed for many years a precious relic in the sacristy), and was enriched by the Queen and Gregory IX. with many possessions, to which additions were made from time to time, until the Count fell under the displeasure of Charles of Durazzo, who deprived him of his offices, and reduced him to such poverty that in 1386 he sought, like another Wolsey, a refuge and a grave within the cloister.

The dismantled church of SS. Salvatore, which with its chapels and sacristy is now used as a dormitory, is of fine proportions, 150 feet long by 40

in width, and still retains an imposing appearance, notwithstanding the dilapidated condition of the seventeenth-century frescoes, which, like the cloisters, are noteworthy only for the amount of space that they cover.\* During the time of its occupation as a barrack the soldiers defaced the frescoes 'per lo spirito d' incredulità,' and some of them who broke up a large stone crucifix were heavily punished by their officer. The whole place is now 'ridotta a stato miserevole,' yet with evident tokens of former splendour. The fine high altar has been removed to a church at Posilipo, but the handsome campanile is still standing, as is also the clock-tower. Not only for their pharmacy, but for many other benefits, the monks were held in the highest estimation by the people of Capri, and on the suppression of the house eighty years ago they departed amid universal lamentations, their vestments and the silver statue of St. James being handed over to the cathedral chapter. In answer to an inquiry made in 1820 by the Vicar-General of Sorrento, it was stated by the chapter that the statue had been sent originally from Spain, in 1430, by Joanna II.,

\* The Certosa monasteries derive their name from the place in Grenoble to which their founder, St. Bruno, retired. He died in 1101 at Serra, near Mileto, in Calabria, and was interred under the rocky ridge of Monte Astore.

commonly known as ‘the Catholic,’ to distinguish her from the first of her name, who took the part of the antipope Clement. She also gave eight statuettes of wood with inset relics, and a marble reliquary, with four crystal caskets containing relics. It was further stated that in 1809 the original documents setting forth these gifts, together with a part of the rich library, were sent to the San Severino monastery in the Piazza S. Marcellino at Naples, which has been for many years the depository of the national archives.

A path alongside the monastery wall leads to a charming view of the picturesque south side. Farther on, upon the cliff, is the shattered base of a watch-tower, with a large cistern, and masses of Roman masonry underlying the mediæval walls ; all that is left of an imperial residence, of which the greater part was no doubt hurled by an earthquake into the water at the entrance of the Grotta dell’ Arsenale, far down below.

One of the numerous island myths is that there used to be an underground passage running from the Certosa to the neighbouring convent of Santa Teresa, which was founded in the middle of the seventeenth century by a certain Serafina di Dio, the daughter of Antonio Piso, a Neapolitan, by his second wife Giustina Strina, a Capriote. Serafina

(born October 20, 1621) from the time of her first communion, at the age of seven, was distinguished for her strict and exemplary life, and after declining an attractive offer of marriage from a Neapolitan, she put on the Dominican habit as a *terziaria*. When she was thirty-five years old she received a charge from her uncle, the Archdeacon Marcello Strina, to carry on the building of a convent upon which he had set his heart; and while the work was proceeding she hired a small house in which she began the education and training of young girls. The foundation-stone was laid by Bishop Pellegrini in October, 1666, from which soon rose, under the protection of 'the Most Holy Saviour,' a building of large and handsome proportions, and with a magnificent view over the bay. The nuns, under the rule of Santa Teresa, carried on the work of education until the suppression of the convent at the beginning of the present century. The church, which then contained much rich decoration and marbles from the Roman imperial palaces, was consecrated on October 11, 1685, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Manfredonia, afterwards Pope Benedict VIII. In 1699 the venerable mother Serafina died, at the age of seventy-seven, 'piena di tutte le virtù,' and after lying in state for ten days was buried in the church,

from which a century later her remains were transferred to the cathedral, where there is a picture of her in the sacristy. In 1879 steps were taken with a view to her formal beatification, but the matter seems to have fallen through. At the time of the French occupation the nuns, not wishing that the costly silver statue of their divine Protector should fall into profane hands, determined to divide it among themselves. The *parroco* accordingly ordered it to be brought before him, and after a short prayer dealt it a vigorous blow with a hatchet, upon which the nuns fell a-groaning and 'some swooned away.' The poor *parroco* paid for his temerity by losing the use of his fingers. The place was shortly after ransacked and converted into a military barrack, and later on into a branch of the invalids' home at Massa. In 1840 the nuncio obtained a decree from Ferdinand II. permitting him to take away the altars and marbles and pictures to Torre Annunziata, where he was building a church. The devout Capri folk, distressed at such spoliation, besought Archbishop Ugo at Massa to use his influence for the restoration of the church to its sacred purposes, and with such good effect that Ferdinand granted their prayer.

Down at Fortino, to the east of the Marina, there can still be seen the foundations of a hospice which once belonged to the 'Minori Conventuali di San Francesco.' During its brief existence it acquired some celebrity from the sojourn within its walls of St. Bonaventura of Potenza in Lucania, near the 'fons Bandusiae,' the 'pauper Daunus,' and the far-resounding Ofanto, the Aufidus of Horace, that once ran red with Roman blood from Cannæ. The saint, after he had won the hearts of the poverty-stricken islanders by his ministrations, went on to Ischia, and thence to Ravello, where he died in 1711. The little hospice had but a short life, being suppressed in 1682, with many other small religious houses, by a Bull of Innocent X.

The convent of Santa Teresa was far from being the only good work of the venerable mother Serafina, who, in addition to others at Massa, Vico Equense, Nocera de' Pagani, and Torre del Greco, completed another house 'di scalze' at Anacapri in 1683, a noble building situated in what is now the centre of the village. It was suppressed by the French, and in 1860 sold to a society of evangelists. Adjoining it is a small circular church, dedicated to St. Michael, and containing a very handsome and curious majolica pavement, representing

antediluvian times in Eden, with the tree of life and knowledge in full fruit ; from which our first parents, surrounded by their primæval pets, are being driven by the archangel with flaming sword, while a dog is absorbed in the introduction of death by the capture of a rat. The pavement was made by Leonardo Chiaise in 1761, from a design, so it is said, by Solimena, the painter of some of the frescoes in Naples Cathedral. The high altar is simply superb, being adorned not only with priceless marbles, but with what is probably the largest piece of antique lapis-lazuli in the world, of immense value. The church is the most noteworthy in the island, but is now kept closed, and can be seen only by special permission. By a decree of the Bourbons it was conceded to the Confraternità della Immacolata, which during the winter months used to perform the sacred offices here, and in summertime in the neighbouring parish church of Santa Sofia.

The earliest churches in Anacapri were those of S. Maria di Catena (now a cornfield) and S. Maria di Costantinopoli, still in use. S. Maria delle Grazie fell in about half a century ago, and of S. Nicholà there is but one wall left in the piazza, to which it gave its name. The parish church of Santa Sofia is the next oldest, ‘dicatum anno domini

1510.' Twenty years ago the interior was improved by a new choir, baptistery, and marble pavement.

The chapel of the Annunciation, transformed out of all recognition, stands on the site of the Augustan villa of Capodimonte, surrounded by a wall built when the French turned it into a powder-magazine.

A few yards below, on a little plateau at the point where the new road cuts through the stairway, stands the chapel of Sant' Antonio da Padova, the protector of Anacapri, with roof and wall crushed in by falling masses of rock from the mountain. For many years it was customary to set a lighted lamp in the chapel at night-time, as a guide for mariners and those descending the stairs.

There is but one more to make mention of—the shrine 300 feet below the topmost point of Monte Solaro, overlooking the Mulo ravine. It is dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin, and called Santa Maria a Citrella. Its probable date is the seventeenth century. There is a rambling old hermitage adjoining, which for many years was inhabited by an anchorite, who died but recently. The spot, from which there is an enchanting view, has rather an evil reputation,

from its liability during storms to lightning strokes. In 1704, or thereabouts, several statues were unearthed at the Citrella, from which the opinion was formed that a temple of Venus at one time stood there ; whence its other names of Citerea (suggesting a name given to the goddess from an island near Candia) and Citalia, which may stand for a corruption of Idalia, in Cyprus, where the cult of Venus was especially in vogue.

## CHAPTER VII.

## FESTA AND FEUD.

*'Is there confusion in the little isle?  
Let what is broken so remain'*

MONSIGNOR CANALE, lately deceased, records, in his veracious 'Storia di Capri,' that when Victor Emanuel was proclaimed King of Italy, the worthy Capriotes gave themselves up to such riotous demonstrations—*baccani e demostrazioni*—that one would have thought they had taken leave of their senses. Were it not impertinent on the part of an outsider, I should certainly feel inclined to endorse his statement—at least, as regards the possibility of such temporary aberration as he refers to. For during the last three days every Capriote man, woman and child has been cutting capers, and behaving generally in an idiotic kind of way, which is due to the fact that the island has been *en fête* in honour of San Costanzo, whose

annual festival is held on May 14. Hence it has come about that a lotos-eater's dreams have been rudely disturbed, and upon the shores of my garden there has broken a wild wave of bacchantic revelry, of which no trace now remains save in the disordered piazza (which wears an unmistakable look of having been sitting up for several nights), and upon the face here of one and there of another, where sits such melancholy as is wont to linger around the man who, having had 'his day out,' knows that three hundred and sixty-four suns shall rise and set before he has another quite like it. Would that every social 'spree' and religious gathering left as light hearts and as few broken heads behind it as does this Capriote *festa*! I can give but a faint idea of the bottomless abandonment of the whole population ; and yet I am bold to say that there is not a 'hot copper' or a headache in the whole island this morning, and that the only individual who has a single regretful memory of the feast is possibly the poor old saint in whose honour it has been held.

Before I arrange the disordered threads of my very much tangled reminiscences, I feel bound to throw what light I can upon his saintship's rather obscure personality. San Costanzo, or St. Constantius, in whose veins flowed the blood of Eastern

emperors, was distinguished not less for his learning than for the sanctity of his life, and was called to the bishopric of Constantinople some time in the seventh century. Although of no canonical conspicuousness, he is naturally to the Capriote a saint of the first water : which means more than may be supposed, seeing that he arrived in the first instance by sea, having, through a slight misunderstanding with the authorities, suffered the inconvenience of being sent afloat in a wooden cask. Being, as it would be graceless to doubt, miraculously preserved, he found his way in time round to Capri, after a trip of which, unfortunately, no detailed record has been preserved. Some say that he had already attained the martyr's crown, and was dead when he started ; others that he succumbed *en voyage*, either from asphyxia or vexation of spirit. In any case, it is on record that he arrived here by deep sea route in good order, and, after being dried, was promptly promoted to the responsible office of patron and protector of the island, jointly with St. Antony of Padua, who reigns supreme at Anacapri. Here he died and was buried, his remains resting undisturbed for 600 years, until, during the blood-red reign of the brave but ill-fated Conradin, and the papacy of Clement IV., they

were sent by the monks first to Benevento, and afterwards to the famous convent of Monte Vergine, near Avellino in the Apennines, where, the Abbat informs me, they are still preserved.

The saint has proved himself a faithful and efficient protector, and many are the unwritten records of his supernatural performances that lie enshrined in the memories of his faithful protégés. He has, since his removal to a better world, opened the eyes of the blind, sent cripples away rejoicing, averted by a tempest an attack of the Saracens in the year 891 (a date which enables us, in a measure, to fix the beginning of his cult in the island), and, by a variety of judicious channels, has insinuated himself into the affections of the islanders. But his crowning feat was during the great vine and fruit plague in 1839, when, in return for his intervention, he was presented with a silver bunch of grapes and a lemon, which now hang from the right wrist of his statue. The effigy itself, heavily overlaid with silver and of immense weight, was fashioned in 1715, partly by a grant from the public funds and partly by private offerings, during the episcopate of Bishop Vandeneynde. It represents the saint life-size as far as the waist, and bears the following inscription along the base : 'Divo Constantio Caprearum insulæ Patrono

amantissimo simulacrum hoc ex publica annonæ questu piorumque hominum subsidiis grati animi cives construxere anno ab orbe redempto 1715. Dignissimo præsule Ill<sup>mo</sup> et R<sup>mo</sup> D. M. Gallo Vandeneynde.' The saint is vested in pontifical habit, holding in his left hand a staff and book, with two metallic *bambini* vowed as a thank-offering by Capri women, and with his right bestowing the episcopal benediction. His mitre and pectoral cross are ablaze with gems.

An excellent picture of the statue, taken from a daguerreotype at the cost of Dr. S. S. Clark, a former resident in Capri, is sold and distributed at the time of the *festa*. In 1860 the Government threw the Capresi into a state of consternation by giving orders for the weighing of their saint, with a view, as was said, to his being boiled down into five-franc pieces. The calamity was only averted by the munificent action of one of the Canons, who handed over to the authorities a sum in hard cash equivalent to the value of the precious metal. It appears on the whole to have had a chequered career in the hands of pawnbrokers and others, and I am credibly informed that the original expense of covering the effigy with silver has never been entirely defrayed. The church, in addition to this counterfeit presentment, is the

happy possessor also of a portion of San Costanzo's backbone, as well as one of his knee-caps.

And now for the feast itself, which began on Friday evening with the first vespers in the *tempio maggiore*—in other words, the ex-cathedral—after a showery afternoon, and such a lurid sunset as sent half the town to their windows to see whether the treacherous mountain across the bay was not about to offer a display of pyrotechnics on his own account. Inside the church the fiery glow paled the hundred tapers on the altar, and set a blush upon the cheeks of the saint where he sat lofty and alone, under a vast crimson canopy over the choir, looking down with a stony (or perhaps I ought to say a silvery) stare upon his children, as they thronged every nook and corner of the building, awaiting with eager impatience the procession and exposition of their patron. On his throne, with mitre, cope and crosier, sat the Most Reverend Monsieur Giuseppe Giustiniani, Archbishop of Sorrento, surrounded, as they would say at Alder-shot, by a brilliant staff; an erect old gentleman, with 'Ultramontane' writ large in every line of a hard face—a face that, if report speak truly, does not belie the stiffness of its owner's principles, or the pitiless rigour with which he is apt to 'come down' on the peccadilloes of such clerics as, like the

majority in Capri, have the misfortune to cherish more liberal convictions than his own.

In a side chapel were posted the municipal brass band of thirty players, who from time to time during the progress of the function treated us—and excellently well, too—to a lively ‘quick step,’ which, in conjunction with the impotent tootle of a child’s halfpenny trumpet and the yelps of a meandering and mouldy-looking dog, helped to drown the excruciating singing of those in choir. At last the doleful office came to an end, and then the procession wound its way slowly down the south aisle and up the nave to the sound of a singularly lugubrious hymn, the infirm-looking torso of the saint under a catafalque of cloth-of-gold being borne on the shoulders of four strong men back to the sanctuary, where he was deposited on a seat at one end of the altar, looking (though it is far from my wish to speak evil of dignities) as though he was very much relieved by the thought that he was not to be moved again before morning. His legs, if he had had any, would have rested at that moment upon the many-coloured marble pavement taken from the palace of great Cæsar up at the Capo. Surely a strange coincidence, that the patron of to-day, a saint who—at least in effigy—has never known the luxury of a pair of legs, should take

his ease upon the marbles of that other who, in the days when Sejanus was calling himself Emperor of Rome and his master Emperor of Capri, had little either of head or heart.\*

Then the multitude of merry holiday folk thronged out into the piazza, which was bravely decorated with Venetian masts and greenery, and bunting of many hues, with stalls of sweet-stuffs and tin-stuffs, and rosaries, and books, and chestnuts, and promising preparations for the show of fireworks after dark. Here is the official programme of the whole proceedings, which, alas! in its English dress cannot but lose much of its grace and elegance.

#### FRIDAY, MAY 13.

- 5 p.m. Exposition of the statue of the Saint in the great church.
- 8 p.m. Illumination of the public piazza and streets. The city band will perform choice selections.
- 10 p.m. Closing of the first day with fireworks, Bengal lights, fireballs, and grenades.

#### SATURDAY, MAY 14.

- 6 a.m. The municipal band will arouse the citizens to turn their first thoughts to their heavenly Patron, and to prepare themselves with a joyful mind to keep the feast.

\* ‘*Scipsum imperatorem, Tiberium vero insule imperatorem prædicabat.*’—Dion Cassius.

- 10 a.m. At the church solemn pontifical Mass celebrated by S. E. the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Sorrento. The Very Reverend Dr. E. Edd<sup>o</sup>. Frai will hold the pulpit for a solemn panegyric on the Saint.
- 4 p.m. Solemn procession, in which all the congregations of the district, the reverend chapter and clergy of Capri, the reverend clergy of Anacapri, and the municipal council, will take part, to conduct the statue of the Saint to the church of San Costanzo at the Marina.
- 8 p.m. Musical performances, with grand display of fireworks, under the direction of, etc., etc.

#### SUNDAY, MAY 15.

- 10 a.m. Solemn *missa cantata* at the church of San Costanzo.
- 5 p.m. Solemn vespers in the aforesaid church, after which the statue of San Costanzo will be taken back in procession to the mother-church, ‘colla benedizione del Santissimo.’
- 8 p.m. Musical concert and discharge of various fireworks.

An excellent bill of fare, like many others, on paper, but one of which the fruition perhaps can hardly be said to have matched the promise. Still, everybody who was anybody pronounced the festivities to be beyond criticism, so there could not have been much the matter. The weather, with one brief interval, was superb, the sun pouring down its most dazzling rays from a cloudless sapphire sky ; and the moon taking up her tale from behind the Tuoro Grande, as the thousand

and one tiny oil-lamps on the piazza shed a precarious glimmer over the moving mass of happy-faced humanity below. What if one or two of the more complicated set pieces in the pyrotechnic display refused their revolutionary office when called upon, and, with a traitorous disinclination to be made light of in accordance with the sanguine intentions of the artist, lay in a fizzling, sputtering, snorting heap upon the unsympathetic lava blocks? What if the combustible effigy of his godship, the *fons et origo* of the feast, mounted on the apex of a pyramid of squibs, went through what I can only describe as a jibbing and bucking performance on his own account, amid jeers and laughter suggestive of the muttered maledictions of the Neapolitans when they seek to quicken the tarrying liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro, and which apparently so stung the squib-stuffed prelate to madness that he flung decency to the winds, and, regardless of his latter end, hissed forth defiance and vomited flaming venom from his vitals into the first-floor windows, and, going off into a random reel, finally perished, Dagon-like, all but his stump — a very *ignis fatuus* — in a disorderly pirouette? A margin must be allowed in consideration of the fact that there was not a cracker, or *bomba*, or Catharine wheel from first to last that

was not 'turned out' by the local Brock ; in other words, by the brothers and husbands of the dark-eyed chattering *contadinas*, who filled the air with lamentations loud and deep when Filippo's *scoppio di razza* made a fool of itself, or Luigi's huge fire balloon lingered for the space of a paternoster between the devil and the deep sea on the roof of the Municipio, and then, with a sudden plunge, sought to drown the evaporation of its spirits in the water 500 feet below ; while the purple night air was alive with rainbow showers that lit up the quaint Mooresque cupolas of the church, and shed a fantastic glitter of ruby and gold and amethyst far over the white strand of the Marina, where Venus as she sank to rest was plucking the silver jewels from her brow and laying them in a track of mimic fire across the bay. Nobody demanded his money back, or threatened to write to the local newspapers, or called down vengeance on the head of the luckless fabricator of the aerial misdemeanant who had fallen so low. No sooner had the half-acre of paste and paper vanished à la *Curtius* into the abyss, than the band, in a handsome uniform of dark blue with gold facings, struck up a pot-pourri from the 'Forza del Destino,' and everybody who could afford it succumbed to the feeble delights of *limonade gassosa*, or the

vermouth of Turin. Those who had the necessary *soldi* in their pockets drowned the memory of the contretemps in the flowing nut-brown beer of Bavaria. Those who had none—whom the ‘cow had passed’\*—did the next best thing : they stood and looked on, and tried hard not to feel dry. The Capriote, be it known unto all men, is conspicuous at all times for his sober ways. There is nothing to move him to make a beast of himself or pose as a sot. The only liquors within his reach are too costly when taken in excess : he lives too hard a life all round, and his streets are too narrow for a really satisfactory roll. The roistering votary of Bacchus requires room in his cups, and that is just what he cannot get in this little island, which is never ‘tight’ in an intemperate sense. The Corso di Timberio, the Oxford Street of Capri, is but six feet wide, and could be laid out like a strip of ribbon on the floor of Peter Robinson’s without inconvenience to his customers. I have seen but one man who needed the indulgence of his neighbours, having too freely gratified his own ; and he was an unmistakable loafer from

\* *Vacca pass'*—a delicious saying in these parts, taken from the house-to-house milking of the cows in Naples. Of those who cannot afford to pay for a glass it is said, ‘The cow has gone by,’ whence it is used of anyone who has not ‘a shot in his locker.’

Naples, a social excrescence not to be taken count of.

On the following morning my slumbers were broken soon after dawn by the braying of the band and the explosion of a whole broadside of *bombas*, intended (vide programme) to prepare the citizens with a joyful mind to keep the feast. Then at ten o'clock I made my way to the cathedral, where High Mass was sung with the utmost pomp, the Archbishop of Sorrento being the celebrant. The elaborate ritual incidental to the occasion was very reverently and well done, but the music was atrocious. An oration on the virtues and example of the saint was delivered by Dr. Frai, whose long-drawn discourse I found so moving that I was constrained at intervals to repair for a breath of fresh air to the cool shadows outside, as a grateful relief from the throng of perspiring peasants and salivating sailors and unquiet *bambini*, and the less human odours of incense and flowers. At the supreme moment of the elevation of the Host, the bells in the old campanile fairly went mad, while the air was rent with such a discharge of fireworks as must have reminded the hero of the day (the only inhabitant old enough to remember it) of the bombardment by the French in 1808, which smashed up the house of the Governor, that stood





PROCESSION OF SAN COSTANZO.

*To face p. 161.*

where now is the little public garden just under the clock tower.

The great event of the *festa* was the procession on Saturday afternoon, which passed off without a hitch, and, as seen from the loggia of the old palace, was a most effective and picturesque sight. At the head was borne a finely-worked banner of maroon silk, followed by a band of twenty female mites, garlanded with flowers, whose united ages could not have exceeded five score. After these marched a hundred and fifty *filles de Marie* in white frocks with blue sashes and veils, then a banner and half a hundred lads of the Guild of S. Luigi di Gonzada, whose festival takes place but once in a century ; then came the banner of the fishermen's guild, escorted by files of sun-tanned sailors ; and after these more banners, followed by the municipal council, the students, a herculean Suisse, a crucifix, and the Capri canons and clergy, each carrying a tall lighted taper, from the smallest midget to the portliest ecclesiastic. Lastly, carried aloft on the shoulders of four fishermen dressed in long white castans with scarlet tippets, came San Costanzo (in silver), looking, as I thought, a trifle bored, either from the loss (already mentioned) of a portion of his vertebræ, or from the consciousness that his legs were 'out

of it,' or, as is more likely, from the suffocating fumes of the innumerable fireworks which enveloped him in a sulphurous haze. The rolling manner of his progression was eminently suggestive of his early Jonah-like adventures, though under no circumstances can a more than elderly gentleman feel really at his ease when he is being swayed to and fro on men's shoulders down a winding rocky path at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees, environed at every turn by a tempest of ear-splitting bonibis and *fuochi artificiali*, to say nothing of the sweeter and softer floral offerings that are showered upon him from housetop and balcony and garden-wall. But on the whole he behaved very well, and bore his part bravely in a spectacle that, as it wound among the bright vineyards and fruit-laden lemon groves down to the Marina, formed a picturesque scene that it would be hard to match. For the best part of a mile the pageant passed through crowds of devout worshippers, or admirers, if you prefer it, the gemmed mitre of the saint lit up by the westering sunbeams from over the Citrella, till it finally reached the little church, which was a place of worship centuries before a Constantine ever reigned, and which, with no architectural beauty, looked to-day, in its festival attire, not unlike some

ancient wrinkled dame tricked out in the frippery of a May-queen. Within its venerable and, alas! white-washed walls, the statue of the patron was duly laid to rest with sounding song and psalm ; that is to say, he was deposited at a distinctly perilous altitude under a lofty canopy over the high altar, where he was left to his own meditations till the following morning. In the evening mirth and music, accompanied by fireworks of a more or less recalcitrant nature ; and so home to the shelter of my mosquito-net and a nightmare of weak-kneed prelacy.

Sunday dawned hot and cloudless, with a look of soft tranquillity that unhappily was disturbed towards evening by a most untoward breaking-up of the windows of heaven, for which I am inclined to believe that the persistent bombardment of the last forty-eight hours must be held responsible. Sound travels, as we know, about a thousand feet in a second ; but, then, heaven is a long way off—at least, from some of us—and it may well be that the detonations of last night and the night before had so upset the upper regions of the air as to bring about an afternoon deluge, which mercilessly drenched the procession, all the sweet little girls and good little boys, and made the saint put his umbrella up as he was being carried back to the

town from his temporary resting-place. Quite pitiable was it to see the dripping, draggled garments, and the washed-out finery, and the limp cassocks and cottas. I thought at one moment, so fierce was the blinding cataract, that the whole escort of officiants (for your Italian has no fancy for rainwater in a falling state) would have deposited their saint under a hedge and taken to their heels. But they marched stolidly on, the last to desert them being the band, who played on until the euphonium was full of water, and then, having lost communication with their base, left off suddenly on a chord of the suspended ninth, and sought shelter under a grove of lemon-trees. Needless to say that we were that night spared the fireworks, and long before midnight struck the feast, except for an expiring kick on the day of the octave, was at an end.

It is a melancholy reflection, on the top of so much gaiety and good humour, that out of this annual *festa* has grown that festering feud already alluded to, which for long years has marred the unity of the brethren in this peaceful little island. I will tell the story in as few words as I can, pre-mising that I draw my facts from a quaint pamphlet signed by 'Sacerdote Carmine Santiello,' and dated November 21, 1822. The

title runs thus in English : ‘The dolorous complaints of the clergy of Anacapri against the unjust abuses and pretensions of the chapter and clergy of the collegiate church of Capri, in the diocese of Sorrento, in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, on the subject of the alleged taking part of the aforesaid in the processions in Capri, humbly addressed to the most eminent and reverend Lord Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of the Council in Rome.’

On the suppression of the bishopric of Capri in 1818, and the incorporation of the diocese with that of Sorrento, the church of San Stefano naturally lost the dignity of a cathedral, and the question soon became a hotly debated one whether with that dignity had disappeared also all the rights, prerogatives and precedences pertaining thereto.

Much of the trouble that arose was aggravated by the fact that, though the ecclesiastical archives of Capri were nominally removed to Sorrento, a very large number of them—‘moltissimi’ says my brief—were lost or wantonly destroyed as things of no value ; and as it is well known that the man who burns an old letter which he has not looked at for years usually wants it in the course of the next week, so it chanced (though the Anacapriote

clergy hinted that something more than chance had a finger in it) that the very deeds which might have settled the dispute were 'found to be lost.'

Now began a flutter in the dovecote. For years innumerable on May 14 the chapter and clergy of the island had always made an act of formal homage to their diocesan. This, seeing that it involved a journey to Sorrento, was now transferred to the *festa* of SS. Philip and James on May 1; and the clergy of Anacapri, acting on the opinion that the church of San Stefano (of later date, indeed, than their own) had no claim upon their allegiance after the removal of the Bishop, began to groan audibly under the obligation laid on them of taking part every year in nine processions away down at Capri—to wit on Epiphany, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, S. Mark, S. Costanzo, Pentecost, Corpus Domini, the Assumption, and SS. Simon and Jude. They alleged, poor men! not only that the fatigue of getting up and down the steep rocky stairway between the two communes was too much for them, but also that the withdrawal of their presence from their own flock on some of the greatest days in the year was fraught with injury, inasmuch as they were obliged either to leave one or two infirm priests in charge, or else

to transfer the observance of the *festa* to some other day.

The *fons et origo* of the whole trouble was the synod held ninety years before by Bishop Pellegrini, at which (as was now stoutly affirmed) certain obnoxious ‘constitutions’ had been passed after an irregular discussion when two-thirds of the clergy were absent. It was also stated that of those present five signed conditionally, and one protested fearlessly against what he was pleased to call ‘barbarous oppression and dolorous servitude.’ In 1730 Bishop Laurentiis buckled on his harness and made up his mind to be no longer trifled with. From persuasion he had condescended to argument, which had as little effect upon the sturdy protestors as the menaces that followed. Clearly, more drastic measures must be resorted to ; and, accordingly, this high-handed prelate (who would have made an admirable vice-president of a persecution company in our own day) proceeded to enforce obedience upon his recalcitrant clergy by fines and imprisonments. The whole matter was then referred by the Anacapriotes to Rome, and a decision was given in their favour ; but Bishop Laurentiis, like Nelson in later times, taking no notice of the order to cease firing, double-shotted his guns, and added insult to injury by roughly

declining to supply the petitioners with copies of any of the official documents relating to the synodal acts. Thereupon the Anacapri clergy, waxing wroth, had resort once more to the Sacred Congregation of the Council, whose injunction for the production of the documents was quickly handed by the canny Bishop to his diocesan officers, who on their part declined to take any further steps.

The main ground of the Bishop's action was that he had no power to dispense with the formal acts of homage on the part of his clergy ; and so far the Sacred Congregation seems to have backed him up. Whereupon the priests of Anacapri gave in to the extent of consenting, under protest, to take their place in the processions, the Bishop on his side promising to remit the heavier penalties for default, and to substitute a fine of a few *grane*. Still, however, the lilliputian storm bubbled on till it fairly overflowed the teacup, and landed two Anacapri priests in gaol, whence they only emerged after paying the fine incurred by their brethren, who, after playing truant, had fled for refuge to the churches of Santa Sofia and S. Maria a Citrella.

The civil powers now cut in, and, in response to a 'mass meeting' (probably about as large as a meeting of parliamentary electors in the island of

Rum or Raasay), the Sindaco of Anacapri, Nicholà Ferraro, convoked a council by 'sound of bell' on July 3, 1732, and in his speech thus outlined the situation. He told the citizens that he had called them together 'hearing the lamentations of both men and women at the oppression of the illustrious Bishop, whose predecessors for the last hundred years have always ruled with great charity and fatherly love. But he, regardless of the cries of poor citizens, has obliged all the priests of this commune to go down to Capri on five *festas*, leaving two, or three at the most, unfit for the service of the Church, although there are more than 2,000 inhabitants in Anacapri, a larger number than in Capri. By this means the holy sacraments on those days cannot be administered, and persons have been left to die without ministrations. To put an end to this unseemly state of things, the clergy of Anacapri have had recourse, but in vain, to the illustrious Bishop and to the most reverend Court of Rome, in spite of whose decrees unlawful acts have been resorted to, even to the imprisonment of our priests without reason assigned, and with menaces for the future. So all now are in great confusion and sorrow'—in una grandissima confusione e mestizia—'because of the lamentable complaints of the povere madri, padri,

e congiunti of the priests, which it is feared may give rise to a tumulto popolare con qualche scandolo universale of Holy Church.' The result of the meeting was that the Sindaco was empowered to appear personally before the nuncio in Naples, and, if necessary, before the higher powers in Rome. This, however, he seems never to have done, the Bishop at length, in response to a petition, so far relaxing the severity of his treatment as to let the *beneficed* clergy of Anacapri off all the processions except two—San Costanzo and Corpus Domini—which state of affairs lasted for nineteen years.

In 1751, the episcopal throne being vacant, the chapter took the opportunity to stir sleeping dogs, and egged on the Capitular Vicar to issue an edict ordering all *beneficed* as well as *unbeneficed* priests in the island to render him canonical obedience at the solemn mass on the *festa* of San Costanzo, after which they were to take their places, taper in hand, in the procession. They obeyed under protest as before. The new Bishop did not bring peace; the oppressed clergy (really I find some excuse for them when I think of that stairway!) persisting in a course of protests, and meeting from time to time in an excessively funny way to make the naïve declaration that any paper or papers they might at

any time sign through intimidation and fear of violence would be held by them as being null and void.

Thus matters stood for nearly seventy years, the quarrel being 'on the boil' the whole time, until, in 1822, a great lawsuit was started, of which the only result was a notification from Cardinal Caracciolo, the head of ecclesiastical affairs in the kingdom of Naples, to the effect that all existing prerogatives were to be respected except such as were incompatible with the altered circumstances of the collegiate church of San Stefano. To which rather enigmatic solution of a century of strife I will only add that at last year's *festa* only one of the Anacapriote clergy, and he a canon, took part in the procession of the patron saint. Why the others, who are not canons, should have been 'let off' as part of the pageant, I must leave to wiser heads than mine to determine.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ROUND MY GARDEN.

*'All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.'*

THE Giro, or tour round the island by water, is one of the most delightful experiences of a sojourn in Capri, and is the only means by which the fine coast scenery can be viewed at its best. Starting from the Grande Marina and steering westwards, the gaily-painted boat cuts its way through pellucid braes and gently swelling hillocks of water, that sparkle in the sunshine with the tints of all the jewels in an emperor's crown.

Passing under the torn and broken cliffs of Aiano, we skirt the base of the old 'forum,' or *place d'armes*, commanded by a fort now turned into a villa. From time to time Egyptian remains have been excavated here, leading to the belief, as I have already mentioned, that anciently the site

may have been occupied by a temple of Isis. In former times the town of Capri lay between the Marina and Aiano, which latter place was also the site of an Augusto-Tiberian villa that stood between the mountain and the sea. The ruins, now almost entirely hidden, point to a very extensive and richly-adorned residence. In 1810 an interesting discovery was made hereabouts of a sarcophagus made out of one block of white marble, with a covering fastened on by four iron clamps. The sculpture-work is rude and heavy, with a medallion in relief of garlands and a Medusa-like head with wings. In the corners are skulls of bulls, on the ends wreaths of roses, and on the front leaves. Inside, with the head resting on a stone pillow, was found the skeleton of a girl, dressed in clothing of gold and silver, which all fell to dust when exposed to the air. By her side were a pair of armlets, some earrings, and a very small finger-ring with a cameo; and in the mouth was a gold piece of Vespasian, with the inscription, 'Imperator Cæsar Vespasianus Aug. Tr. P.' (*i.e.*, tribunitia potestate); on the reverse was a cornucopia. The hand held a sceptre fifty centimètres long, girt with three gold circlets; from which circumstance there can be no doubt that the body was that of an imperial princess, perhaps of Lucilla, sister of Com-

modus, by whom she was murdered in Capri, A.D. 183, at the age of sixteen. Some have suggested that it was the body of Crispina, the same Emperor's wife, who died here at the age of thirty-one; but the finger-ring, of an unusually small size, belonged probably to a much younger woman. The contents of the sarcophagus (which now stands under an oleander-tree on the terrace of the Hôtel Grotte Bleue) were sold for 100 francs. Near the same place a marble tablet was found on which was a Greek decree, of which Pelliccia gives the following version, ‘Populus ne quis suscitet tumultum neque manibus aram in foro et agro publico.’ Near at hand were found also three large cavities filled with water, and one with a metallic blue chalk mixed with earth, brought thither probably by the Romans for the making of the delicate ‘vasi murrini,’ the manufacture of which, as Pliny (*H. N.*, xxxvii. 2) tells us, was first introduced into Italy by Pompey after his Oriental victories.

At the western end of the ‘campo Aiano,’ gliding over glassy depths whose tangled trailing vegetation looks far down under the keel like a glowing sea-garden—the very fields of Nereus—my boatmen pull me inshore at the mighty ruins of the Palazzo a Mare, once the Osborne House of the

Emperors, which with no sufficient reason it is the custom to call the Bagni di Tiberio. The perpetual washing of the waves in the course of eighteen centuries has undermined the strong limestone cliffs on which the palace once stood, and the smooth-worn blocks of stone that once formed the wall fronting the sea have long since fallen in chaotic ruin. The shape and extent of several of the chambers can still be traced, although the only courtiers now *en évidence* are crustaceans, Kronos and Neptune having joined forces and done their work but too well, aided by the ruthless hands of human spoilers. The palace before its destruction must have been a very beautiful one, especially if, as is probable, it stood much higher above the sea than it does now. Masses of submarine masonry can be seen many feet out from the shore, and it seems likely that at least a portion of the building was originally constructed actually in the water. In the immediate vicinity have been found Etruscan or Aretine vases of bright black pottery, large sepulchral urns, coins, bronze lucernas, terracotta and oxidized glass plates, tiles, amphoræ, and other household articles. Hadrawa laid bare a circular temple with a flight of ten marble steps leading up to a loggia which once stretched along the sea-front of the palace. He found also hand-

some columns of cipolline marble, the capital and base of an exquisitely-wrought Corinthian one, and two pavements of African, *giallo-antico, rosso*, and *saravazza* marbles, set in a geometrical design. Altogether 280 quintals, or about twenty-seven English tons, of rare and costly marbles have been excavated and carried off to heaven knows where. In the garden of a house not far off was found an altar of Cybele, the mother of the gods, which passed into the possession of Sir W. Hamilton,\* who is said to have forwarded it to the British Museum. But I learn after inquiry in London that no such altar is or ever has been in the Museum, and that the only known Capri antiquity in our national collection is a puteal, or well-head, with reliefs of fauns and nymphs, brought by Charles Townley from the Palazzo Columbrano in Naples. The altar, of which Hadrawa gives a sketch, is cylindrical in form, 2 feet 9 inches high, with delicately-worked relief of festoons of flowers, corn, and fruit, pendent from the horns of

\* Sir W. Hamilton's Italian collection was bought in 1772 by the British Museum, and formed the nucleus of a department of antiquities. It included 730 vases, 627 bronzes, 300 gems and ivories, and 6,000 coins. He afterwards formed a still larger collection, half of which was lost in H.M.S. *Colossus* (1798), and the remainder bought for the Hope Gallery.

a ram's head; beneath is either an oinochos or a sacrificial vase.

Beyond, under the shadow of the bold front of Monte Solaro, with the castle of Barbarossa looking no bigger than a crow's nest, we round the Punta Trasele, a reminiscence of the astrologer Thrasyllus. Past this point the boat should be taken close in under the rocks, where on a bright calm morning the water is of a marvellous indigo hue, and where for a distance of half a mile 'numerous holes and small caves,' says MacKowen, 'can be seen at the water's edge, made by the action of the sea, which rushes in and out with deep, hollow mysterious gurgles; and about sixteen feet above them appears a line of holes made in the same manner by the sea, when the island lay deeper in the water.' Into such fantastic shapes has the ceaseless splash of the waves worn and fretted the face of the rocky wall that it is difficult to believe that here and there the hand of man has not been at work.

A pull of a few minutes more and suddenly on turning a corner we sight the foot of the little stairway that leads down to the bay from Anacapri, and up which, in 1808, clambered the French reinforcements that completed the discomfiture of the troops under Major Hamill's command

near Damecuta. Close to the steps, near which are remains of Roman masonry, the tiny aperture is visible that forms the only entrance to the glory of Capri, the Grotta Azzurra. What Sydney Harbour is to the New South Wales man, or Thorwaldsen's Lion to Lucerne, that and more also is the Blue Grotto to the Capriote. Before I change my large four-oared boat for a smaller shallop, and penetrate into the wonders within, let me tell what there is to be told about it from the exterior. The grotto is elliptical, with extensions towards north-east and south-west, and is 163 feet long by 86 feet wide, with a depth of between 60 and 70 feet. Nearly three centuries ago it was known to Capaccio, who in his '*Historiae Napo-litanæ*', published in 1605, says : 'Inter speluncas, una reliqua est, quam ingressu valde obscuram cernes, in lucidum deinde sinum desinit, in quem superne aquarum stillicidiis mare nimis delectabile redditur' (vol. ii., 166). About the year 1751 Antonio Parrino wrote a description of it after a personal visit, and in 1822 a Capri fisherman found his way in, followed in 1826 by two artists, August Kopisch, of Breslau, and Herr Fries, or Friso, who were practically the first in modern times to make its magical beauty known to the world. In 1846 Gabriele Quattromani wrote a

good description of its wonders, ever since which time a great number of visitors of all nationalities year by year have found their way hither, only in many cases to go back without effecting an entrance, which is impracticable when the wind blows strongly either from north or east. This an unfortunate Frenchman once found out to his cost, being imprisoned in the grotto for four days by the wind, and kept alive by a fisherman who swam backwards and forwards at intervals with supplies of rum.

I have already mentioned the evidences that meet the eye on all sides of the island of Capri having two thousand years ago stood above the sea-level many feet higher than it does now. That fact at once destroys all idea of the Blue Grotto having been anything more than a cool and pleasant resting-place in the time of the ‘farouche despote,’ or possibly a bath for the imperial harem. The height of the aperture through which boats now pass is six and a half feet, three feet of which, however, are under the water-line. ‘On close inspection,’ says MacKowen, who by diving made an investigation of the place, ‘it will be seen that the rock, which forms the floor of this arched entrance, was level, and that this level floor projects several feet into the sea in front

of the arch in the shape of a commodious platform. The vertical sides of the entrance meet this level platform at right angles'—thus □—‘and it is seen at a glance that this entrance is artificial and has not been formed by the action of the sea-water, for under those circumstances the floor would have a round shape. A few feet to the right of the present entrance, and at a depth of seven and a half or eight feet below the water-level, can be seen the top of a large arch, which widens out until it reaches a profundity of about thirty feet ; then the two sides approach each other gradually until they meet, forming thus a large round hole about fifty feet high by forty in width, through which the water of the Bay of Naples flows freely in and out of the grotto.’ The present entrance, as the same writer suggests, may be nothing more than a hole cut for the purpose of ventilating the grotto in old times, when the way in lay through the aperture that is now many feet under water. It must be understood that, from the position of the grotto in the northern face of the rock, only the smallest amount of daylight can find its way in directly through the entrance. The whole splendour of the interior ‘comes,’ says Brecciani, ‘from the refraction of the light, which is decomposed and refracted by its passage through the mass of

indigo-coloured water outside, by which medium the red and yellow rays are absorbed.' De Rivaz gives the following account : ' Ce phénomène, dû aux effets combinés de la transmission autant que de la réflexion de la lumière qui n'arrive dans cette grotte qu'après avoir traversé les ondes de la mer, provient de ce que les parois de la grotte dont il s'agit qu'on voit descendre perpendiculairement et presqu'en forme de muraille jusqu'au fond des eaux du côté gauche de son entrée, sont à l'opposite du côté droit de la même entrée disposées admirablement en forme de voûte, s'étendant à fleur d'eau dans une assez longue extension jusqu'à une petite pointe contiguë qui plonge dans la mer, et formant ainsi une large et profonde cavité occupée entièrement par la plaine azurée, force est en conséquence aux rayons lumineux qui doivent passer à travers cette excavation pour parvenir dans ce lieu de se revêtir de la couleur des flots.' And he adds his objection to the use of the word 'refraction' : ' On comprend facilement que la réfraction de la lumière ne joue ici non seulement qu'un rôle tout-à-fait secondaire, mais que le phénomène dont il est question dépend principalement de la couleur du milieu à travers lequel les rayons lumineux sont obligés de passer pour arriver jusque dans la grotte.'

And now, sitting down on the bottom of the little boat and flattening myself out like a bumme-low, I am borne on the swell of a gentle billow through the lilliputian archway into the interior of the ether-gleaming cavern, that looks like the portal of an enchanted realm, a chamber in fairy-land, the boudoir of a Siren. Around and above the cerulean walls and domed roof glisten and gleam with a strangely subdued splendour of softened sapphire, while the water, in whose pellucid depths skim black-finned fishes diapered on the white sand, glitters and scintillates as with a myriad brilliants. Flashes of exquisite silver light, like kisses of the sun-god, take the semblance of burning spirit iridescent with every hue of the rainbow ; the water lies around like consolidated atmosphere scattered at every movement of the oars into drops of glowing spray like fresh-gathered rose-leaves. Still more entrancing is the marvel when a boy, like the ace of spades in ‘Alice,’ slips over the side of the skiff. His head and neck stand out like bronze, upon which the reflected ripples play like the flickering of a snap-dragon flame, while his limbs from foot to shoulder gleam like the limbs of a statue of frosted silver, bathed in a pure and limpid lustre of mingled azure and emerald. As he tosses his head to and

fro and splashes with feet and hands, he is enveloped with a glowing glory soft as a celestial cloud, that brings to one's mind the thought of that light which we may imagine as clothing the bodies of the immortals ; the earthly tenement of the flesh, the opaque tegument of the soul, refined and irradiated and, as it were, made transparent from a fountain of indwelling light. Then, as the lad swings his lithe body back over the gunwale and there falls from him a broad shower of many-coloured dropping pearls, it needs but a little effort to imagine that I am in the home of Glaucus, the fisher god, and that if I but turn my head I shall behold his marine divinity reclining in glittering scales of azure armour, surrounded by attendant Tritons blowing fanfares on clarions of sea-shells, with a choir of seductive Sirens in waiting :

‘Who would be  
A mermaid fair,  
Singing alone,  
Combing her hair  
Under the sea,  
In a golden curl  
With a comb of pearl,  
On a throne?’

Glaucus, who of old is fabled to have made a grotto like this his home, and to have given his own name to the hue of the water, and received

the homage of every denizen of the deep, from unwieldy tunny to giddy garfish and tress-trailing mermaiden. The whole scene is indeed ‘le plus beau des phénomènes de la lumière,’ as it is called by Mouravieff, who adds prettily enough: ‘Je ne veux pas que cette grotte soit d’azur mais de Glaucus, et j’affirme que c’est là que l’infortuné pêcheur est venu se réfugier après sa métamorphose ; et que c’est encore là que les dieux, touchés de sa disgrâce, mais ne pouvant rien contre l’arrêt du destin, qui défendait à Glaucus de redevenir homme, le dépouillèrent à la fin de sa forme de poisson en ne laissant de lui dans ces eaux que l’azur de ses écailles, pour éterniser la mémoire de son nom et de ses malheurs.’

‘ Oh! azure rocks, oh! azure, azure sea,  
Almost too bright in your intensity!  
So blue in every part, so blue each nook,  
To paint exactly ’twould unnatural look:  
All blue, save where the rippling waters bright  
Sparkle with almost phosphorescent light.’

W. W.

It has no rivals except a similar cavern at Busi, near the island of Lissa in the Adriatic ; and, on a smaller scale, the Dolor Hugo cave at the Lizard, where, however, the water is of a far darker tint, and the dark-green, scarlet-veined roof of serpentine is rich with a beauty all its own.

Emerging again to the outer world, we pass a modern French fort, and the old tower of Damecuta. Beyond this point, which is known as Gradelle, the coast scenery becomes less imposing in character. The slopes of the cliffs stretching down to the water are terraced, and the hillsides are clothed with verdure in striking contrast with the savagery of the steep precipices at the east end of the island. A few minutes brings me to Punta Vitareto, rounding which the boat's head is turned to the south, past Orica (where the French landed in 1808) and the plateau of Damecuta, covered with olives and vines and gardens teeming with vegetable life. Here, too, are many cacti, the fruit of which is eaten and enjoyed by the peasants. High up on the slopes is seen the French windmill overlooking the Rio and many another delightful summer bathing nook ; after which, gliding past headlands crowned with forts, I catch sight of the square tower of the Matriita, once a *grancia*, or grange, built by the monks of the Certosa as a place of refuge for their goats from the raids of the Saracens. On the southwest extremity of the island, the Punta di Carena, stands a lighthouse, the erection of which was a burning question for a long time between the two rival communes of Capri and Anacapri, the former

demanding that it should be placed where Tiberius had built his Faro, so as to guide the mariner through the narrow *bocca* that parts Lo Capo from the Surrentine peninsula. The Anacapriotes, on the other hand, declared that the light on the Campanella promontory already served that purpose ; and the Government, acquiescing in their opinion, put up here a lighthouse of the first class. Formerly there were semaphore signal stations on the top of Solaro, at Barbarossa's castle, and at Capodimonte, at the head of the stairs ; but they have all been abandoned since the introduction of the electric telegraph ten years ago.

Once round the Carena, the cliffs again soar heavenwards in majestic grandeur, water-worn at their bases into a thousand jagged and fantastic forms, and riven from sea to summit by ages of shock and storm. At this point in the *giro* the sea-front of Monte Solaro bursts upon the view, for the first time, in all its sublimity. See him when you will, the mountain giant always looks well, but never do the lordly proportions of his vast mass stand out more clearly than when, from a boat, the eye looks up the steep sides to where, 2,000 feet above, a fragment of cloud floats, like a veil of gauze, about his brow. At the base lie the beauties of the Red and Green

Grottoes, the former of which is covered on walls and roof with a growth of deep-red lichen, whence its name. The Green Grotto is a *passaggio* rather than an actual grotto, and, with its moss-agate liquid floor, is hardly inferior in beauty to the Grotta Azzurra. It is an arched way hewn out by the waves from a cliff, and is large enough for a four-oared boat to pass through ; there is no entering through a hole as in the Blue Grotto, no sudden transition from sun to shadow. The boat glides in, and you see it all in a moment—the picturesque sculptured walls and roof, and the wonderful water brighter than young spring corn, deeper than beryl, with a play of light that can only be likened to emerald shot with all the changing tints of an opal. The grotto, which should be visited at about ten o'clock in the morning, possesses a peculiar feature in a spring or springs of sulphur, which can be smelt but not seen ; and it is from contact with this that the water is supposed to derive its very vivid hue.

From the Grotta Verde, twenty minutes' row under the stupendous mountain walls and round the Punta Ventroso brings my bark abreast of the Mulo (Moles), the landing-place of the Marina Piccola.

One could fancy that Spenser had this very

nook in his eye when he wrote of the dwelling-place of the Sirens.

‘*It was a still  
And calmy bay, on th’ one side shelterèd  
With the brode shadow of an hoarie lill;  
On th’ other side an high rocke toured still,  
That ’twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,  
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill.  
There those five sisters had continuall trade,  
And us’d to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.’*

F. Q., ii. 12, 30.

Hence a rough path leads to the Parate, up a very steep slope which in the spring is the scene of the slaughter of many quails. This veritable ‘harvest of the air’ is gathered in either by a plentiful expenditure of cartridges, or by means of nets, of which there are two kinds. One kind, called *parate*, measuring some 200 feet long by 30 feet in height, are stretched on tall poles at the places where in the early morning the birds come in on their way from the north or south, as the case may be; at the bottom of the net is a fold, into which they fall after striking. The other is a kind of network fan, measuring about 20 feet across when opened, and is attached to a couple of light poles carried by a man, who, with a dog to flush the quails, at the proper moment furls the side of the fan by a smart and dexterous movement of his wrist.

High up in the face of the mountain yawns the

spacious aperture of the Fern Grotto, or Grotta dell' Arco ; while farther east towers the Castiglione hill (750 feet), with its fortress and a fine grotto that is inaccessible from the sea. This grotto can only be entered through the private grounds of the Castiglione, and is one of the largest and most interesting in the island. It contains 'opus reticulatum' of the Roman times,\* much masonry, now covered by rubbish, two cisterns, and a ruined guard-house on the eastern side, long since disused and fallen to decay. The roof is covered with stalactites. The only present way of approach is down a steep narrow path from the top of the hill on the west, which, once closed or defended by a few resolute men, must have made the cave an impregnable place of refuge for the islanders when hard pressed by the pestilent Saracens. There are few places in Capri which would better repay the investigation of an explorer, for little has ever been found here, and the floor of the grotto remains cumbered with a mass of earth. Hence it is but a few yards farther to the Grotta dell' Arsenale, into

\* 'Opus reticulatum' consists of small stones squared in front and set diagonally, making an effective pattern. The wear of time has crumbled away the softer stone and left only the adamantine cement, looking like honeycomb cells, and suggestive of the network from which it originally took its name.

which an inclined conglomerate plane, extending under the water for 120 feet, leads up from the sea, supposed by Mangoni to have served for the launching of ships. In this cave interesting relics have from time to time been brought to light of a nature that has induced the belief that it may have been used as an 'armamentarium maritimum,' or depot of stores for the use of the Roman fleet. It is elliptical in shape, 133 feet by 104, and about 30 feet high. The walls are lined with volcanic stone identical with that at Herculaneum, and are broken by the remains of two semicircular chambers and a cistern or two. On the east side is a ruined sarcophagus, probably of a date later than Roman times. There are also visible in the sides under the roof six holes at equal distances apart, which probably served as supports for a partition dividing the grotto in half. Many Roman remains have been found here, including rich marble pavement work (which seems to me at variance with the arsenal theory) and some iron work belonging to a Roman galley which Dr. Giraldi found in 1778. If the grotto was ever used, as it probably was, as a bath or a place of habitation, it affords an incidental proof of a subsequent depression in the shore-line, seeing that at present with every scirocco that blows the waves break far into the cave.

Beyond the Grotta dell' Arsenale the boat now skirts the Unghia Marina, an open plateau on which once stood a Roman villa, possibly one of the twelve mentioned by Tacitus. But I must repeat what I have already said with reference to the impossibility of identifying, with very few exceptions, any of the imperial residences.\* To make the attempt is but to throw time and trouble away. Excavations made at the Unghia Marina in 1826 brought to the surface the usual marble pavements, some excellent paintings of birds, and the inscription

YACINTHI

JULIAE

AUGUSTAE,

\* The words of Tacitus (iv. 67) are : 'Tum Tiberius duodecim villarum nominibus et molibus insederat.' The 'naming' of twelve houses seems rather an inadequate occupation for an Emperor, and various other readings have been suggested, e.g., 'ignominiosis molibus,' 'montibus et molibus,' 'culininibus et montibus,' 'numinibus et molibus,' testifying to the ingenuity of commentators rather than to the necessity of the annalist having written other than the words of the accepted text. The passage, as Quaranta remarks, has been 'la croce di tutti gl' interpreti senza che per anco abbiano sciolto un groppo si intrigato ;' and to those who find a difficulty in it as it stands, I venture to suggest that a reading of 'molibus et numinibus' may be justified by an appeal to the Roman custom of calling certain bacchanalian orgies 'epulæ duodecim numinorum,' feasts at which those present attired

from which arose the idea that the house was one built for Julia by her father Augustus. Some have more prosaically supposed that the three names, which stand vertically and are presumably in the genitive case, are merely the names of the brick-makers. If they refer to a royal Julia, she could not have been the Emperor's daughter, seeing that that lively young woman, whose third husband was her own stepson (Tiberius being one of the few men audacious enough to marry his mother-in-law), never bore the title of 'Augusta,' and was, moreover, a disgraced exile long before her father ever came to Capri. Perhaps the '*Juliæ Augustæ*' stands for Livia, the second wife of Augustus and mother of Tiberius by Tiberius Nero, on whom, according to Tacitus (iv. 71) those names were actually bestowed, and who was a very different woman from the frivolous wife of Marcus Agrippa.

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themselves in godlike raiment, and personated one of the twelve 'deos nobiles,' as Ovid calls them, the original proprietors of the Olympian show. It is on record that Augustus on one such occasion took the part of Apollo, and that when the poor 'plebs' were starving they turned wistful eyes to the Palatine hill, and, as they listened to the sounds of feasting, remarked grimly that 'the gods have eaten up the corn.' If this really be what Tacitus wrote, is it presumptuous to imagine the word 'numinibus' used in some such sense, with a reference to the profligate extravagance of the Claudian Emperor's manner of life?

On the edge of the Unghia Marina stands the monastery of the Certosa on the site of another large villa, which has in some bygone period been hurled into the sea by an earthquake. Many morsels of marble pavements and decorative work may be found on the shore below, and extensive masses of ruined brick and stone may be seen lying far beneath the surface of the water on a calm day. Between these and the Punta Tragara the boat can be rowed into a pretty natural passage chamber in the rock, known as the Albergo de' Pescatori, or Fishermen's Inn, a favourite place of shelter for boats while waiting for the setting of the moon. At the inner end of the *passaggio* are remains of masonry, portions, probably, of a stairway which led in former times to the vicinity of the Augustan palace on the western slope of the Tuoro Grande, a palace which must have been one of the largest in the island. Remains have been found of a line of rooms measuring 650 feet in length, and stretching from north-west to south-east, on the ridge of the rocky wall which was shaved away to make an artificial plateau. In a small chamber immediately adjoining the garden of the Villa Allers are some excellently-preserved coloured walls, with mosaic pavements and admirably-drawn animal pictures. A very handsome marble pavement from the same

spot has just been relaid in the north-east chapel of the ex-cathedral.

Perhaps the most picturesque corner of the island is now before us, where the cone-like Faraglioni rocks rise to a height of some 300 feet vertically out of the sea, standing like sentinels over the pretty port of Tragara, a little bit of a cove sheltered by the steep wall of the inner Faraglione on the south, and by the Monacone rock farther east. The name Tragara, connected with *tragos*, *tragao*, suggests a reference to the very unsavoury nickname of 'Caprineus' by which the Emperor Tiberius was called 'palam et vulgato' in consequence of his exploits as a libertine. The Faraglioni rocks are three in number, of which the inner one, called Stella, 600 feet in circuit, is joined to the Punta by a narrow tongue of rock, and, like its fellows, is practically unscalable, though you may find a fisherman who will, for a sufficiently tempting 'macaroni,' climb the olive-clad Scopolo, the outer one, and bring you back a peculiar variety of blue lizard, or a black snake. In the centre of the middle rock is a lofty and spacious vaulted *passaggio* worn by sea action, through which large boats can pass in calm weather. To the east stands the rugged *isoletta* of Monacone, upon which I landed, and the top of

which I reached by squirming through an orifice in the rock about large enough for the transit of a mongoose. Sticking hopelessly for some moments, I was at length extricated by one of the sailors, and then, crawling up a rocky stairway of forty steps—‘alquanto difficile e faticosa’—I came to the small plateau 150 feet above the water, where is an ancient tomb in good preservation. It is 6 feet long and 3 wide, and was once, perhaps, a receptacle for the remains of Masgabas, who was a *persona grata* to Augustus. Suetonius records that, as the Emperor shortly before his death was sitting in the *triclinium* (probably of his palace at Tragara), he observed a great number of people with lights gathered round the tomb of Masgabas, who had died in the preceding year. He thereupon began to rhyme some impromptu verses on the subject, and, turning to Thrasyllus, asked him if he knew who was the author of them. The wily courtier, as shrewd as he was ignorant, at first hesitated to commit himself; whereupon the imperial poetaster capped his own line with another, and repeated his inquiry. And when Thrasyllus made answer that whoever was the author of them the lines could not be beaten—‘cujuscumque essent optimos esse’—Augustus broke into laughter, ‘atque in jocos effusus est.’ Some have imagined

that this same rock of Monacone was the particular portion of the island to which the same Emperor sportively gave the name of Apragopolis, but of this there is no manner of certainty.\*

The *porticello* of Tragara is fringed along its western side by extensive ruins of sea-walls, of Roman as well as mediæval construction, with a landing-place at the north end, and a flight of steps, and ruined stonework lying deep down in the clear water. In many places a line can be traced along the face of the rocks, twenty feet or more above the present sea-level, showing that at a former period, probably not a remote one, the island must have experienced upheaval as well as depression. The same thing is seen, as I have already pointed out, at many places along the coast, and notably on the mainland at Herculaneum, where, not far from the subterranean villa of the Argus, the steep gradient of an ancient street leading down to the sea tells of a time when the water level was higher than it is now. Higher up on the west side of the Tragara port is a perfect chaos of boulders and wrecked masonry, all that is now left of what once

\* The scholiast on Juvenal, Sat. x. 93, says, 'De qua insula (Capri) Augustus Apragopolin dixit, quod ibi esset otii locus, ut ait Suetonius.' The latter author's words are, 'Vicinam Capreas insulam,' with a various reading 'Capreis,' whence the idea has originated.

was no doubt a busy scene. It will be remembered that Suetonius speaks of the ‘unum parvumque littus’ which formed a chief inducement to Tiberius to take up his abode in Capri. Whether or no this port of Tragara was the one alluded to cannot with certainty be known ; but there seems to be reason for thinking that it was, inasmuch as twenty centuries ago neither the Grande nor the Piccola Marina, as we see them now, was in existence.

On past the Monacone, we reach, at the base of the Tuoro Grande, a water grotto 200 feet deep, which, in consequence of a barrier of rock across the mouth, can only be entered from the land ; it is, so far as is known, without any features of interest. Then as we cross the Cala di Mitromania we catch sight of the cave temple of Mithras, which I have already described, and the fine Arco Naturale, and the mouth of the Grotta Bianca, with many stalactites. Beyond are the Faro and the lofty Salto, the ‘locus carnificinæ’ of Suetonius. Then passing onwards through the *bocca*, under the wall of one of Lowe’s forts, and past the Grotto of the Sea-cows, we skirt the base of San Michele and the Punta Francesco, where in the thirteenth century stood a hospice of the Frate de Minori Conventuali di San Francesco, among the ruins of which has been found a marble inscription

in Gothic characters, resembling those on the monument of Robert the Wise (whose figure is garbed in the dress of the Franciscan order) in the magnificent church of Santa Chiara at Naples.

In five minutes more the *giro* is completed, and I am on shore again at the Grande Marina, within a stone's-throw of Truglio, the site of an old Roman house, where seventy years ago was found a statue with the words 'Julius Salius fecit,' and five other headless ones, the largest of which (now in Naples Museum) is thought to have been a figure of Tiberius. At the Fontana close by, four large cisterns were unearthed in the presence of Francis I. in 1827, together with a porphyry head of a divinity or Egyptian priest. On another occasion a very fine basso-relievo was found representing the feast of Icarius. Under a tile-roofed building the Indian Bacchus is seen in a long robe, with fauns and bacchantes, one of whom is removing his sandals. Icarius and his daughter Erigone, reclining on a couch, are apparently inviting the god to partake of the bread and fruit that lie on a table in front of them.





AMALFI CATHEDRAL.

*To face p. 199.*

## CHAPTER IX.

## AMALFI AND THE COAST.

*'Where the waves and mountains meet,  
Where amid her mulberry-trees  
Sits Amalfi in the heat,  
Batking ever her white feet  
In the tideless summer seas.'*

THERE is no coast scenery in Italy, nay, in all Europe, to equal the romantic beauty of the Costiera di Levante, lying between Vietri and the Punta Campanella at the end of the Surrentine peninsula. Its beauty puts into the shade even that other Riviera where sunny Monaco, and wooded Falicon, and lonely Eza, and the sweet Estrelles enchant the eye. Here along this more precipitous southern coast the bays and creeks are narrower, and run up farther into the mountains, filled with water neither blue nor green nor purple, but a marvellous blending of all three, in which

stand the feet of bold and rugged headlands, each with its ruined fortalice. Truly

*'This is an enchanted land !  
Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,  
With its sickle of white sand;  
Further still and furthermost  
On the dim discovered coast  
Pæstum with its ruins lies,  
And its roses all in bloom  
Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
Of that lovely land of doom.'*

The little towns that dot the jagged shore are parted from each other by half a hundred glens, and are bright with coloured houses, round which there is abounding life of fisher-folk, with much chatter of bare-legged washerwomen, and troops of merry mendicant urchins on the *marinellas* and the worm-eaten moles.

I have just come back to my lotos-garden from a week's walk over ground which I would fain commend to anyone who is not afraid of being abroad with only a comb and a tooth-brush, or of a tramp in the sunshine of South Italy of some ten or twelve miles a day. It must be remembered, however, that the road along the Salernian gulf is almost shadeless for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and that the trip should be made, if possible, not later in the year than April or May.

## *AMALFI AND THE COAST*

Some idea of the main features of the road may be obtained by tracing on a sheet of paper the outline of your outspread fingers, and imagining a lofty mountainous spur running along the length of each, with a fishing village in each fork of the phalanges, and a ruined tower on each finger-nail. The windings are such that you frequently look across a ravine a few hundred yards wide at an opposite point in the road which it takes you an hour to reach ; and at the end of four or five hours' steady tramp you find yourself just nicely abreast of a white fort which you fancied you had left safely in your rear yesterday evening.

Leaving Capri (which after awhile one gets naturally to call Crapi, after the manner of the islanders), the early morning boat landed me at Massalubrense, whence a lovely three miles' walk leads to Sorrento, backed by the fantastic peaks of the Sant' Angelo mountains, under the shelter of which lies the broad *piano*, dappled with a score of *borghi* and *casali*, girt about with olive and vine, and glistening orange and pale waxen lemon, with fig and pomegranate, and rich with the outpoured wealth of Nature's cornucopia, a very garden of plenty. All is brimful of life and beauty, from yonder upland that peeps through a gossamer scarf of light golden cloud, down through orchard and

garden to where Vico and Meta and Carotta look out upon the blue waters of the bay. The scene is one quite beyond the power of my pen to describe, and, moreover, is familiar enough to thousands of Englishmen. They who have seen it for themselves would justly scorn any attempt to paint it in words ; and they, less happy ones, who can only visit it through the dull medium of a circulating library would be none the better for a page of superlatives.

Across the ‘ aquæ tremulum lumen ’ is a charming view of the curving shores of the great bay ; but neither Ischia nor Capri is visible, notwithstanding the graceful fiction of the authoress of ‘ Agnes of Sorrento.’ The town itself is about as dull as they make them, a truly excellent retreat wherein to make *kief à la Moslem* and to live the contemplative life. Think not that the lotos-eater can therefore be happy in Sorrento. He needs the sun in daily shine all the year round, and Sorrento looks too much towards the north for that ; and what sun does shine in its neighbourhood during winter is tempered and curtailed by the rising ground between Campanella and Sant’ Angelo. Between November and Easter Sorrento is often damp and cold. Silius Italicus did indeed sing of

‘ Zephyro Surrentum molle salubri,’

and Torquato Tasso, whose birth-house now lies under the blue water at the foot of the cliffs, did say that its air was enough to make man immortal. But that was some time ago, and the poet is not among us now as a living proof of the truth of his boast. He found the stress and shock of life too much for his exquisitely sensitive and undisciplined nature. All the world knows how, enslaved by superstitious terrors, the poor overwrought lad flung himself into the arms of the Inquisition. One of the few humane and sensible things that that august body ever did was to look upon Tasso as a victim of hypochondria and hopeless love, and to shut him up out of harm's way in Ferrara, the lordly home of the House of Este, where now you may see his little cell in the Ospedale Sant' Anna, with Byron and many a smaller name inscribed upon the walls. Then, after seven pining years, the song-bird left his cage and fled in a shepherd's dress hither to Sorrento, to the house of his widowed sister, Cornelia, and came at last to his death in a convent on the Janiculan hill in Rome on the eve of the day on which his brows were to have been encircled with the laurel crown of Italian poesy.

I have never been able to discover anything of man's handiwork worth looking at in Sorrento

except the statue of the poet, and that other one of the archbishop and patron Sant' Antonino, who a thousand years ago and more administered a sound thrashing to Prince Sicardo of Benevento, and so saved Sorrento out of his hands. There are a few bright little *tarsia*, or inlaid wood shops, one or two silk stores, and a crowd of bright-faced, dark-eyed lazy loafers, who talk much in guttural grunts and the harshest of dialects, and speak of dying as going to *la patria*, and in whose veins runs some of the bluest blood of old Spain—a relic of the seventeenth-century days, when many a proud hidalgo and his dissolute court from over the water made their viceregal *villeggiatura* here. Ever and anon a less lovely object meets the eye in the shape of some wretched creature, a perfect Mount Morgan to his relatives, whose outward seeming is more like an octopus than a man, with shapeless, sinewless tentacles, and legs like corkscrews.

The way from Sorrento to the Salernian gulf, across the hills by Meta and Arbore, is a route that can be recommended only to such as do not object to a rocky stairway 2,000 feet high, which leads down to Positano from the hamlet of S. Maria a Castello. I do; and therefore I prefer the new carriage-road which winds round

the base of the Conti delle Fontanelle, and then trends onwards along a coast of the most ravishing beauty to Positano (city of Poseidon), more grandly situated in my eyes than any other town in these parts. On the right hand as you approach it lie the three shadeless islets of the Sirens, called anciently Parthenope, Ligeia, and Leucoria, but now Isola di San Pietro, Il Castelletto, and Rotonda, or, in the common talk of the people, Li Galli, from their fancied resemblance to ships under sail. It is too warm a day to trouble my head about the vexed question of where the three singing sisters really had their habitation, whence with ‘sweet, soul-piercing strain’ they lured the mariner to his doom ; so that

‘*If unawares come floating on the wind  
That clear sweet music which the Sirens pour,  
He who hath quaffed it with his ear shall find  
No voice, no welcome, on his native shore,  
Shall on his dear wife gaze, and lisping babes, no more.*’

Between the conflicting claims of Jason and the ‘many-wiled’ Ulysses and Circe and the Argonauts, it is a hard matter to pick one’s way, and it is much less trouble simply to look at the isles where they lie basking ‘on the marble mere,’ and try to fancy that I can hear

‘*The sharp clear twang of the golden chords  
Run up the ridged sea,*’

or, in a more matter-of-fact way, catch the echoes of the sighs and groanings of the naughty old Amalfitan doges who ate their hearts out there almost within sight of the scene of their misdeeds.

Positano was once a stirring port in the Angevine times, but there is now nothing in the town to attract the stranger except the magnificent scenery, and the comfortable beds at the Hôtel du Paradis down near the sea. It is well, however, not to linger between the sheets, but to start betimes in the morning, so that the long winding road round the ravine towards Vettica and the Capo Sottile may be tackled before the sun is high. Onwards past Praiano, beautiful den of thieves, and Furore, and Capo di Conca, and Tovere, till a break in the road is reached beyond which it is impossible for carriages to pass. Indeed, anything less active than a goat will find considerable difficulty in getting round one or two corners, where there is nothing but the barest, narrowest, slipperiest track on the face of the cliff. The completion of the road on into Amalfi has been promised by the Greek calends, and there is every prospect, judging from my own observation, that the engagement will be punctually fulfilled, for in two places I saw a woman and a boy

seated on a reversed wheelbarrow actively engaged in surveying the scene. The truth is that Italy, with an annual deficit of two millions, has no money to spend on public works at the present moment; and, moreover, unexpected difficulties have arisen as the result of certain engineering errors which it will take some time to remedy. In one place a tunnel was begun at each end of a mountainous spur, in which after long hard work the borings were found heaven knows how many mètres apart in the centre—a contrast to the masterly skill with which the St. Gothard tunnel was triumphantly accomplished after nine miles of burrowing in the bowels of the Alps. Thousands of tons of rock have yet to be blasted, and from the present look of things it must be some years before anything on wheels can traverse the whole route which leads down to the diminished glories of Amalfi.

‘To him who sails  
Under the shore, a few white villages  
Scattered about, below, some in the clouds,  
Some on the margin of the dark-blue sea,  
. And glittering thro’ their lemon groves, announce  
The region of Amalfi?’

Among all the fallen cities of the world, there are few that have less to show for their old renown than this dilapidated port, which for generations

shared with Naples the history of South Italy—Amalfi, with her ducal line of ‘defensores fidei’ and her fifty thousand inhabitants, now dwindled down to a handful of macaroni, paper, and soap makers—the last-named article solely, I imagine, for exportation. Far indeed have fame and fortune fled from a city that six hundred years ago was a strongly-fortified arsenal, the first naval *entrepôt* in Europe, the seat of a supreme court for the settlement of maritime affairs from the Dardanelles to Cadiz, and whose ‘*tabula Amalphitana*’ supplanted the ancient ‘lex Rhodia.’ But now

*‘Fathoms deep beneath the seas  
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,  
Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;  
Silent streets and vacant halls,  
Ruined roofs and towers and walls,  
Hidden from all mortal eyes,  
Deep the sunken city lies :  
Even cities have their graves !’*

Up from the ancient mole and the old boat-house, built long before the first Crusade, and the little strip of shingly beach, which the lazy wavelets of the tideless sea seem to woo with languorous caress, the town, that looks as if it had been builded by swallows, stretches picturesquely along the ravine of the Canneto, its gleaming flat-roofed

houses piled up and clambering over one another, as if to catch every ray of sunshine. Fair as the outside of the city is at all times, it never looks by the garish light of day as it looks in the affluent moonbeams, when every house and cupola and tower stands out with a tender gleam as if fashioned of alabaster, a Fata Morgana rather than a city of solid stone.

In the narrow oriental-looking streets, dappled with cool shadows, where

*'In the middle of the town,  
From its fountains in the hills,  
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,  
The Canneto ruskes down,  
Turns the great wheels of the mills,  
Lifts the hammers of the forge;'*

there is no lack of large-limbed sun-tanned sailors, 'strong rogues and masterless,' dressed, like their boats on this afternoon of the Easter festival, in all colours of the rainbow, and with voices that cut the air harshly as if hailing a ship in the 'roaring forties,' though they are counted the best singers between Pæstum and Posilipo. The tawny, black-eyed women are nursing their mummied infantile bantlings, or filling their pitchers at the quaint stone fountain in the square, or gossiping in accents that have little of the softness of the true

Italian tongue ; while the winsome and well-made children sprawl on the church steps, or splash about like mahogany porpoises in the sea, or chase one another in and out of the narrow vaulted *vicoli*, or, at sight of their lawful prey, pester the wandering stranger, and bar his steps at every turn with their shrill, shameless cry of ‘Signur ! qual’ co ! qual’ co ! Signur !’ Two golden rules must be learnt and acted upon here, as everywhere else from Pæstum to Po : 1, Keep your temper under all possible circumstances ; 2, smell as little as you can. For the weather-worn stones in these antique beauty-spots are redolent of other things than ruin and romance ; the shore is the shore of a fairy realm, but the smells are the smells of Italy.

Here up in a quiet corner are a couple of youngsters, scarcely breeched, playing the national game of *mora*, the old Roman *micare digitis*, probably the most ancient pastime on earth. It certainly might have been played in Eden or the ark, for nothing is wanted for it but fingers and thumbs, which were made before forks, or Tubal Cain’s discus, or Jubal’s box of whistles ; indeed, there is mention of the game as played in this Magna Græcia many centuries before Christ. Two players, with their bodies bent and necks craned like game-cocks on the warpath, keep on jerking

out at the same moment with amazing quickness one or more of their right-hand fingers, each calling out as he does it any number he likes between two and ten. The object is to guess the number held out collectively by both ; thus, I hold out 3, and cry 8 ; the other fellow holds out only 2, and I lose, because 3 plus 2 make 5. If he chance to cry 5, he scores a point, and ‘chalks it down’ by holding up a left-hand finger. Instead of 10, ‘Tutti’ is called. The excitement often waxes intense as the game proceeds at a speed that the eyes and ears of the stranger try in vain to keep pace with.

Not twenty yards away from these precocious young gamblers stands the heart of Amalfi, the grand old cathedral church of Sant’ Andrea, half Saracen, half Lombard, at the top of a long flight of steps on the east side of the piazza. Built near the end of the eleventh century, when Robert Guiscard and his fiery brothers were setting their heels on the necks of the emperors of the Orient, the church is approached by sixty broad stairs of stone, leading to a noble portico of white and black marble, adorned for many years with crumbling columns from Pæstum, that are now removed and stored away in the cloisters. The fine campanile, erected a century later than the main building, still

retains its old Greek spoils from the city of Neptune. In the centre of the portico are the celebrated huge bronze doors from Byzantium, on which, though most of the silver work has been worn away, we can still decipher the jingling inscription that perpetuates the name of their donor: '*Hoc opus fieri jussit pro redemptione animæ suæ Pantaleo filius Mauri de Pantaleone de Mauro de Maurone Comite.*' This same Pantaleone was the eldest of six sons, who, in the words of a chronicler of that time, 'kept himself apart from the wickedness of his people, and walked righteously before God, doing much good at Salerno, lodging in his house all those who were bound on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and providing them with money and all things needful for their journey. He also founded hospitals at Antioch and Jerusalem, and thus spread his fame far and wide, being well spoken of by all men.' The doors are wrought in small panels, containing sacred subjects incised with precious metals.

Inside the building a peculiar feature, which does not immediately catch the eye, is formed by a second aisle on the north side, walled off from the real aisle, but so connected with it by passages as to form what is to all intents and purposes a separate church. In one of these passages stand, one

over the other, two mutilated sarcophagi of very ancient date, one representing the Rape of Proserpine and the other a hymeneal festival, said to be that of Peleus and Thetis, in the presence of the assembled hierarchy of Olympus. A very large antique porphyry vase, formerly used as a font (so says Baedeker), is to be seen in the little old baptistery, from the gate of which the whole interior of the church looks very imposing, with its richly designed old marble columns adorned with mosaic arabesques that lead the eye up to the gaudy gilded roof. In the crypt below is preserved the inestimable treasure of the body (or what there may be left) of S. Andrew, brought here from Constantinople in 1211, and shamefully mutilated two hundred years later by Pius II., who cut off the head and carried it to S. Peter's. On the *festa* of the 26th of June crowds of visitors take the place of the pilgrims who used formerly to come from the neighbouring districts to partake in the benefits of the greasy *manna di Sant' Andrea*, which was wont to exude for the cure of all bodily ailments, and was sold (we may be sure not under cost price) by the clerical authorities. Apparently, however, the saint has exhausted his stock, for now, if you question the sacristan about it, he answers, with a shake of the head, 'Non che più.'

A similar wonder is to be seen in the Cappella di San Michele, on the top of Sant' Angelo, where the sweat of the archangel's effigy, which perspires freely every year on the 1st of August, is collected in cotton wool and sold to the faithful at so much per ounce. To what use it is afterwards put I have not been able to ascertain. Ignoring the irreverence that first prompted the idea of making a living out of the sweat of an angel's brow, I cannot but express my surprise that while the ecclesiastical purveyors of the fraud were about it they did not arrange for the exudation on, say, the 1st of January, instead of in the dog-days—it certainly would have been a shade more miraculous; or even the 1st of April would have precluded the idea of its being possibly due to any natural causes.\*

There is also a colossal bronze statue of the apostle, fashioned by Michelangelo Maccarino, and given to the church by Philip III. of Spain. So far as can be seen by the dim light of a taper, the dropping tears of which are still *en évidence* on the sleeve of my coat, the face is that of an old man deeply worn by suffering and world-weariness.

\* I am reminded of Sir John Maundeville's description of the *myron* exuding from the relics of S. Catharine on Mount Sinai: 'Ther gothe out,' he says, 'a lytelle Oyle as though it were a maner swetynge, that is nouther lyche to Oyle ne to Bawme; but it is fulle swete of smelle.'





GARDEN OF THE CAPPUCINI CONVENT, AMALFI.

*To face p. 215.*

The ‘silent streets’ of the poet I found to be a figment shattered by the sharp cries and general racket in this higgledy-piggledy little city, that made me after awhile glad to seek the quiet seclusion of the Capuchin monastery (with its world-famous view), now a most comfortable hostelry 230 feet above the sea, but built originally for the Cistercians in 1212. In 1583 it was handed over to the Capuchins, and in later times was used as a government naval school.

*‘Lord of vineyards and of lands,  
Far above the convent stands ;  
On its terraced walk aloof  
Leans a monk with folded hands,  
Placid, satisfied, serene,  
Looking down upon the scene,  
Over wall and red-tiled roof ;  
Wondering unto what good end  
All the toil and traffic tend,  
And why all men cannot be  
Free from care and free from pain,  
And the sordid love of gain,  
And as indolent as he.’*

Dismissing the passing thought that so far as regards the indolence I should have made an excellent monk in the good old days, I sit in this enchanting spot and turn over the pages of the Cavaliere Camere’s fascinating ‘Storia d’ Amalfi,’

which reads less like sober history than a brilliant legend aglow with the deeds of a score of heroes whose names the world will not willingly let die. The foundations of her illustrious republic were laid upon the ruins of the Greek empire, at the time when Naples was shaking off the last shackle of her Byzantine masters. The doges of Amalfi were rulers far and wide over the surrounding districts, and the fame of her commerce was in every port in the East—‘*floruit et potens fuit tam in terrestribus quam in marinis,*’ says a chronicler. In 868, when Athanasius, brother of Duke Gregory and bishop of Naples, was shut up by his nephew Sergius in the castle of San Salvatore (now the Castel dell’ Ovo), the men of Amalfi came valiantly to his rescue and routed the Neapolitans and Saracens, and set him free ; for which timely aid Capri and the Siren Isles were added by Louis II. to the possessions of the doges. ‘No city,’ says Gibbon, ‘was more abundantly provided with gold, silver, and the objects of precious luxury. The mariners who swarmed in her port excelled in the theory and practice of navigation and astronomy ; and the discovery of the compass, which has opened the globe, is due to their ingenuity or good fortune. Their trade was extended to the coasts, or at least to the commodities of Africa,

Arabia and India, and their settlements in Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria acquired the privileges of independent colonies. After three hundred years of prosperity Amalfi was oppressed by the arms of the Normans, and sacked by the jealousy of Pisa ; but the poverty of a thousand fishermen is yet dignified by the remains of an arsenal, a cathedral, and the palaces of royal merchants.\*

‘*The time has been  
When, on the quays along the Syrian coast,  
’Twas asked, and eagerly, at break of dawn,  
“What ships are from Amalfi?” when her coins,  
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;  
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,  
And eastward, through Damascus and Cabul  
And Samarcand, to thy great wall, Cathay.’*

Amalfi would for ever deserve the gratitude of mankind at large, and mariners in particular, if she had done nothing but give birth to Flavio

\* The historian is but paraphrasing the testimony of William the Apulian :

‘*Nulla magis locuples argento, vestibus, auro  
Partibus innumeris; hac plurimus urbe moratur  
Nauta maris cœlique vias aperire peritus.  
Huc et Alexandri diversa feruntur ab urbe  
Regis, et Antiochi. Gens hæc freta plurima transit.  
His Arabes, Indi, Siculi nascuntur et Afri.  
Hæc gens est totum prope nobilitata per orbem,  
Et mercando ferens, et amans mercata referre.*

Gioja, not, indeed, the discoverer of the polarity of the magnetic needle, known for many ages previously in the East, but the first to mark the compass-card with its points. The use of the magnetic needle in Europe is mentioned as early as 1190 in a satirical political poem entitled 'La Bible,' written by a Provençal ; and Dante, contemporary with Gioja, sings of the 'needle which points to the star.' But it is to the Amalfitan and none other that western mariners are indebted for the universal use of the compass. 'Prima dedit nautis,' says Beccadelli of Palermo (*circa* 1400), 'usum magnetis Amalphis ;' and Klaproth adds : 'Inventrix præclara fuit magnetis Amalphis.'

In 1131, six years after it had been annexed together with Naples by Roger II. of Sicily, Amalfi was desolated by the men of Pisa—'popolo potentissimo per terra e per mare'—for whom a like and even worse fate was in store a hundred and fifty years later, at the hands of Genoa ; when, after the bloody battle of Meloria, an island cliff near Leghorn, eleven thousand of their citizens were carried to starvation in a Genoese dungeon. 'It is certain,' says Muratori, 'that the greater part of them, by little and little, died of want ; whence arose the saying, *Chi vuol veder Pisa, vada a Genova*—Who would see Pisa, must go to Genoa.

From that battle, and so great loss of her noblest citizens, Pisa could never lift up her head, and went on decaying,' until she bowed to the yoke of Florence. As for Amalfi, her ruin was completed in 1343 by a power more terrible than that of her fierce neighbours. It is from the pen of Petrarch that we have a pathetic narration of the awful catastrophe which brought the city tumbling about the ears of its luckless inhabitants, and cut off for ever by a gigantic landslip the adjoining port of Atrani. In a letter written to Cardinal Colonna on the very next day (November 27, 1343), when the groans of the dying and the disconsolate are still ringing in his ears, the poet-lover of Laura tells how for many days past the whole coast had been in a ferment, through the utterances of a certain bishop, who had predicted that on a certain day the wrath of heaven should fall in punishment upon the people for their sins. So not a few fell to repenting, and 'gave up every other consideration to the grand concerns of religion, imploring the mercy of heaven and its forgiveness of past offences.' Some, however, of the cleverer ones in the community laughed at the predicted doom, putting little faith in what they looked upon as the hallucination of an astrologer; but they were soon to be undeceived. 'As night came on,' says

*A LOTOS-EATER IN CAPRI*

Petrarch, who is relating what took place over the hills in Naples, where he was staying, ‘the sky was more than usually serene. My servant went to bed immediately after supper, while I, for my part, purposed to stay up and watch the setting of the moon in her last quarter, as she hid herself behind the hill of San Martino. Then I stretched myself on my bed and was fast falling asleep, when I was roused by the sound of an earthquake. The casement was burst open, the light in my chamber was extinguished, and the whole house shook to its foundations. Assailed between sleeping and waking by the terror of impending destruction, I ran to the cloisters of the monastery in which I reside, and was met by the abbat with his monks in procession, who, terrified by the tempest, were bearing the holy cross and relics of saints with torches into the church. Inspired with courage, I accompanied them thither, and we all with one accord threw ourselves prostrate on the ground, and with loud uplifted voices implored the divine mercy and forgiveness, expecting every moment that the sacred building would fall and bury us in the ruins. The long night seemed by magic art to be prolonged to twice its actual duration, and when morning came we knew it by the clock rather than by any light in the firmament. The

priests vested themselves for mass, while I, made bold by despair, mounted on horseback, resolved to see for myself, even though I should perish. Who ever heard of such things as I then beheld? In the midst of the port were an infinite number of poor wretches scattered about in the sea and struggling to gain the shore, who, by the violence and fury of the waves, were battered about, till they looked like so many eggs dashed to pieces on the beach. The whole space was strewn with bodies, some with their skulls fractured, others with broken limbs or their bowels gushing out; nor were the screams of men and women less terrific than the uproar of the elements. Soon the dreadful rumour came to our ears that the ground on which we were treading had been undermined by the sea, and was beginning to open. We fled precipitately and saved ourselves; but the spectacle I then witnessed was the most terrible one ever beheld by mortal eyes: the heavens commingled, the sea implacably turbulent, the waves mountains high, and in colour neither black nor blue, but perfectly white like hills of snow, rolling over the whole expanse from Capri to Naples.'

At Amalfi the results were eminently disastrous. A huge mass of mountain rock, on the end of which now stands a quiet cloistered inn, slid from

the heights above and severed Atrani from her twin sister, Atrani that nestles under frowning cliffs, and looks as if it had slipped from out of the deep ravine and paused before taking a final plunge into the sea. Overhead are the picturesque old strongholds of La Scala and San Lazzaro, with Ravello, and Pontone, and a score or more of scattered hamlets dotted like snowflakes along the lower slopes of Monte Cerreto. Down below, in the bend of the bay towards the bold Capo d' Orso, lie vine-clad Minori, and Maiori with its guardian monastery, and San Nicholà, the ruined castle of the Piccolomini. Half hidden away in the town stands the venerable church of San Salvatore di Biretto, with fine antique bronze doors, the gift, like those of Amalfi, of the Panta-leone family, and bearing the date of our William II.'s accession. Here in this diminutive Westminster Abbey, the doges of Amalfi were crowned, and here after much trouble and turmoil many of them were laid to rest.

#### THE RUIN OF AMALFI.

On God's day in Amalfi, at high noon,  
When silence held the quays and archèd ways  
Dappled with shadow, and the sunlit square  
Lay all a-tremble by the moss-clad fount,  
That to the tinkle of its silver feet

## *AMALFI AND THE COAST*

Danced shimmering : in Andrea's stately fane,  
Where over arch and aisle and marbled shrine  
The Sun-god's shafts lay golden, stood a throng  
Of glittering nobles and brown fisher folk,  
And comely maids and matrons, while outrang  
Through echoing walls the passionate voice of one,  
Heaven's minister :

‘ Repent ! ye fools and blind !  
And bow your stubborn hearts, ere swiftly falls  
The bolt sped by His might and majesty  
Whose mercy is outwaried by your sins !  
This morn at yonder altar, as I clasped  
The sacred circle of the living Christ  
In these vile hands, and round me knelt the few  
(How few ye know) who daily bend the knee  
To greet His coming : into my trancèd soul  
There slid a voice that smote not ears of sense,  
Nor moved an echo ; words of dolorous doom,  
Long stayed in mercy by Love's piercèd hands,  
Swept through my brain like moan of sobbing winds  
That chafe and vex the calm of crystal seas.  
No longer I—whose weak voice ye have scorned,  
Hugging your lustful luxuries—but He,  
The Master, speaks, whose wrath perchance your tears  
E'en now may stay : else, ere yon hurrying orb  
Hath three times kissed the ocean's western rim,  
Earth's hungry jaws shall open : at your feet  
Hell's yawning portals belch forth living fires,  
Escapeless, all-devouring : like an autumn leaf  
Amalfi's pride shall fade, and all her ways  
Stand sorrowing. I have said.’

Forth passed the throng  
Back to Life's burning ways, and no more recked  
The preacher's words than as chance water spilled  
Which none need stoop to gather. Here and there

A soul sin-vexed made moan, and some were wroth,  
But most made jest, ‘Poor dreamer ! too much prayer  
And fast have touched him : let us eat and drink  
Lest we too brain-sick grow ! If life be short,  
Why shadow o'er with death ?’ Some, hiding fear,  
Paced where the ‘sliding silver’ of the sea  
Lapped softly round a hundred shining keels,  
And proudly eyed the tapering masts that oft  
Had rocked and strained ’mong breezy isles of Greece,  
In Syrian ports, by burning Tripoli,  
Or Adria’s treacherous sands, or Calpe’s rock.  
‘What might of earth or ocean dares to vex  
Our stout-built galleys ?’ Then with eye upturned  
To the dazzling dome, ‘Tis a fair autumn tide :  
Amalfi sits a queen’—and went their way,  
To count their ducats ere they slept.

That night,

When all men slept save one, the saintly seer,  
Who with blanched lips laid fast to blessed cross  
Through the long hours had prayed and agonized,  
‘Father, if it be possible !’—then fall’n  
Outstretched in voiceless pleadings—as he lay,  
There stole a whisper through the midnight calm,  
That stirred the dry dead vineyards and the leaves  
Of scented lemon groves ; then deepening moved  
The sultry shadows of the purple night,  
Blent with low dropping thunder in the hills,  
And sweeping onset of the rattling host  
Of hail battalions. Through the alarmèd air,  
That throbbed and panted ’neath the envenomed stabs  
Of riving shafts from Heaven’s high armoury,  
Down rushed the shrieking Storm Fiend from his lair  
In Scala’s crags, and lashed Canneto’s flood,  
And churned the sea to snowflakes ; and the earth  
With mighty groan, as when a Titan dies,

Laid bare her vitals to the trembling stars,  
And sank in ruin.

Then leaped forth a cry  
That lordly Capri heard, and Circe's isle,  
And the lone Siren rocks, and Neptune's shrine,\*  
And many a league of startled sea, to where  
Etna's great heart throbbed answer.

And at dawn,  
Where heaps lay thick of bruised and battered men,  
They found the 'dreamer' clinging to his cross,  
Scathless and smiling : but himself had passed  
To where no earthwrought symbol veils the Christ.

\* The temple of Neptune at Paestum.

## CHAPTER X.

## FISHER-KING AND BANDIT.

*'Paupertas ac necessitas ab una parte regnat: altera satietas ac superbia.'*—DION. HALICAR.

To Amalfi, for the last two centuries and a half, the honour has belonged, by popular consent, of having given birth to a very different kind of hero from Flavio Gioja, in the person of Tommaso Aniello, or Mas' Aniello, as he was commonly called,

*'Who slept a fisher lad and woke a king':*

Masaniello, the idol of the unwashed and the autocrat of the gutter, whose meteoric flight from a hovel to a throne, his short shining at the zenith of his power, his woeful sudden extinguishment, give him a place on one of the most fascinating pages of the romance of history. To-day he is the darling of a hundred thousand hearts; before sun-

down to-morrow they will be searching for his fair young head in the castle moat.

As a matter of fact, the nine-days king and bugbear of tyrants was no more born in Amalfi than 'the first slave-driver of the new world' was born in the isle of Corsica. Although the Amalfitans point out his birth-house in Pontone above the city, there is no doubt that he first saw the light in Naples, where in the registers of S. Catarina, in Foro Magno, his name is entered as having been baptized there on June 29, 1620, the son of Cicco d'Amalfi and Antonia Gargano, living in the Vico Rotto.\* The same registers contain the entry of his parents' marriage on February 18, 1620, both inhabitants of Naples—'ambi Napolitani habitano'—a fact which, by a comparison of dates, explains how it was that Tommaso's vindictive royalist foes fastened upon him the opprobrious name of 'un bâtard.' Twenty-one years later there is the record of his marriage with Berardina Pisa on April 25, 1641. He is called Tommaso Aniello d' Amalfi; but the couple are said to be 'ambi Napolitani, habitano a questa parocchia.'

Familiar as the tale is to every schoolboy, I am made bold to skim its stirring episodes once more, in the light thrown upon them by a quaint and

\* A copy of the full entry is given by De Rivaz, p. 83.

curious narrative entitled 'Il Mas' Aniello overo discorse narrativi la Sollevatione di Napoli,' written by one Gabriele Tontoli, and dedicated 'Al Sermo Principe D. Giovanni d'Austria,' with the imprint of 1648.

The Spanish Prorex, or Viceroy, in 1647 was Ponce de Léon, Duke of Arcos, a man under whose oppressive rule the Neapolitans were ground down to the last ducat, notwithstanding the privileges that had been granted by Charles V. to his 'fidelissimo popolo Napolitano.' Things, indeed, in Naples were about as bad as they could be. The governor extorted immense sums from the impoverished people, in order to send worthy presents to his master, Philip—*donativi* resembling those that Henry VIII. wrung from his terrified Parliament—which in nineteen years (1628-1647) reached the enormous sum of a hundred million ducats. Justice there was none: not a magistrate was worth his salt (always an expensive article in Naples); not an official in the service of the State but was a venal wretch who had no loftier ambition than to line his own pockets with sequins—a mere sponge (as was said of some in Vespasian's time) 'sopping up the money of the citizens.' Atrocious taxes were laid upon the working classes by nobles who indulged in the

most wanton acts of arbitrary despotism and set the law at defiance. Matters had reached such a climax that bread, of infinite importance to the Neapolitan *lazzarono*, could only be bought at three times its proper price, and money was scarcely in circulation at all. Unable to get bread, the poor wretches filled their bellies with figs and cucumbers, until one fine morning in July they woke and found that a new *gabella*, or tax, had been laid on all fruit and vegetables. This put the fat fairly in the fire: ‘*Ad extreum sunt populi exitium*,’ says Tacitus, ‘*cum extrema onera eis imponuntur*.’ The hour had come, and also the man, in the person of Masaniello, a mere stripling, ‘*povero, scalzo, e di bassissima condizione*’—in fact, a vendor of fish. Though but young, he was the father of four children, whose mother had been caught in the act of smuggling a handful of meal and thrown into gaol.

Here is a sketch of Masaniello, drawn by one who saw him: ‘He was twenty-four years old [*sic*], and married; full of wit and drollery; of a middling stature, and rather thin than fat; with black eyes, and two little brown moustachios. He wore neither shoes nor stockings, and his dress was composed of short linen trousers, a thick shirt, and a sailor’s red cap. His aspect was beautiful

and animated.' I have had it in my power within the last few days to confirm the veracity of this sketch—at least, so far as regards Masaniello's looks—inasmuch as I have had an opportunity of seeing the only existing representation of him, in the form of a head that has recently been discovered in a *fondaco* in the Pindone quarter in old Naples. It is known that after his death a statue of the popular idol was put up by some of his admirers, and that it was destroyed by fire a few months later, the Spanish authorities fearing lest his counterfeit presentment should rouse the people to fresh acts of unmannerly insurrection. Accordingly the figure was burnt, and the head, which is now in the possession of a gentleman in Capri, alone remained, showing clear traces of fire, and with the left cheek slightly injured. Otherwise it looks none the worse for its burial of more than two hundred years. The face is a fine one, full of character, and there are the 'two little moustachios' and the 'sailor's cap' mentioned by Tontoli—altogether a very interesting relic. But to my tale.

At the annual *festa* of S. Maria del Carmine, held in Naples on July 17, it was the custom for the young men to get up a sham fight in the market-place, one side representing Turks, the

other Christians. The leaders chosen for this year (1647) were Masaniello and a youth called Pione, by whom an *émeute* was secretly planned, which was hastened by the action of the viceroy in imposing the tax on fruit. Full of wrath at the oppressions of his people and his own private wrongs, Masaniello arose like another Moses, and went the round of the fruit-stalls, calling upon every man who groaned under this last straw to meet him in the Mercato on the next day, and demand the repeal of the *gabella*. Not to be turned from his purpose by a few halting concessions at the hands of the 'eletto del popolo,' he went on with his agitation, and swore not to rest till he was swinging from a gibbet, or till oil was sold in the city at a farthing a measure, meat at threepence a pound, and wine at two grains the bottle; which, says my author, were the exact prices that ruled in Naples during the following year. Masaniello's next practical step was the enrolment of a couple of thousand sturdy young fellows, whom he armed with sticks, with which they set to work to good purpose at a festival held in the church wherein lie the remains of Conradin, last scion of the Hohenstaufens, and close to the entrance of which the body of Masaniello himself was in a few days to be buried.

The authorities appeared on the scene, but got the worst of it; and the crowd, inflamed by a speech from Masaniello, set fire first to the tax-office in the market, and then to every similar building in the city, crying out always: ‘Long live the King, and death to all bad governments!’ Coming at length to the Castel dell’ Ovo, the residence of the viceroy, they demanded an audience, which the cowed satrap gave them through a window, promising a repeal of some of the obnoxious imposts. But the time had gone by for half-measures, and the motley mob came to closer quarters by forcing a way into the castle through the Spanish and German guards, and reached the duke’s apartment just as he was in the act of escaping to the church of San Luigi. They surrounded and hustled him, and so far succeeded in terrifying him that he lisped out a solemn promise to give them what they wanted; upon which the volatile ragamuffins fell on their knees before him, and while they scrambled for a handful of sequins he took the opportunity of putting himself at a safe distance up in Sant’ Elmo. At his wits’ end to know how to quiet the audacious youth who was at that moment *de facto* his master, Ponce de Léon drew up a document, which he sent the Duke of Monteleone to read to the people. One

can imagine how their fury rose to boiling-point when they discovered that the Spaniard had gone back from his word. He had put himself beyond their reach, so all they could do they did : they rolled the poor duke in the dust, after which they rushed down into the city, threw open the prisons, burnt some suspected houses, compelled the soldiers to give up their arms, and finally made a formal proclamation of the fisherman of Amalfi as the 'Capo del popolo.' 'Then,' says our emotional author, 'there ensued a scene that I cannot call to memory without a shudder. The bells all over the city rang loudly to arms, and on every side sounded the discharge of firearms and the shouts of the people.'

That night Masaniello posted guards in the city to frustrate any interference from the troops ; and on the next morning, when fruit which had never been handled by the exciseman was being freely hawked in the market, the viceroy sent a propitiatory message to him telling him that all he asked had been now granted. But Masaniello, knowing his strength, now asked for more, and planted cannon at the head of each of the principal streets. The archbishop Filomarini then came to the front with his priests, intending to have recourse to processions in order to distract the

people ; but Masaniello briefly told him he had better keep his clergy at home, seeing that blood was up, and he could not answer for their safety. He was pleased also to add that they were at liberty to pray away as much as they liked in the churches. Meanwhile, poor Duke d'Arcos, now shut up in the Castel Nuovo by the port, began to run short of food, which for anyone but a *lazzarono* is a very dreadful thing. He despatched a boat to Sorrento for supplies, but it fell into the hands of the people, and his troubles were further increased by the news that reinforcements of troops from Capua and Caserta had been disarmed by the mob. In vain were all sorts of negotiations bandied about between the viceroy and the archbishop on the one part, and Masaniello on the other. They all came to nothing, as, indeed, Masaniello himself was very near doing ; for he found out that Perroni, one of his most trusted confederates, was a renegade of the deepest dye. Being seized by the furious multitude, the wretch, after full confession of his misdeeds, was beheaded in the market-place, and so an end was put to his pretty plot of blowing up a part of the city with 15,000 pounds of powder, 'by which a hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children would have been blown into the air, besides the numerous

edifices, sacred and profane, situated thereabout.' We need not blame, though we may not commend, the people for accepting the belief that the Spaniards were at the bottom of this bit of devilry, or for their renewed determination to reduce the viceroy to their will. Knowing that the stomach rules the world, and that their foe was already on short commons, they now proceeded, with all the *sang froid* of a water-company, to cut off his water supply.

It was now the fifth day of topsy-turvydom, and Masaniello was on the highest pinnacle of power, with a thousand willing hands eager to execute his lightest order. So far, all was well with him. He kept a cool head, and directed affairs with singular prudence and moderation, and a stern regard for imperial interests as distinguished from the atrocious travesty of local government from which he had revolted. Next day the thinning and thirsting viceroy, now within measurable distance of raging famine, gave in to all the popular demands, and signed a treaty dictated by Masaniello. At two in the afternoon the archbishop met Masaniello at the church, where the new treaty was read and *Te Deum* sung amid wild manifestations of rejoicing. Then Masaniello, mounted on 'un generoso cavallo,' preceded the cardinal towards

the castle ; and on reaching the Piazza del Municipio (then much less spacious than now) he turned and addressed the frantic crowd, bidding them repeat after him the names of their three masters, God, Blessed Mary, and the King of Spain. Then he went on : ‘ I should never have put off my sailor’s habit but for the archbishop. I have fished up your liberty out of the rough waters of this poor, troubled city, and I shall go back to sell fish without keeping aught for myself. One thing I ask and entreat of you : that, when I am dead, you will each one say an *Ave* for the rest of my soul. Will you promise me?—will you, will you?’ he cried eagerly again and again ; and they answered with great shouts. Surely very pathetic words from such lips on that bright summer day in the great fretting heart of Naples. Then in deeper tones : ‘ I go now to see his Excellency *faccia a faccia*. In an hour I shall be with you again, or at latest by the rising of the sun. If I come not, if when the day dawns I am not with you, know ye that I am betrayed, and that my blood will cry out at your hands ! Consume the whole city with fire ! Spare none and naught ! Promise me this !’ And again went up the sibilant roar, the people pledging themselves to revenge him ; for their heads were turned pretty much as his was.

The lad then fell at the feet of the viceroy and implored his clemency, but the Spaniard (thoroughly tamed by hunger) raised him and ‘embraced him several times.’ Then the viceroy not being able to hear the sound of his own voice for the tumultuous acclamations of the people, at a signal from Masaniello a great hush fell instantly over all, to the great wonderment of the duke, who was amazed at his adding a third miracle to Pliny’s two, the silence of a woman and a cicada.\* Masaniello was then declared to be Captain-General of the city, with the title of ‘Most Illustrious,’ and was presented with a massive chain of gold ; after which he returned in the cardinal’s carriage to his own house, and the next morning was soon immersed in the administration of affairs of state. He must have had a busy time of it : ‘for,’ says Tontoli, ‘to describe the deliberations and discourses and designs and incidents of Masaniello during these days one would need a river of ink, and would have to plough, not without shipwreck, a sea of falsehood on all sides.’

But he had reached the turning-point in his strange career. His brain suddenly gave signs of

\* *Muta cicada pro miraculo est ; quod ipsum genus sit garrulum : sic magis admiramus et silentium in foemina ; quod ipsum genus mutabile sit et loquax.*—*Pliny, H.N., xi. 27.*

being overmastered by the giddy height on which he stood ; he set noblemen swinging in the market place, became undecided, would give an order one hour and countermand it the next, and soon made it clear to his comrades that the simple champion of their wrongs had developed into a full-blown tyrant. His brother-in-law confessed him mad, and threatened that if he did not mend his ways he would stab him with his own hand. Forty-eight hours before ten thousand hearts had followed him, as ‘the heaped waters of the Atlantic follow the moon’—now he had scarcely a friend. But he went on, till he ‘per l’infinito sue pazzie e superbia’ became obnoxious to the people ; he offended everybody ‘con parole pungenti,’ rode furiously about the crowded streets, thrashed a venerable citizen with a stick, sent the heads of inoffensive folk rolling in dozens along the gutters, or stuck them round his car, and finished up the day by flinging himself into the sea, crying out that his brain was on fire, as no doubt, poor lad ! it was. And when he was pulled out (as the issue went, it would have been more merciful to let the kind waves suck his life), those who had loved him best began to fall away from him and to compass his imprisonment. But next day the end came sooner than they looked for it. As he was leaning over

a balcony, heat-stricken and distraught, with head bared to catch the breath of the evening breeze from the bay, four men entered the room and shot him ; a passing butcher cut off his head, which was stuck on a pole and carried round the town, to the tune of ‘Masaniello is dead ! Long live the King of Spain !’ Then it was flung into the castle moat. The bubble had burst ; the wand of the ill-starred magician was broken. The brimming flood on which he had been whirled over bound and barrier to the steps of a throne had rolled back and left him stranded and alone. He had struck a chord that vibrated through a city ; but the sounding echo which had filled his boyish soul with triumph was now but a thin wailing in the far distance. The fisherman of Amalfi had lived a lifetime of heroism in ‘one crowded hour,’ an hour in which each beating of his pulse was a blow struck at the fetters of liberty. Was there ever, think you, a more pitiful commingling of heroics and hysterics ?

When he was dead a reaction came, and having fished up his head, they laid it with his body, and set it upon a purple-vested bier, with a crown of laurel, and a sceptre in his hand, and carried him from end to end of Naples, amid the doleful lamentations of the people for whom (may I not say it ?) he had died ; and they buried him where you may see

a tall broken slab of marble by the door of Santa Maria del Carmine, near the Mercato ; and all that is left of him is the dry record in the church book, ‘ 16 Luglio 1647. Tommas’ Aniello d’Amalfi, marito di Berardina Pisa, passò della presente vita et fu sepolto al Carmine.’

From Atrani a good road winds up along the ravine of the Dragone, by walls draped with maidenhair, to the lofty old town of Ravello, that once numbered its people by scores of thousands, but is now given over to semi-desolation. The cathedral of S. Pantaleone, in which in 1156 the haughty Nicholas Brakespear, Adrian IV., said mass before six hundred nobles, is of extreme interest, with its fine bronze-figured doors in fifty-four compartments, the gift in 1179 of Sergio Muscettola and his wife Sigelgaita. On the south side of the nave is a superb ambo on six spiral columns, with a medallion of the donor. Opposite is a pulpit adorned with a realistic delineation of the wayward Jonah’s hazardous adventures.\*

An excellent lunch may be had at the Pension Palumbo, of which the *salle-à-manger* was once the bishop’s chapel. Then the ancient palace of Nicholà Rufalo, Duke of Sora, should be seen, with its Saracenic cloisters and carven fern leaves, and

\* See the cover of this volume.

haunting memories of the mediæval kings and pontiffs who once found a home within its walls. Then, by the steep rocky path, à l'escalier, a descent may be made down the cool eastern face of the mountain, and so through a wealth of lemons to the most charming Hôtel Torre, beyond Minori, where, just cheerfully tired, I find a bed that woos me to delicious repose, lulled by the splash of the salt sea waves a hundred feet below.

The next day betimes I tear myself from the society of Soldini, most courteous of hosts, and tramp on eastwards past the Capo d'Orso, the scene of a fierce sea-fight between the French under Filipino Doria and the fleet of Charles V. under Don Hugo de Monçada; past Erchie, the site of a temple to Hercules, and the old pirates' nest of Cetara, that now gives shelter to nothing more desperate than anchovies, and so through dull Vietri to duller Salerno,

‘*Where on each hand the shore puts forth a wing  
And clasps the bay with headlands?*’

Here, as at Amalfi, the departed glories of the once-renowned school of medicine are hidden away almost beyond recognition. The streets (I do but speak as I found them) are unattractive, and the sea-front looks tame after the loveliness I have left behind me. The harbour in which, 800 years ago,

Roger of Sicily cast anchor with his galleys, and extorted an oath of fidelity from the nobles, is now little more than a lagoon half choked with sand ; along the margin of which runs the Corso Garibaldi, or Marina, laid out with flower-beds and pepper-trees, and the usual appallingly cold marble seats, and with an absolutely ridiculous statue of Carlo Pisacana, the '*precursore di Garibaldi*'.

There is no disguising the fact that Salerno, with 'Ichabod' on its brow, is a desperately, not to say an intolerably, dull place of sojourn. Were it not for its history, and for the accident that it lies on the road to wonderful Pastum, few, I imagine, would ever pay it a second visit. Of the past there is abundance to meditate upon. From yonder old Lombard citadel 900 feet up in the air, under whose walls Robert Guiscard received his death-wound, down to the stones of the crumbling mole, there is not a rood without its cluster of withered memories that carry us to stormy times when Salerno had much to do with the making of history in these parts. For of old she was the very '*fons medicinæ*,' as Petrarch called her, a city in which, according to Gibbon, 'in the intercourse of peace and war a spark of knowledge had been kindled and cherished. Here,' he adds, 'was a school, the first that arose in the

darkness of Europe, consecrated to the healing art ; and a crowd of patients of the most eminent rank and most distant climates visited it.' It was 'an illustrious city in which the men were honest and the women beautiful,' according to the testimony of William the Apulian :

*'Urbs Latii non est hac delitiosior urbe;  
Frugibus, arboribus, vino redundat; et unde  
Non tibi poma, nuces, non pulchra palatia desunt,  
Non species muliebris abest probitasque virorum.'*

Of all those stirring wealthy times the only remaining mark is the cathedral of San Matteo, entered through a spacious peristyle girt with ancient columns brought by Guiscard from Pæstum, and sarcophagi of heroes whose names together with their deeds have long since passed into oblivion. Here, again, are bronze doors of the famed Byzantine work, which once, no doubt, were richly beautiful, but now, like everything else around, look faded and time-worn. Inside is a queer jumble of all sorts of pagan and Christian relics, from the body of the apostolic 'publican' to a posse of dancing bacchanals. The two ambones, the screen, and the archiepiscopal throne, decorated with superb mosaic work, were put here by Giovanni of Procida, the bitter foe of the Angevine Charles. To the right of the high altar

is the tomb of Cardinal Carafa—‘cui libertas ecclesiastica cordi fuit’—and hard by is the last resting-place on earth of the fiery Hildebrand, the founder of the papal monarchy, and the guest in Salerno of Robert Guiscard, who survived him but two months. On the tomb of the great pontiff is the inscription, with the date of his death (May 25, 1085) :

‘Gregorio vii Soanen. Pont. Opt. Max.

Eccl. libert. vindici acerrimo assertori constantiss. qui dum Rom. Pont. autoritatem adversus Henrici perfidiam strenue tuctur. Salerni sancte decubuit.

In 1578, when the sepulchre was restored by archbishop Colonna, the body arrayed in its pontifical vestments was found in perfect condition after its long sleep of five hundred years. A few more tombs and marbles, some pictures, a handsome theatre, and an exhilarating *vino d' Irni*, exhaust the attractions of Salerno, and it is without a sigh, except at the size of my hotel bill, that I turn my back upon the place, once the scene of the exploits of many bold brigands, who have in these degenerate days adopted the less trenchant rôle of hotel-keepers.

Foremost in defiance of the law and in his contempt of danger was Michele Pezza, better known as Fra Diavolo, who for many years at the

end of the last century kept his name up as a terror to all travellers among the hills that stretch from Vesuvius to Salerno. He was the eldest of the seven sons of a stocking-maker, from the restraints of which honest but unromantic industry Master Michele broke away at the age of sixteen, and tramped off to where the famous Scarpi and his bandits were encamped in the woods above Castellammare. The robber-chief received the lad kindly, and upon his earnest entreaties admitted him as a member of the felonious brotherhood, who, according to the *Giornale dei Tribunali* of that date, were just then ‘bringing desolation to the surrounding places.’ Pezza soon won his spurs by the dexterous audacity with which he planned and carried out the capture of a celebrated gold statue of the Madonna, which was the boast and pride of the convent of Santa Marta, among the hills above Vico Equense. Scarpi had long set his heart upon making himself master of this trophy, but had repeatedly been foiled through the vigilance of its custodians. Unable to lay hands upon it by stratagem, he resolved at length to seize it by force, but at the last moment was deserted by his band, who would have nothing to do with cutting the throats of priests and nuns. Michele Pezza, however, was not to be gainsaid,

and, disguising himself as a novice, he presented himself before the Mother Superior, who, according to the usual custom, shut him up in solitude for three days that he might prepare himself by prayer and fasting for admission into the order. It chanced to be in the autumn of the year, when the peasants from the country round brought in their tithes and offerings after an abundant harvest, and when, as a consequence, the community was somewhat disturbed from the wonted routine of its quiet daily life by many coming and going. This was all in favour of the young traitor, who, after dark, managed to find his way into the chapel, laid hands on the statue, and concealed it for safety under the straw in an ox-cart. He then informed the good mother that he had mistaken his vocation, and, leaving the convent, hastened to put Scarpi on the track of the owner of the cart as he was returning to his home at Fornacelle. All went well for the brigands, and the statue was carried off, to the immense consternation of the neighbourhood and the glorification of Pezza, who soon afterwards, when Scarpi had been shot by a company of gendarmes, was unanimously elected leader of the band and christened Fra Diavolo, a name by which he was ever afterwards known.

His raids soon grew so destructive that a perfect

reign of terror set in. No sooner did the poor countryfolk hear that he was at hand than they fled for dear life, leaving their goods and chattels at his mercy. The government offered a reward of 400 ducats for his head, and sent bodies of troops, who searched the hills in every direction, but with no result beyond that of adding daily to Fra Diavolo's feats of daring rapine. Again and again death stared him in the face, but he never failed to extricate himself by his coolness and audacity. On one occasion, disguised as a Calabrian peasant, he stopped at a small inn near Castellammare and ordered supper. He was hardly seated, when four ragamuffins of sinister aspect came in, and soon made it plain to the keen eyes and ears of the brigand that they knew who he was. He went on eating, however, and when he had finished his meal pulled his cloak round him and pretended to go to sleep. Then his companions talked less guardedly, and Pezza soon learnt that they were cut-throats who had made up their minds to murder him. After awhile he woke up and went off to bed, taking good care, however, to sleep with his weather-eye open, a precaution which was fully justified by the stealthy entrance at midnight of the four desperadoes, one of whom held a shaded light while the others

gathered softly round him dagger in hand. Another moment and the deed would have been done, had not the sleeper jumped up from the bed and, blowing the brains of the foremost out with his pistol, shouted, ‘Villains! do you think Fra Diavolo can be killed like a sheep?’ Frightened out of their wits, the others fled, tumbling over the terrified *padrone*, who, we may be sure, was glad at any price to get rid of his gruesome guest.

Another adventure was of a more comical kind. The robber chief, being in Salerno, went into a barber’s shop, where he sat down and waited for the return of the proprietor, who chanced to be out. In a moment or two in walked a captain of gendarmes, who, thinking Fra Diavolo was the barber, ordered him to shave his chin, and be quick about it. The bandit, nothing loth, at once set to work, loosening his dagger with one hand, while with the other he wrapped the unsuspecting officer up in a napkin and proceeded to give him a good lathering. Then, just as he took the razor in hand, in came the barber in a state of wild excitement, and crying out breathlessly: ‘Captain, captain! what do you think? They have caught him! Here—here in the city, they have found Fra Diavolo!’ The captain, hugely delighted, was only able to splutter out through the midst of a mouthful of soapsuds which Fra Diavolo at that

moment adroitly thrust between his teeth, ‘ Per Bacco ! then we have him at last !’

‘ Not yet,’ quietly put in the robber, as he gave his foe an agonizing tweak of the nose ; ‘ not too fast, my friend ; at this moment you are in Fra Diavolo’s hands !’

The luckless captain, at whose throat gleamed that uncomfortable-looking razor, looked at him with dismay, not daring to move a muscle ; but Pezza had no intention of murdering him in cold blood. All he did was to strip him of his uniform, and to lash him fast to the chair with some shaving-towels round his limbs, and another stuffed into his mouth, after which he did the same to the barber. He then coolly arrayed himself in the official habiliments of his victim, mounted his horse, and cantered off down the street, ‘ *beato della sua prodezza.* ’

For some years after this narrow shave the government was too much taken up with its own difficulties to worry its head about the bandit, who practically had the whole of that part of the country at his mercy. But when the French came to Naples, General Partouneaux was ordered to capture him at all costs, and after a complete rout of his band by Colonel Hugo in October, 1806, the chief wandered about alone, hoping by luck to find an English ship in which he might get

away to Sicily. But in this he failed, and on going into the hamlet of Baronisi, near Eboli, to buy a pair of shoes, he was recognised, and carried first to Salerno and then to Naples. When brought to trial, during which he was allowed the aid of Signor Marini, a famous advocate of that time, he set up as a defence that he had acted throughout in the pay of Sir Sidney Smith, by whose orders it was that he had done his best to promote confusion and anarchy. Whatever credence his judges may have placed in the ‘*accento della verità e l’aria avvilita di questo sciagurato (rogue)*’—and the report from which I draw these facts leads me to suppose that they by no means discredited him—it was obviously out of the question that so unpatriotic a plea could wipe out the stain of his manifold misdeeds, and Fra Diavolo was sentenced to be hanged on the following day. His mother, who had not set eyes upon him for thirty years, threw herself at Murat’s feet and implored his clemency. The King received her kindly, but said he could not interfere. Accordingly the next afternoon her son was taken to the same Piazza del Mercato in which Masaniello had lighted the flame of insurrection, and there paid the penalty of his crimes in the presence of an immense concourse of people, who, ever cruelly curious, feasted

their eyes far into the night upon the poor carcase of him whose deeds, for so many years a terror to his fellows, have been again and again harmlessly revived in the domain of art by the ‘fecunda immaginazione di poeti, di romanzieri, e di maestri di musica.’

Retracing my steps from Salerno over the mile and a half that leads into Vietri, and crossing the bridge there over the pretty ravine, I turn off to the right up some steps that lead to the village of Molina, and so skirting the base of Monte S. Liberatore, and winding through an exquisitely beautiful valley, I come to the ancient city of La Cava de’ Tirreni.



CHURCH AT RAVELLO.

## CHAPTER XI.

## LA CAVA AND ABOUT.

*'Men are we, and must grieve when e'en the shade  
Of that which once was great is passed away.'*

LA CAVA DE' TIRRENI, Cava of the Etruscans, lies in the lovely Valle Metelliana, twenty-eight miles from Naples and five from Nocera de' Pagani,\* and is a city of no mean mushroom growth. No town can be denied the style and title of a *città antichissima* that boasts of a foundation dating back 3,500 years, at which time the Tyrrhenians are said to have settled here and given to the place the name of Marcina. For the next one thousand years its annals are a blank ; but in b.c. 650, or thereabouts, it was occupied by Greeks, in 422 by Samnites, and in 307 by

\* Lucera was the first and Nocera the second Mohammedan colony on the mainland of Italy ; hence the appellation 'dei Pagani.' Here died Helena, wife of Manfred, and Beatrice, wife of the Angevine Charles I.

Romans, who changed its name to Metellianum. In A.D. 466 the town was sacked by Genseric and his Vandals, and became known thenceforward as Cava, from the Cava Metelliana, or Grotta Arsicia, a cavern in the Monte Finestra that overhangs the present monastery. It was not until our own day, in 1862, that an official decree was promulgated, declaring the full and proper designation of the city to be, in commemoration of its venerable origin, La Cava de' Tirreni.

And La Cava has a second boast, in the possession of a church that owes its existence to nothing less than a direct interposition of the higher powers. I do but tell the tale as 'twas told to me, and accept it implicitly, having long ago renounced the profitless occupation of pricking bubbles. In all such cases one can only say with the reverent Tertullian, 'Credo quia impossibile.' Somewhere about the year one—a century or two can make no difference—as a couple of shepherd lads were watching their flocks under the stars, they were awed by a brilliant light shining in the midst of an elm-tree, and playing about a picture of the Virgin hanging from the boughs. The terrified pair set off, like those others to Bethlehem, and hastened to make known the wonder to the monks in the neighbouring monastery. In those days the

community was a small and not wealthy one, and it chanced that at that particular moment the monks themselves were, like the picture, very much 'up a tree' for want of cash. With the astuteness of their kind, they saw in the simple shepherds' tale an admirable opportunity for recruiting their coffers ; and going forth with joy, they beheld, sure enough, the holy picture still pendent in the tree. Laying reverent hands upon it, they bore it with singing of psalms up the hill to the monastery, and deposited it safely in the highest place of honour amid their treasures, where it remained during the following day. But the next night while men slept it vanished mysteriously. High and low search was made for it, and for any traces of the thief who had committed so desperate an act of sacrilege. The picture had evanished as completely as the archiepiscopal ring at Rheims ; and with stricken hearts and blighted hopes the monks resigned themselves to their loss. But they were speedily to be comforted. Breathless the shepherds came rushing back with the news that there was the light in the self-same tree illuminating the glories of the self-same picture. What is the use of asking 'How it was done'? I am concerned but with facts, and can only record that once more the worthy brethren sought to

control its vagaries by placing the picture a second time within their walls. But they might as well have sought to set a sunbeam in durance vile ; for the presentment by an unknown artist showed a persistent disinclination to stay indoors, and day after day, as surely as it was brought home, so surely did it find its way back at nightfall to its perch in the elm-tree. It became a serious question whether it would be polite to interfere with its future movements ; and after solemn council held, the monks came very properly to the conclusion that they had better leave it alone, and build a shrine in its honour, and make it comfortable, and admit the public at so much per head, to the edification of the faithful and the substantial augmentation of their own revenues. So they erected in due course a lordly but barn-like church, which to this day may be seen at the east end of the town of La Cava, bearing its dedication boldly upon its front, '*Ad virginis de ulmo effigiem colendam*,' perhaps the only church in the world dedicated to a prehistoric daub. It is gratifying to know that the anticipations of the good fathers were realized to the full ; the town soon grew apace from the presence of multitudes who thronged from all parts, and the monastic treasury suffered no diminution.

The other attractions of the city thus early immortalized are not numerous. La Cava has one long, very long, and rather picturesque street, with arcaded houses after the manner of Berne and Bologna. It boasts also, in official language which may not be gainsaid, ‘un beau théâtre et une villa municipale’ (public garden), the former, outwardly at any rate, an improvement upon the building I remember there years ago, that was for all the world like a spacious loft fitted up with straw-seated chairs with precarious backs, and a few benches, like many of their occupants, with no visible means of support. I have never seen a performance on the Cava stage, and should have doubted whether there had ever been one but for the indubitable evidence of a much-tattered playbill fluttering on the wall, on which a few lines were still legible stating that the price of a *sedia chiusa* in the orchestra-stalls was eight sous, and that a seat in the backless *platea*, or pit, could be secured for four, and standing room in the gallery for two. There is no lack of churches containing nothing in particular, except the high altar in that dedicated to the ‘anime del purgatorio,’ some way down the street on the right. The cathedral, in a piazza by the public garden, is plain and spacious, and when I saw it last was thronged by a great

multitude of sightseers at the ceremony of feet-washing on Maundy Thursday. Beyond these things I know of nothing to detain one in the town ; but there is a great deal on all sides to take one out of it, for it lies in the heart of a very beautiful valley, surrounded by the Sant' Angelo range, with Monte Finestra, La Croce, the peaked Liberatore, and the Aria del Grano, the highest peak in this Surrentine peninsula.

La Cava, monastery and all, can easily be visited from Naples in a day. Lunch may be taken at the quaint Albergo Scapolatiella, just outside the monastery ; but as La Trinità is shown to strangers in the forenoon only, it is better to go the evening before, and sleep either at Scapolatiella's or at the Pension Suisse in Cava, kept by Mdme. Gottraux, most motherly of hostesses. For those who like them, there are other and finer hotels in the town, at one of which I had a curious experience when I was prowling about among April showers in search of lunch. It was close upon noon as I went up a pretty rose-draped avenue to where the house stood curtained off from the world behind a glory of wistaria ; and greeted only by a jaded dog, that skulked off round a corner in order, as I mistakenly imagined, to arouse the inmates, I stepped over the threshold to be greeted,

as I fondly hoped, by a smiling *padrone* and an obsequious staff of slaves. Not a bit of it. A funereal silence held the place, which was apparently deserted by all things living. Here was the secretary's office, and there the porter's den, but neither porter nor secretary was to be seen or heard. I went upstairs amid a silence broken only by my own heart-beats, and passed nomadically through smoke-room and reading-room, and dived into bedrooms and explored corridors, in the hope, which grew fainter every moment, of bringing some live vestige of creation on to the scene. Signs of recent occupation lay all around me. A clothes-brush, certainly not of Tyrrhenian date, lay on a table as if it had just been thrown down ; here a book lay open, there a newspaper of yesterday ; but of moving animate life I saw no trace. After awhile a strange guilty feeling crept over me, and I began to feel ill at ease. There was something felonious in thus stealing at noonday about another fellow's house, who might at any moment meet me and accuse me of reading his love-letters, or pilfering his notepaper, or using his toothpicks. So I again sought the lower regions, caring naught if I could but light upon the room where at that hour of the day I might reasonably hope that some signs of breakfast would be *en évidence*. But I

never found it, and at length I did the only thing possible: I went out, as I had come in, amazed and greatly wondering. As to the direction in which the dining-room lay, and whose that dog was that now barked no more, having probably died of a broken heart, I never knew, and I know not now. Possibly some future explorer may be able to learn the truth. It was a small adventure, perhaps the smallest that has ever been chronicled; but it struck me at the time as very funny, because it does not take much to amuse a lotos-eater, and because the hotel in question is to Cava what the Métropole or the Grand is to the city of Westminster.

Half an hour's walk up through a bit of veritable Italian Switzerland—‘a Swiss valley with the air and surroundings of South Italy’—brought me to the little village of S. Arcangelo and the chapel of La Pietra Santa, before which lies outstretched an enchanting panorama over hill and dale, from the edge of Vesuvius to the temple of Neptune at Pæstum. Along the opposite slopes above the Cappuccini convent are scattered many little thin white towers, looking like sentry-boxes, used for the *caccia de' colombi*, or pigeon hunt—a sport to which the folk in these parts are greatly addicted, and the annual inauguration of which,

on October 5 (the Cavese 'twelfth'), is the occasion of much merry-making in the kiosk, or *pagliajo*, of the Arco club. The 'hunt' consists of throwing small white pebbles from the towers into the midst of the flocks of wild birds as they make for the woods, and then flinging nets over them as they alight in search of the fancied food, which is just about an Italian's idea of sport. But the nett result is good, for I must confess that the Cava pigeons, when stewed, are about the best in the world.

There are, however, tales of fiercer warfare to absorb me, as I stand on a spot that in historic associations is second to none in all the old kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Inside the little church of the 'Holy Rock' the eye is drawn to a railing in the midst before the high altar, surrounding a fragment of bare living rock that rises through the floor to the height of about two feet. On that stone in the year 1092 the impetuous Urban II. set foot when he alighted from his mule on his way to the monastery, saying to the concourse of cardinals and prelates round him that the rest of the way which lay between them and the basilica (which he had come hither to consecrate) was *santa terra*, and that none must traverse it save with bare feet. This he said 'calling to mind

the names of so many venerable men' who had lived the lives of saints in the neighbouring grotto. In 1616 the church was adorned with three altars, over the chief one of which hangs a picture of the blessed Urban, with San Pietro, one of the abbats.

Here, too, eight centuries ago, when that stone still lay uncovered to the sky, Boemond preached the first crusade for the redemption of Jerusalem from the infidels ; Boemond, elder son of Aberarda, and that Norman, Robert Guiscard, who ten years before had wrested Hildebrand from the hands of his foes, and left the Forum and the Coliseum a heap of ruins. That was a stirring time, for all Europe from Po to Picardy was in commotion. The nations of the West were going forth as one people in countless swarms beneath the banner of the cross, to burn Jews alive in their synagogues, and to stain with blood those holy places to which they came to kneel in adoration. It chanced that Boemond, fresh from the fields of Durazzo and Larissa, was quartered up here with a band of rough soldiery to overawe the turbulent men of Amalfi, and his soul caught fire at the tidings which reached his ear. At Clermont, in the presence of a round dozen of archbishops and twelvescore lesser prelates—‘viri’ (says Baldric, who was there) ‘potentes et honorati innumeri’—

Urban had been proclaiming plenary indulgence, absolution from all sin, and a full receipt for all that might be due of canonical penance—‘*novum salutis genus*,’ as Guibert slightly calls it—to all who should take up the mission of the *croce-signati*. It needed but a word from their captain to set this hillside in the *Corpo di Cava* ringing with the echo of the Clermont shout of ‘*Deus vult!*’ and in that moment of wild excitement, as Boemond plucked his red mantle from his shoulders, tore it to cross-shaped shreds, and gave to each warrior the emblem of lowly suffering and high endeavour, the feuds and follies of earth were forgotten, and all mundane attractions sank into nothingness. The thought that swayed that little company of fanatics here at Pietra Santa was the same thought that had kindled the fiery soul of Hildebrand, who had lain in his grave at Salerno for ten years when Urban, with the help of Conrad, drove his rival Guibert from Rome, and sought vainly to rouse a holy war at Piacenza. He failed, as Victor had failed before him, because he lacked the skill to strike the right chord in the ears of an apathetic Italy. It was not enough that such an enterprise should be launched with the sanction of ecclesiastics ; it needed also to be floated out into deep water on the floodtide of popular sympathy ;

and that tide did not begin its flowing until a certain memorable day some eight months later, when, outside the church of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont, in Auvergne, Urban lashed his hearers to frenzy by an impassioned harangue. He threw no veil over the perils that lay in the path. But what were hardships, wounds, or death, save things to be eagerly embraced for the salvation of the soul? ‘Go, then!’ he cried—‘go on your errand of love, which will put out of sight all the ties that bind you to the spots which you call your homes. Your homes they are not. For the Christian all the world is a place of exile, at the same time that all the world is his country. They who die will enter the mansions of the blessed; the living shall pay for their errors before the sepulchre of their Lord. Blessed are they,’ he went on, ‘who, taking this vow upon them, shall obtain such a recompense! Happy they who are led to such a conflict, that they may share in such rewards!’

As there rose a great roar of response, and shouts of ‘**DIEX EL VOLT!**’ in their Limousin tongue rang through the air, he flung them back their own word. ‘Yea! it is the will of God, and let those words be your war-cry face to face with His enemies and yours! Are ye not the soldiers

of the cross? Then wear on your hearts the blood-red symbol of Him Who died to save your souls !'

Peter the Hermit, emaciated by the austeries of self-discipline, had come back from Syria with a heart fired by the cruelties he had witnessed, and had set the lands beyond the Alps all afame with his strong words. Going out from the presence of Urban with the pontifical benediction resting on him, bareheaded and unsandalled, riding upon an ass with the cross uplifted in his hand, the diminutive and ungainly eremite had been rousing the Teutonic peoples and awaking everywhere the fire of that uncontrollable wrath which was consuming his own soul. Three hundred thousand men flocked out after him, for the enterprise to which he called them was not wholly one of unselfish endeavour, seeing that the waters of Jordan could wash away every crime, and to wear the red cross was to ensure the everlasting remission of sin. We know how the hosts of Latin Christendom gathered to break off the yoke of Islam, headed by noble knights of fame. Just at that moment the most puissant sovereigns of Europe seem to have had their hands full of other matters. The Emperor Henry IV. hung back; Philip of France—'le chef de tous les rois

Chrétiens'—was pleasure-hunting ; William Rufus was sick of the sword ; Spain was frying a kettle of fish with the Moors ; Scot and Dane and cold-blooded Swede did not catch the infection. But the sturdiest captains of the age went eastward : Godfrey of Bouillon, the accomplished scion of Charlemagne's house ; and easy-going Robert of Normandy, fated to breathe his last in a Cardiff dungeon ; and Robert of Flanders, the 'sword and lance of the Christians' ; and silver-tongued Count Stephen of Chartres, the richest prince in Europe ; and old Raymond of Toulouse, with 160,000 men at his back ; and Tancred, the 'very perfect gentle knight' ; and Boemond, his cousin, Prince of Taranto, who lies buried by the brawling Aufidus. Strange and wild men were those Red Cross knights, with an odd jumbling of intensely selfish aims and blunted moral sense, with illimitable enterprise and courage inextinguishable, and hearts aglow with all a prophet's reverence for that world from which they drew the inspiration of their noble mission. We must no more measure them by their multitudinous lawless deeds than we must appraise a symphony of Brahms' by the number of semiquavers in it. Strange men they were, but not more strange, surely, than the paradox ever in our midst, of persons respectable and

respected who, with a strong religious sense that makes them lend an ear to every kind of preaching and prophesying about a millennium to come, yet never set their hands through all the livelong years to one action of purely personal and practical benevolence. With one hand they sow a rigid creed ; with the other they crumple up a brittle code.

Eight hundred years have sped since then, and all is quiet enough now among these peaceful Campanian hills, that are as full of mysterious presences as is a shadowy glade from the brush of Corot. Beneath all the lovely handiwork of Nature that lies around me I can hear the breathings of a silent eloquence that tells of vigil and fast and beatific vision, even as beneath the symbol of every butterfly that flits across my path under the blossoming trees I can discern the cryptic expression of a glowing old-world myth. Three centuries after the crests of those wild waves had broken and spent their strength for naught under the walls of Nicea and Ascalon and Antioch and Jerusalem, and the hordes of Jenghiz Kaan had shattered the chivalry of the West, when S. Louis was a captive, and the bones of a million Christian men and women lay whitening on the uplands of Phrygia and the sandy wastes of Lesser

Asia—there, but a mile or two away, within the grim walls of Nocera, birthplace of Hugo, founder of the Knights Templar, the soul of another Urban fretted itself against the bars of fate, as he lay helpless in the hands of his old ally, Duke Charles. The tale comes back to us like a romance rather than history. Few men, and still fewer Popes, ever gave brighter promise in their youth, or more dismally frustrated that promise, than did the learned and vigorous Archbishop of Bari, the Neapolitan Bartolommeo Prignano, known as Pope Urban VI. His was the hand that kindled the fire of the fiercest schism that ever desolated the Western Church, while for nearly half a century the air of the rival camps was rent by the thunderclaps of anathemas and the lightning-flashes of greater excommunications, which seem to have played with singular innocuousness round the heads of all concerned. That Urban at the outset had right on his side, that his intentions were excellent, his motives of the purest, does but make by contrast his end the more pitiful. In truth, it is hard not to pity him, even as we pity that other before him whose memory clings to us here—that poor old hermit, Pietro Morrone, who, on an evil day for himself and the Church, opened the door of his rocky cell up on Monte Morrone, in the remote

Abruzzi, to the clamour of an embassy from the Conclave at Perugia, who bade him in the name of Heaven put on the crown which none had worn for two years and a half. In vain did the lonely anchorite plead that he might be left to live and die in peace. Holy Church had need of him and he must go. So he went, with great weeping of the country folk amongst whom he had dwelt for more than fifty years almost as a divinity ; and during a reign in Naples of no more than five months, as Cœlestine V., he succeeded in bringing the affairs of the Holy See into such depths of dire confusion that those who had pressed the pontificate on him most loudly were now the most eager to dismiss him. Gladly enough did he leave his high estate, knowing that it needed another hand than his to guide the ship among the rocks and quick-sands of that troubrous time, and being put under lock and key by Boniface VIII. in the castle of Fumone, not far from the birthplace of Cicero, he was after a few months found dead in his bed, with a nail driven through his temples.\*

The prisoner of Nocera, however, was quite a

\* He left behind him a tradition of pious self-devotion which found expression in the institution of a religious order of Cœlestinians, afterwards blended with the Fraticelli or Spiritual Franciscans. His story is told in Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' bk. xi., cap. 6.

different personage. Urban set his mind at once to the cleansing of the Augæan stables, the reformation of the Sacred College—an undertaking which, from all accounts, was not less hopeless than impolitic. The new pontiff had assumed with such indecent eagerness the insignia of his elevation, that from the very hour of his coronation whispers began to pass about among the outwitted cardinals that the suave-lipped prelate would likely enough prove to be more than they had bargained for. Nor were they far wrong. Urban had been chosen Pope simply because the Sacred College dared not make choice of a foreigner. ‘Death or an Italian!’ rang in their ears from thirty thousand seditious rebels. They were not left long in doubt as to what manner of man they had exalted. Urban would walk in his garden and read his breviary while he listened to the groans of his cardinals on the rack. Crowned in April, 1378, before July was over thirteen members of the College threw off their masks, and declared that they had but given him their votes through fear of violence, and that his election was null and void—an unconscionable lapse from truth neither wise nor seemly, which they followed up by the election of Robert de Genève, Bishop of Cambrai, called by the Italian party Clement VII. So the

shameless schism began, and with it progressed by little and little the moral decadence of Urban, who sank from mere folly to downright crime. Gentle and self-restrained in his youth, he now grew violent, rushed headlong into iniquity, and made himself a laughing-stock to gods and men. Falling out with Joanna I., who had espoused the cause of his rival at Avignon, and joining himself to the Angevine Charles, Duke of Durazzo and heir to the throne of Hungary, Urban suppressed the fair rebel, who was soon afterwards found suffocated in the Castello di Muro under a heap of pillows, or, as others say, strangled with a silken cord.

So the wretched story goes on. Not content with having brought the whole College like a nest of hornets about his ears, Urban next came to blows with his comrade Charles, and, as a result, speedily found himself hard beset up there in Nocera, from the windows of which he used three times a day, with bell, book, and candle, to load the sweet air with curses and anathemas upon his besiegers. One fine morning, however, he escaped in the disguise of a *contadino*, and no sooner did he find himself in Genoa than he began to make up for lost time, paying off old scores, and lowering himself deeper and deeper into an abyss of lawless-

ness. He had excommunicated till he was tired, and the only result was, as in the case of another famous prelate, that nobody seemed a bit the worse. It was now time for sterner measures. The cardinals were carrying on an open flirtation with Avignon, and must be brought to their senses ; which Urban proceeded to do by thrusting out their eyes, tearing their finger and toe nails off with pincers, and breaking their teeth out with wooden mallets, crowning his playful vengeance by sewing five of them in sacks and flinging them neck and crop into the Mediterranean. Then, before the year was out, he fell from his mule and broke his neck.

Turn we from such gruesome reminiscences to one of a lighter sort. Many generations ago the worthy monks in this valley stood in need of some boon or other at the hands of the supreme pontiff, and, after due deliberation, despatched two of their number to Rome with a present of the famous Cava black figs to propitiate his Holiness and ensure the success of their suit. They were duly received by the Pope, who deigned to accept the propitiatory offering, and as he munched away at the figs he grew blander and more bland, and at last asked them where so excellent and luscious a fruit grew. The monks hastened to inform him that they grew

at La Cava, where, indeed, they flourished in so great abundance that the people commonly fed their swine with them. It certainly was one of the things one would rather have left unsaid, and the Holy Father does not appear to have taken the indiscreet remark as altogether a complimentary one. On the contrary, he so took it to heart that he arose in a tempest of wrath, and, demanding of his awe-stricken suppliants whether they had nothing better than pigs' food to present to the successor of S. Peter, he drove them from his presence, and ordered them, with their feet made fast in the stocks, to be pelted with the remains of their own fruit. And all this luckless pair could do, as they sat meditating upon their imprudence, was to congratulate one another that they had brought figs, and not water-melons !

#### AN URBAN TALE.

*(With apologies to the Muse of History.)*

Two worthy monks of Cava, seeking boon,  
Waited in Peter's halls one afternoon,  
Craving an audience of his Holiness,  
Who just then snored in meek unconsciousness.  
Siesta done, they lowly reverence made,  
And baskets twain of Cava figs down laid,  
Black, ripe and luscious, at the holy chair  
Of stalwart Urban, who with scornful air

Glanced at their waystained garb, inquired their suit,  
 And tasted (quite by chance) a juicy fruit ;  
 Just one, and then another, the meanwhile  
 His hard stern lips relaxed in pleasant smile ;  
 While they stood dumb and smirking, charmed to know  
 Their humble offering soothed his palate so.

"Twas plain he liked them, for upon the floor  
 Ere long lay skins in heaps, at least a score :  
 Stole glances swift betwixt the suppliant twain,  
 Knowing full well their gift was not in vain ;  
 And one, the younger, so I grieve to think,  
 Shameless his 'alter ego' dared to wink.

At length the Pope, as if his thirst were o'er,  
 Paused, but looked much as if he'd like some more :  
 Then, 'Thank you, whence come they ? not Tiber's banks  
 Grow figs like these.' They eager both, 'No thanks,  
 Most Holy Father, for by Cava's shrine  
 We have such store we give them to the swine.'

Up rose the Pontiff, 'Is it with rotten fruit  
 Ye think to bluff me and to gain your suit ?  
 By Peter's toe ! 'tis pigs' food, do ye say,  
 At Holy Father's feet you dare to lay ?  
 I'll see you farther first. Up, guards, and at 'em !  
 Off with their heads ! but stay a moment, drat 'em !  
 I'll teach this Cava brood, in sight of Rome,  
 It had been better far to stop at home.'

That eve mid pelting crowds, bereft of frocks,  
 Sat two sad fig-stained figures in the stocks ;  
 Who found their only comfort in the thought  
 That they had *figs* not *water-melons* brought !

I have myself as great a horror of tall mountain-tops as the immortal Tartarin of Tarascon, but for those who like them there are several round this

Corpo di Cava which ought to repay an ascent, notably the fine Monte Finestra (4,110 feet), from which there is, as I am credibly informed, a view surpassing that from Vesuvius. I can well believe it, for a more lovely tract of country than this Surrentine peninsula, washed by the most beautiful of seas, it would be hard to find. The Corpo di Cava in the foreground of the picture is alone worth a pilgrimage, stretching away to the feet of the Apennines and the hills round Avello, dotted from base to sky-line with crumbling castles and gleaming villages, which look from afar like heaps of white cards. Westward lies Castellammare, hidden under the lofty sheltering peaks of Sant' Angelo—Castellammare, the ancient Stabia; wrecked by Sulla in the Social War, and by a mightier power than his when it shared the fate of Pompeii a hundred and seventy years afterwards. Nearer at hand is Gragnano, one huge macaroni factory, through the streets of which you pick your way among a multitude of frames on which are drying the long pale tubes of wheat and semolina flour. I wonder how many average English folk have any idea as to how macaroni is made? The problem may be solved by a trip to Gragnano, where the process can be seen in all its stages, which are few and simple enough. The farina

mixed with water is kneaded by a lever, worked by a couple of men in no particular amount of raiment, who do nothing but jump up and down from I can't say when in the morning till I am sure I don't know how late at night, for to the eyes of an ordinary mortal they appear to be always at it. After a few hours of this treatment the sticky stuff is thrown into a perforated copper cylinder, each hole of which is armed with a central pin at the bottom and a valve at the top. By means of a simple screw apparatus the valve is forcibly jammed down upon the farinaceous mixture, which, having no other means of escape, worms its way through the holes of the cylinder, and comes out in the form of the little gas-pipes we all know so well, which are then cut into lengths and dried. In addition to its trade in macaroni, Gragnano has a good deal to say in the matter of its wine, which is the strongest and nuttiest of all Campanian growths.

Still nearer at hand nestles the village of Pimonte just outside the demesne of the Casino Reale, anent which a story will bear retelling. Ninety years ago Pimonte lay under the rule of a *sindaco*, or mayor, of the name of Vicenzo Damavaro, who was universally respected and a most regular church-goer. Little did his nearest and dearest

suspect that such a model husband, father, and townsman was in the habit, whenever he could arrange it, of donning a highwayman's garb and levying blackmail on such luckless travellers as he caught among the hills after nightfall. All might have gone well with him if he had gone honestly about his dishonesty. But he had the audacity of forgetting that there is honour even among thieves, and added to the heinousness of his peccadilloes by impersonating, in the occasional absences of the real Simon Pure, a noted mountain bandit who at that time was the terror of the country-side, none other than that same Scarpi who was the guide and mentor of young Fra Diavolo. Unfortunately Scarpi got wind of the trick, and, moved to mighty wrath that his honour should be given to another, he took a chosen troop of trusty followers and at sunset surrounded the house of Damavaro the mayor, who happened, luckily for himself, to be at church confessing his sins, for it was Ash Wednesday evening. Not finding him at home, Scarpi 'left his card'; in other words, he burnt the house with all its contents to the ground and departed. Soon after this the real state of affairs came to the knowledge of the authorities in Naples, and the *sindaco* was arrested and sent to the galleys; possibly the only mayor who (at least, during his

year of office) has been convicted and condemned to penal servitude for highway robbery.

On the other side of the bay of Castellammare—in the blue water of which one can just see the islet of Rovigliano, where was hatched, as I have told, the gruesome plot by which King Andreas was slain\*—lies shining Torre, of which the Neapolitans say in jest that '*Napoli fa i peccati e la Torre li paga*,' by which they would have us understand that Naples plays the deuce and Torre pays the piper—pays, that is, by its frequent visitations from Vesuvius for the sins of its wicked neighbour. Not a cheerful site for a city, at the foot of a mountain that has erupted sixty times since A.D. 1, and twice within the last two centuries has brought Torre to utmost grief. I was going to write 'hopeless grief,' but that cannot be, since it is at the present moment as light-hearted a place as you can find even in these parts, and makes a lot of money not only from selling lava for building-

\* There has been much discussion as to the details of this murder, the guilt of which is thrown by Villani (not wholly an unprejudiced witness) upon the queen, and by others upon her kinsmen. Dominic of Gravina records that the king was strangled (cf. *supra*, p. 138) because he was supposed to wear a charm against poison and steel. The brave Joanna, after many years, died a like death, being strangled, 'con uno velo di seta,' says the contemporary Neri di Donato; to which Dietrich of Niem adds that it was 'de mandato ipsius Caroli.'

stone, but from the manufacture of gunpowder (not finding Vesuvius explosive enough!) and macaroni. Wonderful is the fruitfulness of all that volcanic soil. By a wonderful process of natural chemistry, the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, together with that arising from vegetable decay, operates slowly but surely in breaking the chemical bonds of union among the lava elements. The iron oxide becomes a hydrate or a carbonate, the alkalies are separated, and the rock is reduced to soil. Just as the hostile invasion of a country brings into her borders richer elements of population, so does a lava stream fertilize and make fat the land. It is a common sight to see three crops flourishing together, the vines on the mulberry-trees with corn underneath, syrup, silk, and cereal. Well might Messer Giovanni Boccaccio call it 'the fairest corner of Italy, full of cities and gardens, and springs of water and rich men.' Perhaps in his day there were not so many slums and smells, fewer ruffians and rookeries, among these 'fortunate Ausonians.'

Away at the back of the twin Torres there is a very famous shrine dedicated to the Virgin, the Madonna dell' Arco, which on Whit Monday is much resorted to by bands of the faithful, who, I regret to say, are rather given to return to Naples,

or wherever their homes may be during the small hours, in a condition which can only be characterized as bordering on the bestial. The *festa* is held in commemoration of a little incident that took place hereabouts in the year 1500. A man playing tennis missed his stroke, and in a fit of temper cut his ball at a fresco painting of the Madonna, from the forehead of which blood flowed. In his horror he stood rooted to the spot, and possibly would have been standing there still had not the Conte di Sarno come by and strung him up for his impiety on a tree, which same is thus recorded by the following lines in the church :

‘*Longius intendens, tiam quatit irritus ictu  
Lusor, et inde globi Virginis ora ferit :  
Illa crux madet, saxi riget impius instar,  
Et Iudi metam comperit esse crucem.*’

On a second tablet commemoration is made of yet another casualty of which this shrine was the scene. A hundred years after this short-tempered tennis-player received short shrift at the hands of the Count, a *contadina* was passing the spot with a little pig in tow which she was taking to market at Sant' Anastasia. Piggy was refractory and had to be chastised, in revenge for which the ill-mannered porker had the indelicacy to run between the legs of his mistress and to lay her sprawling

and cursing on the ground. Her husband, coming up at that moment, was scandalized by her bad language, and predicted that as she had lost her temper so should she lose her feet. For a year all went well, but on the first anniversary of her mishap, when she sat up in bed to look for her slippers, she found to her annoyance that she had no further need of them, for her feet had given her the slip during the night, and were lying in a forlorn and disconnected way on the floor. She said nothing, recognising Nemesis at a glance, and not waiting for her husband's 'I told you so,' she rose softly and walked, presumably upon her stumps, to the church, where she deposited her *disiecta membra*, which may be seen there to this day with the following epitaph :

‘*Dum cadit insectans fugientem femina porcum,  
Virginis ædiculam dente scelesta petit :  
Post annum, miseræque fuit vir verus aruspex,  
Quos male direxit perdidit ægra pedes.*’

There can be no doubt that it is a true pig-tale, because there are the verses and there are the feet, six in one line and four odd in another. And the moral is obvious :

‘With flying feet the wilful porker turns  
And lays both Anna's pride and person low :  
Her soul upset with rage indignant burns,  
And direful curses from her lips o'erflow.

At year's end lo ! her husband's 'Told you so !'  
Her feet are flown, there lie her useless shoes.  
Tried traveller ! strive an equal mind to show,  
Lest you, like her, both feet and temper lose.'

It was in that same church that I once saw an elaborate *presepe*, or Christmas manger, one of which may be found in every church, and not a few of the houses, in Italy during the season of the Festa Gesù Bambino. The Virgin, 'our tainted nature's solitary boast,' sat robed in a magnificent blue-silk gown and red-satin panier, with her Child in a nineteenth-century cradle. Behind, against a strictly local background, stood a waxen and apologetic-looking Joseph, ox and ass on guard at his side, while overhead a fat-cheeked choir of angels in blue, pink and mauve satin knicker-bockers sang, or seemed to sing, their loudest. In the foreground was a bagpipes man, with peasants bringing gifts of eggs, macaroni, cheese and other indigenous delicacies. The only live thing was a greasy old sacristan, who restlessly rattled a tin money box and exacted dues for the support of the show, which at the end of the *festa* would be huddled away into a lumber closet till wanted again next year.

Farther north, to the right of Vesuvius from where I am standing, 1,200 feet above sea-level,

rises the monastery of Monte Vergine, which gives its name to a celebrated shrine of the ‘Madre di Dio’ that stands on the site of an ancient temple of Cybele, not wholly obliterated. Of equal interest, perhaps, with a wonder-working picture of the Madonna are a reliquary containing the bones of San Costanzo, and the last resting-place of Catharine of Valois, who lies close to her son Louis of Taranto, one of the four husbands of Joanna I. The place is rich also in memories of poor gentle Manfred, who went forth to his last fight from the fine old castle of Atripalda yonder, and who built a tomb here for himself, little dreaming of that day of fatal treachery when on the plains of Apulia, with the shout of ‘Hurrah for Suabia!’ on his lips, he should fall pierced by a French lance in the midst of his trusty Musulmans. ‘For three days’—so runs the chronicle of the Florentine Malespini—‘they searched among the slain for the body of Manfred, which could not be found, and it was not known whether he was killed, or taken, or had escaped; and then he was found in the midst of the field, and recognised by several marks or signs about his person, by a valet of his army; and this menial put his royal master’s body across the back of an ass, and came into the French camp crying, “Who will buy Manfred?” for which he

was beaten with a stick by one of the barons of King Charles ; and the body was carried before King Charles. Then the Count Giordano beat his face with both his hands, weeping and exclaiming, “*Oimè, Signor mio !*” for which he was much commended by the French and by some of the barons.’ Charles was entreated to allow the body to be buried, but Manfred had been lying under the pains and penalties of the Church, and so at the foot of Benevento Bridge they cast his body into a hole, and every soldier flung a stone at it.\*

*Jam satis superque.* It is time to ring down the curtain upon the polydædal scenes that rise before me in bewildering confusion in this fair storm-tossed tract of Magna Gracia, in which every village and hamlet has some tale of wonder or morsel of history ; each peak and pass and hill-side its own little bit of legendary lore or romantic story, dating back as often as not to ages long numbered with the past. I must make an end of rambling memories, and turn my steps to a more sober reality of these latter days—the world-famous Badia Cavense, or monastery of the Most Holy Trinity.

\* See Dante, Purg. iii. 103 *seqq.*, and the pathetic lines on the same subject in the Inferno, xxviii.

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE MONASTERY OF LA CAVA.

*'Viator! utriusque diminutionem ne mireris: sublunarium omnium lex est, non pœna perire, tu ex ungue metire leonem: abi sospes.'*—Inscription on the Monastery Rock.

THE venerable walled village of Corpo di Cava, ten minutes beyond La Pietra Santa, was founded in 1081 by the pious hands of Pietro, the third abbat of the monastery, and through many generations was the seat of a bishopric and the scene of much turbulent conflict. Now it is the very home of tranquillity—*secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ*—a luxurious bower of rest for the lotos-eater, who can look at life from a distance, and dream his dreams here in the midst of such natural beauty as it would be hard to excel.

The grand and solitary situation of the Badia,\* or monastery, is described in the ‘Gerusalemme Conquistata’ by Tasso, the poor ‘infanto perduto,’ to whom life was but a long avenue of darkened days.

\* See ‘List of Illustrations.’

As a lad he was brought hither by his father in 1554, and was here inspired within a bow-shot of the Pietra Santa to immortalize in that great poem the victories of the cross in Holy Land. That the poet loved well these walls in which he spent many years of his early life we know from his letters, in one of which, written to Angelo Grillo in Genoa, he tells his friend that his muse has made special mention ‘di Papa Urbano II. e del monasterio della Cava.’\* In the third canto of the poem we find the passage thus, the future pontiff being then supposed to be but a simple monk in the community :

‘*Si scorge il umil Cava un vecchio onesto  
Fuggir il mondo e sue fallaci cure.  
E le nubi toccar quel monte e questo,  
E cader l’ombre nelle valli oscure ;  
E il sacro albergo in solitari e cupi  
Luoghi celarsi in fra pendenti rupi.*’

The thought of which may be thus outlined :

‘*In lowly Cava, far from earth’s false ways,  
An honest aged man lives peaceful days ;  
Where lowering cloud and shifting shadow falls  
O'er rocks that guard the holy silent walls.*’

- The monastery, which at the present time includes an excellent seminary for a hundred and

\* Lett. di Torquato Tasso illustrate da Cesare Guasti, No. 1064.

twenty boys, was founded in 1011 by Alferio, or Adalferio, Pappacarbone, a Salernian noble and cousin of Prince Guaimar III., in whose councils he stood high, and by whom he was entrusted with many weighty affairs of state. Being sent on one occasion as ambassador to the Court of Otho III., he was stricken by sickness in the street, and was carried into a monastery, where he vowed that if he recovered he would put on the habit of a monk. He kept his word, and joined the Benedictines at Cluny under the famous abbat Odilon, throwing as much energy into his religious duties as he had before thrown into secular affairs, and winning the hearts of all men by his lowliness and charity. After awhile he was ordained priest, and was taken from his retreat to become spiritual adviser and 'keeper of the conscience' to his old master Guaimar. But the intrigues of a Court and life in noisy, restless Salerno pleased ill the holy man, and he came up the valley to this Grotta Arsicia in Monte Finestra, hoping here to find solitude and peace. But the fame of his sanctity and austere life could not be hid, and many sought him in his lonely cell to confess their sins and put themselves under his ghostly direction. Soon the grotto was found too small for them, and Alferio resolved to build a large monastery on the hill of

Sant' Elva, away up on the opposite slope of the valley of the murmuring Selano. The little band set to work with their own hands, but all to no purpose, for the stones they laid in order during the day were disturbed and thrown down each night by invisible agency ; upon which the saint desisted, perceiving that it was not the will of heaven that he should build there. But as he knelt that night before the cross beseeching celestial guidance, a brilliant light shining in three broad rays filled the grotto, and Alferio was given to understand, in some way which has not been recorded, that the Grotta Arsicia itself must be the starting-point of the new buildings. At once they were taken in hand, and soon rose to magnificent proportions, and in memory of the vision were dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity.

It was not likely that such a monastery and such an abbat would lack recruits, and a great multitude came, among whom were men of noble birth and vast possessions, one of the first being Dauferius, Prince of Benevento, who, under the name of Desiderius, became first abbat of Monte Cassino, and then Pope Victor III. After many years of labour Alferio died, while on his knees in prayer, at sunset of Maundy Thursday, in the year 1050, at the good old age of 120, 'full of merit and

sanctity,' and was laid to rest in the upper wall of his grotto, into which the north side of the monastery church is built. The monks are in possession of special information, to the effect that the departed abbat was received and escorted into paradise by his three renowned brethren of Cluny, Odo, Mayeul, and Odilon. Close to the superb marble-decked chapel of the Blessed Sacrament the rough living rock of the pious founder's cell stands, in startling contrast with its rich surroundings ; and there, under a picture of S. Michael, are the tombs of Alferio and his successors, Leo and Pietro, erected to their everlasting memory in 1641. Above the grotto are the words :

*'Rustica olim rupes trino nunc lumine clara  
Cælitus emisso pignora sacra tego.'*

On the marble in the midst is his epitaph :

*'Sanctus Alpherius Salernitanus patritius Cavensis cœnobii abbas I. Victorisque III. Pont. magister inclytus primus in hoc sacro pater est Alpherius antro sic reliquis vita celsior ut tumulo, hic tumulum incoluit vivens ubi lumine trino admonitus Triadi dedicat ecclesiam. Quid mirum exanimi vitam si reddidit orans qui validus semper vixerat in tumulo ! Feria v in cœna Domini cœlestis cœnæ conviva conscius efficitur at. suæ cxx. an. Christi ml.'*

On the left hand is the grave of Leo of Lucca (1050-76), thus marked :

*'Horrescis cum audis sub specu leonem ? Propera ne paveas : est ferus feris : hinc terribile monstrum peremit,*

cæterum lenis est leo. Hinc pauperes vinctos gravatos aluit, solvit, crexit, torpens ignis ater foris non ussit quem cœlestis flamma intus accendit. Quid miraris prope virginem Leonem? obstupescet magis hunc Virgini Deiparæ crebro dignatum aspectu : floruit anno Domini **MLXXIX.**

On the right is that of Pietro, founder's nephew :

'Hac tegitur petra Petrus abbas III. Alpherii nepos et hæres sanctitatis, facta majoris vidiit et invidit. Ille cœnobium crexit, iste exiit ; primus legibus suos oneravit, hic dignitatibus honoravit : ille primus honoribus præfuit, hic primus honoribus profuit : abbates namque mitra cumulavit primus, tria millia nepotum Alpherio pro uno reddidit : homines adhuc invitatos ferrea catena ad cœlum trahebat. Miraris hoc ? Premiserat ad cœli januas Urbanum II. discipulum. *Flor. ann. DNI. MXXXIII.*

Pietro was the abbat who received Urban and a great host of princes of the Church on the occasion of the consecration of the basilica. He had the distinction of being the first of that rank to wear a bishop's mitre, and died full of years and honour, after a rule of forty years. All that was mortal of his successor, Costabile Gentilcore, reposes under the neighbouring altar in a marble urn bearing his effigy. Opposite the grotto is the treasury, with a finely-carved wooden door, from a design by Andrea of Salerno, and containing, among other reliques, a silver bust, the gift of Urban II., with the skull of Santa Felicità and the remains of her children, in an exquisitely-wrought

ivory casket of the fourteenth century, adorned with beaten-silver work.

To those early abbats succeeded a long line of rulers, who governed the house with varying wisdom through some very unquiet times. Here are a few of their names : Simone, who dabbled to some purpose in over-sea trading ; Falcone, an orator '*pulcro sermone refulgens*' ; Marino, a good all-round man, an excellent administrator and judicious reformer, founder of a religious house in Naples near the Vicaria (Castel Capuano), munificent protector of the fine arts, and donor of the superb mosaic ambo and many frescoes ; Benincasa, who earned the epitaph '*Pastore eccellente, tanto pio quanto prudente*' and received in trust for the monastery many rich offerings from the greatest men of that age ; Pietro II. ; Balsamo, to whose care is owing the preservation of many ancient conventional records and registers ; Leonardo — but, as said my guide, '*A che fare più nomi?*' It would lead me too far afield to trace, even in barest outline, the records of this illustrious community among the tangled history of the time when it was in its glory. That period stretched from its foundation in 1011 to the middle of the fifteenth century, when upon the abbat was conferred the title of *Magnus*, together

with the temporal dignity of Baron di Tramutola and the jurisdiction over seventy-seven other monasteries, ninety priories, and thirty 'granges,' or branch houses. From this period the monastery, as if growing out of touch with the intention of its unworldly founder, began to decline from its ancient lustre—at least, as a home of spiritual consolation—and set its hands to the winning of laurels in another field, as the protector of science, art, and letters. For reasons too long to tell here it fell under the displeasure of certain of the higher powers, who gave it the cold shoulder and something more; and the monks made up their minds that the wisest thing they could do was to busy themselves less with worldly affairs and devote themselves to the care and enrichment of their matchless library. This they did for many generations, with the result that at the present moment there is no such collection of monastic records in Europe, with the single exception of that at Monte Cassino, the home of S. Benedict.

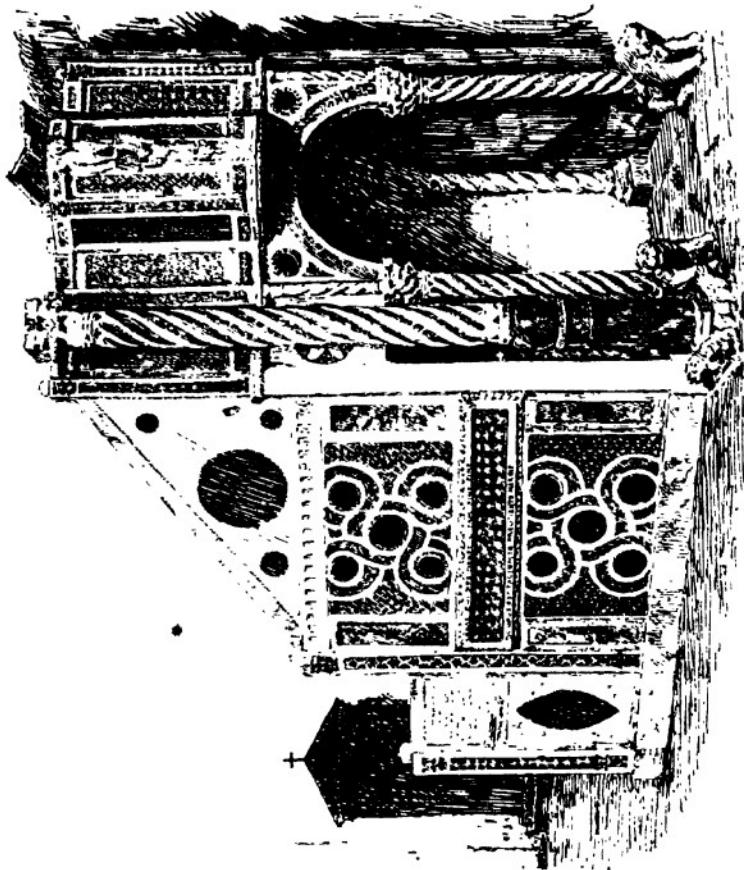
The chief entrance of the basilica, which ranks as a cathedral, is through an atrium at the east end, on the right side of which stands the tomb, erected by the abbat Marino, of Queen Sibylla, sister of the duke of Burgundy, and second wife of Roger of Sicily, with an inscription setting forth

the munificence of her lord and her own great love for the monastery :

‘*Rex huic dat rupi Rogerius arva Siclōrum :  
Dat conjux cineres mæsta Sibylla suos.*’

On either side of the entrance stand also two marble urns from Pæstum, sculptured with representations of a bacchanalian dance and a boar-hunt in Caledon. A few steps lead hence up into the church itself, which is built in the form of a Latin cross, 160 feet long and 70 feet wide in the nave. The walls, pierced by twelve very large windows, are of stucco laid over *bardiglio*, and underneath is a pavement of white marble. Above the great door a large picture commemorates the presentation of the deed of gift by Roger to abbat Pietro in the presence of Urban. On the right is a door leading into the campanile, with an inscription recording the confirmation of ancient privileges by Clement XIII. in 1761. The adjoining altar is dedicated to S. Felicità, the special protectress and patroness of the Badia, in whose honour an annual *festa* is held on July 10. Her chapel contains a modern picture of her by Morani and frescoes by Niccoli, both members of the order. Next is a polygonal chapel of the Virgin, with two side statues of S. Benedict and S. Scholastica, and a painted Madonna and an Assumption by the Bene-





PULPIT IN MONASTERY OF LA CAVA.

To face p. 293.

dictine Guerra (1881). The third altar on this side (which should be the south, but is the north) is in honour of abbat Mauro, an early disciple of Benedict, who is depicted in the act of healing a sick man. The chapel of the Crociera contains a picture by Morani of that noble Tertullus, of whose gift of Capri and other possessions to the order I have already told. Other paintings set forth scenes in the life of Benedict, Bruno (founder of the Carthusians), Giovanni Gualberto (founder of the Vallombrosians), S. Geltrude, S. Hildegarde, S. Scholastica, and S. Francesca Romana. The Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, known also as the Chapel of the Holy Fathers, next the grotto, is in the 'stile barocco,' and contains several tombs full of saintly relics, as well as statues of Felicitas (*Christi amore saucia*), S. Joseph (*Custos Domini sui*), S. Matthew (*facies hominis*), and the Virgin Mother, '*gratia plena*'; here also are pictures of the ubiquitous Urban and Victor III.

One of the chief glories of this noble church is its magnificent ambo, or gospel pulpit, richly adorned with mosaics, and supported by twisted columns resting on lions. It was given in the twelfth century by the abbat Marino, as recorded in the inscription :

'*Abbas cui Christus donet vitam sine fine,  
Hoc opus est factum te præcipiente Marine.*'

But for the watchful care of the monks, this unrivalled piece of work would at one time have been destroyed, and a tablet on the staircase thus records its preservation and restoration :

‘ Ut almi patris Benedicti xiv. sæcularis memoriae monumentum sisteret, abbas dominus Michæl Morcaldi quod sæculo xii. beatus Marinus Capicius abbas excitavit, musivum [*sic*] hocce opus temporum injuria collapsum ad pristinam formam reintegrandum curavit atque recollectis partibus undique sparsis, fratri Carthusiano Joanno Jannelli a Nuceria restaurandum dedit.’

The presbytery is adorned with two cipolline columns and much rich marble-work, as well as with a picture of scenes from the Apocalypse (chapters iv. and v.). In a cupboard are preserved sixteen parchment choral books in folio, leather-bound with brass nails; the text under the *canto fermo*, in Gothic characters, emblazoned with fine illuminated miniatures by Boccardo of Florence and his son. The initial letters are of exquisite workmanship, representing leaves, fruit, flowers, gems, animals (some of which Mr. Slater, of the Zoo, would give his ears to possess in the flesh), landscapes, scripture scenes, and saints. Here, also, is a fresco of the founder’s vision of the Trinity, with pictures of four doctors—Anselm, Bernard, Bede, and Leander (friend of the saintly Gregory), and emblematical representations of the

monastic life, including study, prayer, meditation, and work. At the end of the choir stands one of the largest organs in Italy, which my courteous *condottore* assured me was 'di fama mondiale.' It was built in 1844 by Gennari, of Lanciano, near Ortona, in the Abruzzi. The instrument is of imposing, indeed colossal, proportions, and is said to possess some very perfect internal mechanical work. There are 4,134 pipes, 3 manuals, and 75 sounding stops—32 on the Great Organ, 18 on the Swell, and 16 on the Choir, as well as numerous 'pedalini di effetto.' It will be seen from these figures that as a giant it would make but a poor show beside such instruments as those at the Albert Hall and the Town Hall in Sydney; nor can I say much in favour of its tone. Unfortunately, as my visit was during the last days of Holy Week, I had no opportunity of trying it myself, and I could form no proper opinion of its capabilities from the very distressing exhibition which the organist treated us to at the mass on Easter Even. These Italian performers—they really are not players—never think of riding the whirlwind with a curb, and as a consequence my ears were devastated by a blustering cyclone of cacophony, lightened at intervals by a shrill twittering among the small pipes, which effectually

banished devotion, drowned what ought to have been the majestic march of the grand old church chants, and eventually drove me from the building in an agony: like Apollyon from Christian, I gat myself away discomfited. The one redeeming feature about the performer's efforts was that for the most part he, after the manner of his tribe, deftly let the pedal-work alone, with the exception of an occasional snort from a 16-foot reed, described to me—and I have no reason to doubt it—as a ‘canna più grande del basso lunga metri 5·72 e di diametri 0·35.’ Only for 5 I should read 15, and for 0 I should read 10. It seems that the good Cavesi are mightily proud of the orchestral effects of which their instrument is capable: nothing like it has been known since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. There is neither pipe nor string that it cannot imitate; ‘Modulatione,’ says an inscription upon it, ‘instrumentorumque omnium imitatione’; it stands supreme as a ‘miraculum artis unanimi consensu,’ and in proper hands would no doubt justify the encomiums of its proud possessors.

The sacristy is entered through a walnut-wood door carved from a design by Rafaelle, with emblems of the Evangelists. Adjoining it is the Chapel of the Cross, with paintings of the Ascension, Moses, David, S. Peter, and S. Paul, sur-

rounded by emblems of the Passion and troops of saucy angels playing a toy symphony. The last chapel has, among other pictures, one of the baptism of Christ, copied from Andrea of Salerno, the pupil of Rafaelle, and one of the founders of the Neapolitan school in the seventeenth century. Here, too, is a wall-tablet with a cross, recording the consecration of the church in 1092 at the hands of Urban, who ‘*propriis manibus in sacræ rei signum oleo sancto linivit.*’

The chapter-room is a handsome *sala* adorned with fine wood-carvings, some of which, after designs by Andrea, formed part of the former choir-stalls in the church. In the midst of the floor is inlaid the awe-inspiring admonition, ‘*Justus accusator est sui.*’ Round the walls are ranged counterfeit presentments of illustrious members of the order, and eighteen pontiffs, men for the most part of prescient enterprise and lofty aims, who, under the shadow of the Grotta Arsicia, were trained and armed for the dour fight in which afterwards they were called to bear a resolute part. Side by side with them are five men of royal race who put on the frock of the order, and four illustrious saints—Scholastica, Riccarda, Cunegonda, and the imperial Agnes.

But greater in my eyes than all these impossible

busts and graceless effigies, and the rather poor stuff in the picture-gallery, are the transcendent glories of the Archivio and library. It is not in such a place that one looks for much light literature; and, with certain exceptions, it is not probable that the literary contents of the Trinità would fetch much in solid cash if put up for sale in a London auction-mart. But in their own musty way many of the treasures are of inestimable value, and of a nature that makes one linger long over the presses and cases in which they lie enshrined. The family, municipal, and ecclesiastical registers are of unique interest, as illustrating the history and topography of the country from Po to Palermo. They have been largely drawn upon by Giannone, Muratori, and others, and are indeed indispensable to any historian of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Here in three hundred presses of cypress-wood are stowed away 13,560 Latin parchment deeds of donatives and contracts, ranging from A.D. 793 to 1834; 105 Greek ones, from A.D. 1005 to 1273; 757 diplomas, etc., from A.D. 840 to 1776; and a herd of Papal bulls amounting to some 1,600. Among 600 early printed books are many *incunaboli*, or first editions; notably, a volume stamped with a large 'No. 1,' and bearing the imprint of Magonza, A.D. 1467;

a 'History' of Eusebius (1470); a Gerson 'De Passionibus Animi' (1647); a folio Juvenal of 1478, and a Tibullus of 1488. At one moment I am endeavouring, with scant success, to worm the secrets out of a document drawn up under the hand and seal of a Beneventine prince in 840, when Gregory IV. was Pope in Rome, and Ethelwulf reigned in Anglia, and Charlemagne (one of whose letters is in the next drawer) had been lying in his grave at Aachen but a quarter of a century. Next minute I actually have my finger on the original deed of gift by which Alferio conveyed the site of the monastery, with his effigy on the seal; from which I pass to a deed granted by Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, and signed by his chancellor, William of Tyre, bestowing a free pass—'franchigia della tassa d'ancoraggio'—on all vessels belonging to the monastery trading to the Levant; from which I gather that in those spacious times the worthy anchorites were not above doing a bit of trading on their own account. After this is displayed before my bewildered gaze the 'Codex Legum Longobardorum' of 1004, adorned with miniatures showing the customs and costumes of the Lombards, and containing a complete digest of Lombard law, given to the monastery in 1263 by the archpriest of Otranto; next is a superbly-

illuminated copy of the New Testament ; while between the law and the gospel reposes the vulgate text of S. Jerome, after Idacius Clarus, bishop of Thapsus, written on vellum in the fifth century in five different characters, three columns on a quarto page, with the words for the most part undivided, and the sacred books arranged in uncanonical order. In the wide margin are here and there written in extremely fine characters arguments enforcing the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, added no doubt with a special reference to the raging Arian controversy. The book was pointed out to me with pride as containing a canticle at the end of the psalter sung by the shepherd-king after his victory over the man of Gath, as well as the famous verse of the ‘three witnesses,’ which I believe is not found in any Greek MS. of an earlier date than the sixteenth century. Leo XII., under the inspiration of Cardinal Mai, ordered a transcript of this volume to be made and placed in the Vatican.

For him who is still unsatiated there is a Bede’s ‘*De Temporibus*’ (ninth century), with rich marginal notes bearing on Italy, which have been printed by Muratori in the ‘*Scriptores Rerum*’; a lovely office-book of the eleventh century, with exquisite notation of the chant ; and a Vulgate in

Gothic character by one Guido, a monk, illuminated with such miniatures as must have taken the good workman's lifetime to accomplish. More secular curiosities are a *morgengabe*, or marriage gift, of 1015, when the Normans were sharpening their swords for that campaign which put an end forever to the rule of eastern emperors in Italy; an *atto di contradote* of 792, in which one Alderisius bestows all his worldly goods upon his bride, Conrude; Papal documents, like grasshoppers for multitude, of any and every pontiff between Gregory VII. in 1073 and Alexander VI. in 1503, that playful prelate, Roderigo Borgia, father of Lucrezia, who, having mixed a deadly draught for a couple of his cardinals in the house of De Corneto, drank it off himself by mistake. For though Nemesis may tarry like a telegraph-boy over his game of marbles, she usually arrives at last. Then there are diplomas, and decrees, and protocols enough to paper the monastery; one of them, dated 1139, signed in Greek, and sealed by the hand of that Roger of Sicily who tamed Amalfi, made Naples tremble, and drew a boundary-line in South Italy which for centuries was hardly shifted by so much as a hair's breadth. After all these I find myself poring over a rare and most original nautical chart, or *portolana*, of 1343—that year of

terrible earthquake in which good Robert the king died in Naples, and his grand-daughter, Joanna, a lass of sixteen, was called to the troubles of a crown. These and a thousand more links between a dead past and that shrill railway whistle which I can hear through the open window as I stand and ponder them, are they not written for all who list in the portly tomes of the ' Codex Diplomaticus Cavensis '?—a comprehensive and quite wonderful catalogue of every individual book, parchment, paper, pamphlet, and map that this richly-stored library contains. On a table near the door lies a book open to all comers, on the pages of which I am invited to add my name to a list that, as I turn backwards, I see contains not a few known to fame—Angelo Mai, Helena Grand-Duchess of Russia, Walter Scott, Maria Christina Queen of Naples, Ferdinand II., the unhappy Maximilian, Giuseppe Verdi, the late Tsarina, and the present beloved and accomplished Queen of Italy.

Near the library is a room filled with bassi-relievi and mosaics from the ancient town of Metella, a glance at which is enough to show their extreme antiquity. Among them is a relief of Bacchus, dating from before the Christian era and inscribed with the name of its owner, Anicius Auchenius. Of yet older date are four *ombre* with unintelligible

lettering dug up on the site of Marcina, where now the town of La Cava stands. These and many other objects here are well worth looking at, but I hasten on to the crypt, passing on the way a large cruciform chamber, from which there is a most picturesque view of the old thirteenth-century cloisters. The hoary rocky wall was once bright with paintings, of which time and damp have left only a figure which is supposed to be that of Benedict. Here stand two large marble vessels, used of old for the washing of bodies before sepulture, and two heathen sarcophagi with finely wrought sculptures of Drusus fighting the Germans, and a country scene. At the entrance of what they call the Cimitero Longobardo, or crypt, I read the words ‘Requiescunt in terræ polvere expectantes beatam spem advenientis Dei,’ and come upon a stone let into a pilaster that marks the last resting-place on earth of Theodoric, known as the antipope Sylvester III., and the adversary of Paschal II. He ruled but for a hundred and three days, and was then sent here to Cava to expiate his errors in 1099. He seems thoroughly to have forsaken his pernicious ways, and after putting on the habit of the order died in the odour of sanctity three years later. His epitaph runs : ‘Theodoricus in pace mci.’

The whole place is redolent of feud and schism. Half a dozen paces away is the dust of antipope Gregory VIII. under a marble slab, bearing a reversed mitre, who died here in 1122, a prisoner in the hands of the pitiless Callixtus II.; side by side with him lies yet another disturber of the Church's peace, Innocent III., shut up here in 1180 by Alexander III. On the right of the descent into the crypt is the Grotta Arsicia, so that we are now immediately beneath the grave of the founder in the church above. And here an extraordinary sight meets the eye. On every side, piled up in stacks four and five feet high, are large quantities of human bones, many of which are those of Lombard and Norman princes, and men of renown, who craved burial in the soil of the cemetery, which, as in the Campo Santo at Pisa, had been brought hither from Palestine. Among the names preserved in the archives are those of Riccardo (1082), Count of Campagna; Ludovico (1091), son of Duke Roger; Guaimar (1111), nephew of the great Salernitan prince; Sicelgaita (1118), daughter of Count Grimoaldo; Giordano of Nocera, Sanseverino, and many others. These are the greater dead. But others there are, the bones of nameless brethren who from time to time, as the centuries have rolled along, have been borne

hither from the carven choir above, the cowl exchanged for the ceremonials of the grave, the last *Miserere* sung, the last penance performed. The bones at my feet, undistinguished in their multitude, are the bones of men who, if they could come together again, could tell me not a little of that ‘*Sturm und Drang*’ of life in which many a brave soul has gone under, and from which they, perchance, themselves in their shrinking sought among the solitudes of these hillsides a nearer and larger vision of the things that are eternal.

It is a relief to come once more above ground into the warm spring sunshine. As I pass along through the corridors there falls upon my ear the run of boyish feet and the laughter of a handful of scholars, who now learn their alphabet where princes of the Church once agonized, and play their boyish games above that great nameless army of silent dead who lie beneath their feet, ‘unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.’ My thoughts go wandering away over the blue stretch of western water, whose tinkling wavelets woo the feet of these vine-clad hills ; and I stand again in memory in fair Estremadura, a thousand miles away, where the candelabra-laden chestnut woods are whispering to hoary walls memories of a monarch who, when he had buried half his heart in the grave of his

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queen, was borne to Yuste by a great wave of world-weariness, and, exchanging a crown for a cloister, sought there a refuge and a grave. The exact impulse which moved Charles we do not know ; it may have been akin to that of the uncrowned dead here at Cava, who perhaps had sucked the orange dry, had tasted both the bitter and the sweet ; and as the shadows lengthened they turned their steps hither, and cast down here the outward and visible burden of life, and pondered the sting of the old-world truth, that life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## LITTUS VENERIS.

*'Littus peatae Veneris aurcum Baias.'*—MARTIAL.

*'Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility,  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruins grand  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be effaced.'*

AT six o'clock on a glowing June morning I found myself where Prose and Poetry meet, waiting for a steam tramcar under the shadow of the tomb of Virgil, near the end of that umbrageous Chiaja which alone makes giddy, glaring Naples endurable to a stranger during the warm months of summer. It is worth staying at the Grand Hotel just to go round the corner between six and eight a.m., and watch the life and colour and movement in the Strada di Piedigrotta, which stretches from the Piazza Umberto to the Posilipo tunnel. Crowds of laughing and chattering country-folk are streaming in along the broad white thoroughfare. Idyl-

and eclogue, with here and there a dash of comedy, amuse and delight the eye that has grown weary of the prose of life. Here are *al fresco* toilets being performed by dozens, in the midst of troops of long-haired matriarchal goats and sleek sleepy-looking cows, mixed up with a motley rabble of women and half-naked youngsters who, with jug or glass in hand, are awaiting their turn at the lacteal stream—

‘*Rusticus expectat dum lactis defluat amnis.*’

Shrill-voiced matrons on fourth-floor balconies are screaming their orders to the greengrocer below, as they let down their baskets for the day’s supply of garlic and greens. A thousand strident cries mingle with the jangling bells of a shrieking cart full of tuff-stone, whose driver sprawls a-top of his cargo devouring a loaf into the middle of which he has dribbled a dose of rough red wine ; and as he lets his mule-team pick their wilful way through the throng, they come within an inch of running down a mouldy old brown-frocked mendicant friar, who is ‘button-holing’ buyer and seller alike for a bean or a potato, which he consigns, with a smirk and a whisk of his scarf by way of thanks, to a basket already pressed down and running over—a flourishing trade, from the look of things.

Has there ever, I wonder, risen a sun that did not look upon this same kaleidoscopic bit of tangled human life day after day, year in and year out, through all the laughing, weeping centuries that have sped since the poet was laid to sleep in his grave at Posilipo? That grave so rich in memories of

‘*The Etruscan three,  
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,  
The bard of Prose, creative spirit! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of love?*’

For although it has been the fashion for the compilers of guide-books to throw a mist of doubt over it, there appears to be good evidence in favour of the remains of Virgil having really been deposited here. Baedeker seems unable to make up his mind on the point; for, having remarked that the ‘genuineness is extremely questionable,’ he immediately proceeds to state that ‘probability and local tradition favour the assumption.’ Everybody knows that the poet died at Brundusium, the modern Brindisi, in B.C. 19, and that he left express directions for his own interment at Posilipo, where he had composed, or at least revised, the ‘Georgics’ and a portion of the ‘Æneid.’ A hundred years later Statius the poet, a native of Neapolis, used to woo his muse in this quiet retreat, made

sacred by the memory of a great singer. ‘At Virgil’s honoured tomb,’ he tells us, ‘I sit and sing.’ Afterwards Silius Italicus bought and restored the tomb, which for centuries was overshadowed by a bay-tree that withered and died, so says tradition, on September 14, 1321, the day on which, in far-off Ravenna, the first great light was quenched that had cleft its way through the darkness of the middle ages—the day when Dante Alighieri passed from the ranks of earthly singers, having gathered up the concentrated experiences of life into one deathless work, the quintessence of knowledge, of suffering, and of hope. Hither, too, came the love-sick Boccaccio to dream of his high-born Fiammetta; and here, as he himself tells us, under the shelter of the poet’s grave, he fashioned the beauties of ‘Filocopo,’ his earliest love-tale. In 1341 Petrarch also, who was wont to sit here and dream of her whom he was so soon to lose, planted a second bay-tree in the soil which likely enough had been trodden thirteen centuries before by the feet of S. Paul. In connection with such a probability I had an amusing bit of experience. Many years ago I took a note of a hymn in use at Virgil’s birthplace, in which commemoration was made of the apostle’s visit to the poet’s tomb. In the course of many travels my note was mislaid,

and, wishing to know the truth, I wrote the other day to the church authorities at Mantua asking for information. I received a courteous reply from the archdeacon, stating that ‘non vi ha nessun cantico che ricordi la visita apostolica al sepolcro Virgiliano presso Posilipo,’ but that such might ‘perhaps’ be found at Pozzuoli. Knowing that there was such a hymn in existence, since I had once possessed it, I followed up the trail, and to my inquiries at Pozzuoli received an answer from the reverend Canon de Fraja, informing me that they themselves had no commemoration of the apostolic visit, but that there was ‘a sacred hymn preserved in the choral books of the cathedral at Mantua, and in use there’! My correspondent added a copy of the missing strophes, which run as follows :

‘*Ad Maronis mausoleum  
Ductus fudit super eum  
Pie rorem lacrymæ.  
Quem te, inquit, reddidisseм,  
Si te vivum invenissem,  
Poetarum maxime !\**’

\* *When to Maro’s tomb they brought him,  
Tender grief and pity wrought him  
To bedew the stone with tears ;  
What a saint I might have crowned thee,  
Had I only living found thee,  
Poet first and without peers !*

The tomb is entered by a long flight of steps leading up from a row of hammy blacksmiths' shops, and consists of a massive square chamber pierced with recesses for cinerary urns, among which it is impossible now to identify that of Virgil. But in Petrarch's time the actual urn containing the dust of the poet was still to be seen, in the centre of a group of small pillars, with a frieze bearing his own immortal epitaph :

‘*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuerunt, tenet nunc  
Parthenope : ecce pascua, rura, duces.*’

Instead of this, which has disappeared, the inscription now runs :

‘*Qui cineres? tumuli hæc vestigia: conditur olim  
Ille hic qui ecce pascua, rura, duces.*’

The ancient couplet has been recut on the outside, with the addition of :

‘*Ecce meos cineros [sic] tumulantia saxa coronat  
Laurus rara solo vivida Pausilypi.  
Si tumulus ruat æternum hic monumenta Maronis  
Servarunt lauris lauriferi cineres.*’

Above is a stupendous Latin inscription of some five hundred words, setting forth the omnipotent benefits of the twelve ancient *balnea* of Posilipo, which, like the famous Yankee pill, must have combined remedial virtues for the obliteration of every ill that flesh is heir to. For instance, the

fifth spring is extolled because ‘mentem lætificat, gaudia foveat, tollit suspiria, venerem provocat, renes refigit, stomacho prodest, lœsis lumbis, vires jecoris reparat, corpus pinguefacit, febres erraticas exterminat,’ etc. Fancy that all out of one hole! The next one is credited with the virtue of putting to flight ‘nubila oculorum’; while without a phial of the seventh no family circle could be safe for an hour, inasmuch as ‘petra frangit, caput a doloribus liberat, auditum auribus præstat et sonitum removet, cor lætificat, mentem format,’ etc.

The entire hill of Posilipo, or in its Greek dress Pausilypon, is so called from the ancient villa of Vedius Pollio (of which the walls are still visible under a mantle of brushwood), who gave it a name the equivalent of ‘Sans Souci,’ because of the soothing effect of the beauty of its situation on the endurance of sorrow. Many other villas were once dotted about this

*‘Beata spiaggia  
Che di Virgilio e Sannazar nasconde  
Il cener sacro,’*

the said Sannazaro being a poetaster who was pleasing only in his close imitation of Virgil, and whose remains lie not far from those of his great model. The hill, something under 500 feet in

height, is pierced by a tunnel half a mile long lighted by gas, along the north side of which runs the steam-tram from Naples to Pozzuoli, with a paved footpath on the other, and a carriage-road in the centre. Overhead, on the summit of the hill, a vast number of new dwellings are in course of erection, for the accommodation of those whose homes are being demolished in the older parts of the city near the port, in order to make room for new streets and piazzas; a work which, at the expense of many millions of francs, will transform the city of the Siren into one of the first cities in Europe. At the west end of the tunnel we are whisked past the dusty village of Fuorigrotta, and in a few minutes are traversing the Campi Phlegræi, a region wholly given over to the eccentricities of nature, and desolated on every side by the ‘*veteris vestigia flammæ.*’ It was a tract in the time of Strabo ‘surrounded by hills which seem to be on fire, having in many parts mouths emitting smoke, frequently accompanied by a terrible rumbling noise: the plain itself is full of drifted sulphur.’

Leaving the tram at Agnano, I bear away to the right, towards the low hollow Solfatara (*Forum Vulcani*), with its *fumaroli*, or vent-holes, to-day just what they were when Pliny called them ‘*spiracula Ditis,*’ breathing-places of Pluto. The

hill is roughly circular, hollowed out like a dish, with steep irregular sides of crumbling tufaceous, pumiceous, and trachytic rocks, from which subterranean echoes make answer to your footfall. In one place rises a column of aqueous vapour mixed with sulphuretted hydrogen, muriatic acid gas, and muriate of ammonia. Immediately around lies a tract known anciently as 'campi leucogæi,' from the whiteness of the saline soil. The whole hill is a ruined and degraded volcanic vent, the *fumaroli* of which forbid the supposition that its powers are extinct. A little way off is the Grotta del Cane, with its spring of carbonic acid, large quantities of which rise bubbling up through the water of the Lago d' Agnano, and have done so for the last two thousand years, seeing that the gas was made use of by the Cæsars. On the left, from the rising ground, is a pretty glimpse of the little volcanic island of Nisida close inshore, with its *bagno* and breakwater, famed, says Pliny, for its asparagus, 'quod in Neside Campaniæ insula nascitur longe optimum existimatur.' On the north side is the rock of Gaiola (probably a corruption of Gabbia, a birdcage), the 'felix Euplœa carinis' of Statius, where, in the days of old, mariners from the East were wont to offer sacrifices to the gods at the end of a successful voyage.

According to Lucan (Phars. vi. 90),

‘*Tali spiramine Nesis  
Emittit Stygiam nebulosis aera saxis,  
Antraque letiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant.*’

Athenæus speaks of the island as inhabited by a few people and many rabbits. It was in Nesis that Brutus made his home after the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Here Cicero paid him a visit; and here Portia, wife of Brutus, heard the fatal tidings from Philippi. It was a favourite corner for the sportsmen of that day, being covered with dense wood, the ‘*silva quæ fixam pelago Nesida coronat*’ of Statius, who gives it no good name as a health resort :

‘*Inde malignum  
Aera respirat pelago circumflua Nesis.*’

Whether or not the island was given, as some think, by Constantine to the Neapolitan church of S. Restituta, it is certain that in the fifteenth century it belonged to that church, as appears from an inventory of 1485, in which mention is made of ‘*paludem Nisitæ cum nemore*’ as one of its possessions. In 1518 it passed into the hands of Giacomo Carafa, then to those of Pietro Orfanga, whose heirs sold it for 3,000 ducats to the doge of Amalfi, by whom the castle was built and the island turned into a scene of much revelling, as it

had been before by the dissipated Joanna the Catholic. Thirty years later it was sold for 10,500 ducats to Pietro Borgia, Prince of Scilla, he in his turn giving it up for 13,500 to the Neapolitans, who used the little haven of Pavone as a *lazzaretto*, or quarantine station, for Levantine vessels. At the beginning of the present century the population amounted to no more than thirty, and it is but little larger now.

Turning inland again, I nudge myself and try to realize that I am actually tramping through the borders of the 'lonely land and gloomy cells,' the 'atri janua Ditis,'

'Where dwell,  
Shrouded in mist and gloom continually,  
That people from sweet light secluded well,  
The dark Cimmerian tribes, who skirt the realms of hell.'

I look nervously around for the darkened lake and the funereal cypress forest and the gibbering ghosts; but, though the atmosphere is heavy with sulphurous fumes, there is nothing of an uncanny nature to trouble or terrify me on this bright breezy day; and it is in rather a disenchanted frame of mind that I make my way down towards the old Cumæan port of Pozzuoli, the classical Dicæarchia or Puteoli, so called either from the wells or the smells, 'the whole district,' says Strabo,

'being full of stinking water, sulphur, fire, and hot springs. This city,' he adds, 'has become a place of extensive commerce, having artificial wharves, the construction of which was much facilitated by the easy nature of the sand, which contains much gypsum, and will cement and consolidate thoroughly.' Now Pozzuoli is famous for little but real odours and sham antiquities (manufactured in Naples), in both of which commodities a large business is done.

A few minutes more and I am paying my *lira* for admission to the grand old ruins of the amphitheatre, which in some respects excels those at Capua, Verona, and Pompeii, and in point of date is anterior to the Coliseum itself. Although less capacious as a whole than the first two named, the arena at Pozzuoli (in which the comedian Nero himself appeared as a gladiator) was of superior dimensions, as will be seen from the following table, in which the measurements are in English feet :

	OVER ALL.			ARENA.		
	LENGTH.	ALL.	WIDTH.	LENGTH.	WIDTH.	
Pozzuoli	-	-	446	358	369	216
Capua -	-	-	555	456	249	147
Verona	-	-	504	402	250	144
Pompeii	-	-	444	342	218	109
Rome -	-	-	620	513	287	180

The basement of the Pozzuoli building consists of a double series of vaults forming two elliptical

rings, in which every vault radiates from the centre of the arena. Between the rings a broad corridor, with fine evanescent curves, runs the whole way round the ellipse. The structure is in an excellent state of preservation. No doubt the grass-grown imperial 'box,' or *cubiculum*, was formerly more luxuriously furnished than it is now, but the underground arrangements for the show are to all intents and purposes as perfect as when they were first made. There are the wild-beast dens with sliding trap-doors, and the gladiators' rooms, and all the complicated contrivances for the *naumachia*, in which the arena was laid under water by means of conduits that would serve their use as well now as ever. The whole place is well cared for by intelligent and courteous officials, and I was loth to come up again to the blazing sunshine out of the cool subterranean corridors draped with maidenhair fern. In the main corridor, on the left of the principal entrance, one of the side chambers was fitted up in bygone times in honour of S. Januarius, bishop of Benevento, of whom a tablet records that when, in A.D. 305, he was thrown to the beasts in the arena by Diocletian, they found him such a tough customer that they left him in peace, instead of pieces, and he went his way unharmed.

Half a mile away is another relic of Pozzuoli's

departed greatness in the Serapeum, or temple of Jupiter Serapis, a spacious rectangular cloister surrounded by porticos, cells, and upwards of thirty lustral chambers standing round a circular temple in the centre, that once possessed what must have been a very stately peristyle of sixteen cipolline Corinthian pillars, most of which now stand in the theatre of the royal palace at Caserta, the Versailles of Naples. The whole plan of the building is manifestly adapted for Egyptian worship, and corresponds closely with that of the Tempio d' Iside at Pompeii, and the mighty Serapeon at Alexandria, of which Ruffinus has given us a description. The temple is well worth a visit on geological as well as antiquarian grounds, inasmuch as it offers us an interesting proof of the telluric changes that have taken place in the geological history of a region which at different periods has been subjected to clearly-defined elevations, as well as to less extensive but equally evident depressions. The area, 70 feet square, in which I am standing is seen at a glance to be on a level lower than that of the surrounding ground and house foundations. Upon it once stood many columns of *cipollino* (calcareous and lined with green serpentine), *rosso-antico*, and African brecciated marble. In the middle are the remains of a circular *cella*,

encircled once upon a time by eighteen *rosso-antico* columns, between which have been found inscriptions recording the addition of costly marbles by M. Aurelius. There are still standing erect three stately columns of Egyptian cipolline, of the kind known as 'ophicalcite,' calcareous with magnesian veins. When the building was unearthed one hundred and fifty years ago, these cipolline pillars were found to be encrusted at two different levels by still adherent matter, and for some 7 or 8 feet above the incrustation to be perforated by the lithodomus (*Mytilus lithophagus*), a species of boring shell still found alive in the Mediterranean. The question suggests itself, How did those pillars become perforated by a marine bivalve? The shafts, 42 feet high, rest on a floor 13 inches lower than the present mean high-water level of the sea; and from a height of 8 feet are perforated to more than 16 feet, the lower 8 feet immediately above the base showing a smooth, unpierced surface. I may mention that the level of the marble floor is in winter often under water to the depth of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

The simplest explanation is that the columns were bored at a time when they were on a lower level, and that temple and town and shore have since that period been all elevated. We may imagine that the floor was originally constructed

not 17 or 18 feet beneath the sea level, but nearly at its present one, and that there have been probably two depressions, with at least one re-elevation, leaving it, as we see it now, at pretty much its original height. I say 'depressions,' because no doubt the upper marble floor was added when the mosaic one failed any longer to answer its purpose. The conclusion to which Lyell, Phillips, Daubeny, and Breislak have all arrived is that a change in elevation of from 16 to 23 feet has taken place within the last sixteen centuries, the effect either of earth movements or convulsive shocks. I may add that in 1530 Loffredo, an Italian writer, spoke of the sea as then washing the base of the hills where now is the Starza, or broad tract to the west of the town, 20 feet above the sea.

These two ruins are the glory of Pozzuoli, which is otherwise a dull place nowadays. The church is handsome, and stands on the site of a temple of Augustus, the pillars of which may be seen near the entrance. In a locked chapel on the north side is the grave of Giambattista Pergolesi, of Jesi in the March, who died in 1736, aged twenty-six.

Some will find interest in the remembrance that Puteoli was once visited by the Apostle of the Gentiles, who stayed, or at least was 'desired to stay,' here seven days. His eyes must have looked

across the beautiful Bay of Baiæ, where now, instead of the good ship *Castor and Pollux*, a huge turret ship-of-war lies at anchor a few cables' length from the ruined buttresses or piers which, now called the Punta di Caligula, are all that is left of the 'moles Puteolanæ.' It was across this same bay that Caligula drove his chariot on a bridge of boats covered with earth, from which he flung a select party of his dearest friends into the sea, and arranged for their heads to be held under water by poles. But long ago this 'monster rather than a man,' who wanted to put his statue in the Holy of Holies, has given place to a yet more terrible creation in the person of the great Lord Armstrong, who, like Mercury, has stolen the tools of Vulcan, and has set up on the shore a cannon and armour plate foundry, whence comes booming over to my far-off lotos-garden the frequent roar of his noisy infants. Fancy a fifty-ton gun belching fire and smoke at the mouth of the Styx in the very shadow of the Forum Vulcani, and on the very sands across which the son of Alcmena erst drove his Iberian herd by the oyster-beds of the Lucrine lake, famous still for its succulent bivalves!

'Where into Acheron Cocytus glides,  
Streaming from Styx, and Pyriphlegethon.'

Out beneath the exquisitely translucent water of

the bay, and round its curving shore, lie prone a hundred villas,\* in which once lived and moved the best and worst of Rome—Cicero and Caligula, Cato, Hortensius (whom Plutarch calls a ‘man of great dignity and politeness’—the orator who was the first Roman to roast a peacock, and who wept for the death of his favourite *muræna*), Sylla and Marius, Crassus, Pliny, the Agrippinas, Hadrian, Cato, and a thousand others, on account of whose foul deeds fair Baiæ wrung from the pen of Seneca her evil name of ‘divisorium vitiorum,’ a place where all restraint could be, and was, thrown aside. Now the water-worn Via Domitiana and the strand of the bay are strewn with broken columns and many fragments of rare and costly marble, rounded here and there into perfect spheres by the perpetual wash and play of the sea,

‘*Multæ per mare pessum  
Subcedere, suis pariter cum civibus, urbes;*’

as Lucretius hath it. Here were the Stufe di Nerone, natural mineral steam baths, the water of which (hot enough to boil an egg) was praised by Martial :

\* It was no doubt in consequence of the unhealthy summer climate of these shores that the Romans used to build their villas in the sea—‘*jactæ in altum*’—where, as any fisherman will tell you, they would be secure from the effects of malaria after sunset.

*'Quid thermis melius Neronianis?'*

The actual heat of the escaping gases is 170 Fahr., and though there is an entire absence of accommodation, the springs are still visited for chronic cutaneous and joint diseases, gout, and rheumatism. Of such fame were they six centuries ago that three doctors arose in the might of their professional jealousy, and, sailing hither from Salerno, wrecked the entire hydropathic establishment in the dead of night, and while chuckling over their success, got into unexpected hot water themselves; for they were checkmated by Æolus, who, on the receipt of a telephone message from the outraged Pluto, upset and drowned them off the Punta di Campanella.

Near at hand, at the edge of the bay, rose the stately Academy of Cicero, with its far-fanned portico, scene of the 'De Fato' dialogue, where he sought, but in vain, as he tells us, seclusion from the crowds who wanted to interview him. I wonder, did he leave Terentia at home? Almost adjoining it was the villa of Varro, recalling the 'Academia' and the 'De Finibus.' The great orator loved these shores as fondly as did Horace, whose testimonial is here and there stuck up along the front of the houses in Baiæ,

*'Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis;'*

with a various reading in one conspicuous instance of ‘amonis.’ There is a fascinating old-world charm still lingering about ‘vaporiferae Baiæ,’ although the burial-place of Ulysses’ friend is no longer the Brighton of dissolute Rome, the resort of the *fine fleur* of empire and republic, but looks very much ‘down on its luck,’ and decidedly changed for the worse since the bestial Hadrian died here, and Julia used to sit listening to Virgil reading his verses, and Martial sang hysterically,

‘*Ut mille laudem, Flacce, versibus Baias,  
Laudabo digna non satis tamen Baias,*’

and immortalized her

‘*Superbae blanda dona naturæ,*’

and cursed the broiling dog-days :

‘*While near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,  
I draw the sultry air and gasp for breath,  
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,  
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat.  
Lo! now the sun to the bright Lion turns,  
And Baiæ with redoubled fury burns.*’\*

It would indeed be difficult to find another space of earth of the same extent that is so identified, so saturated, with the poetry and mythology of the ancients as is the whole of this malarial tract lying between the tomb of Virgil and the Capo Miseno. The stranger is bewildered by its multitudinous

\* Addison’s translation.

associations. Here, between Baiæ and Bacoli, they show you the Sepolcro d'Agrippina, Nero's mother, the notorious wife of Claudius, whose noble statue is, as I have said, at Naples. The tomb is by no means the 'levis tumulus' of which Tacitus writes, but a long vaulted gallery, lined with paintings and stucco work, probably part of a theatre. Pleasant myths also are the temples of Mercury and Venus, the first standing half enveloped in vineyards, the other, a fine, lofty ruin, close to the road beyond the Hôtel de la Reine. On a very warm day I found the attempt to investigate the archæology of this district an exhausting work ; and I came to the conclusion at last that the only rule to go by is in almost every instance to set aside the high-sounding names that have been scattered broadcast over every arch and wall and column. It is highly probable that most of the nomenclature had its origin in the first instance in the minds of enthusiastic Churchmen, who did not scruple to exercise their ingenuity, at the same time that they disguised their ignorance, by labelling the first ruin they came to (possibly a mere *trogolo*, as in the case of the temple of Mercury) with the name of the first deity they thought of. And the world at large complacently acquiesced in their pious frauds, until the dawn of an era of scepticism

that brought in a new system. Now, the idea was that, since the old Romans built their bath-houses in a circular form, every round ruin was a bath. One or two undoubted baths are, however, visible among the vines near the temple of Mercury ; and the octagonal temple of Diana, described by Propertius, and bearing the words ‘Diana lucifera,’ may be taken as among the few remains in this locality which can be looked upon as being what they are represented to be.

Passing out of Baiæ along the shadeless road that leads under the fine old *castello* built by that best of Spanish viceroys, Don Pedro de Toledo, I halt for a few moments in the cool shadows of Bacoli, at the old Villa Bauli, where Nero hatched his mother’s death ; and then on across the strip of earth that now parts the Mare Morto from the old harbour of Misenum, of which it anciently formed the inner basin. On the left rises the curiously shaped tufa mass of the Capo Miseno, 300 feet high, with a mediæval tower and forlorn village, all that is left of the Portsmouth of imperial Rome — Misenum linked with the memory of the musical son of Æolus, whose body was here washed up by the waves, and buried on the hill,

‘*Qui nunc Misenus ab illo  
Dicitur æternumque tenet per sœcula nomen.*’

Here, according to the witching touch of a De Staël, dwelt Corinne, and in earlier times Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi ; and here rose the wonderful bower that Lucullus built,

*'Quæ monte summo posita Luculli manu  
Prospectat Siculum,'*

now but a waste of huge anise plants, that look like the ghosts of the epicure's kitchen-garden. The hero of a hundred battle-fields chose truly a site of bewitching beauty for his baths and terraced walks and statues and picture-gallery. Plutarch speaks a little disdainfully of him for thus squandering the wealth he had amassed in his many campaigns ; but could he have put his money to a better use than he did in fashioning gardens that were 'numbered with those of kings, and the most magnificent even of those'? Among the wonders that stirred the admiration of mankind were the 'stately walls and galleries, the hothouses,' and the vast excavated reservoirs that made Tubero the Stoic call the Epicurean 'Xerxes in a toga.' But now not one stone is left upon another of all the gorgeous rooms in which his guests reclined on couches of purple velvet, and drank from jewelled cups, each worth a king's ransom : not a chip or fragment of the tables and pictures and statues 'gotten together out of all partes,' or the banquet-

ing-hall in which he gave to Pompey a supper that cost him 50,000 drachmas.\* It may have been on just such an evening as this that, sitting down to supper by himself, Lucullus chided his servants for a meagre bill of fare. ‘Did you not know that to-night Lucullus was to sup with Lucullus?’ Within a bowshot stood the scarcely less magnificent villa of Pompey, in which, as he lay sick, he was visited by his physician, who bade his attendants procure a thrush for their master’s jaded appetite. ‘Alas!’ said they, ‘is it not the summer? and there are no thrushes to be had but in the gardens of Lucullus.’ And the sick man only answered, ‘Must Pompey then have died if Lucullus had not been an epicure?’ From the windows of his villa he looked across the harbour of Misenum to the Elysian Fields, now covered with poplars and mulberries and festoons of vines: the ‘campi Elisi’ in which Martial drew a picture of ‘the rough vinedresser bringing in the ripe grapes; the savage bulls bellowing in the deep valley; the crafty nets set for greedy thrushes; the long-haired children freed from the rule of their master.’ I had his very words in my hand as I walked on along the shore towards Cumæ, followed, like the

\* Or was it in the gorgeous ‘Apollo’ hall of his villa on the Pincian?

Pied Piper, by a noisy bevy of ‘long-haired children,’ to whom I taught the game of ‘bob cherry’ till the environs of Avernus rang again with their merry shouts. I make it a rule never to give to beggars in Italy, both on moral and monetary grounds ; but here I was fairly overmastered, and when I had sat down on the shores of the (once) crystal Eridanus to cool my fevered brow, I dismissed them with a largesse of two-cent bits that, if laid out in the aggregate to the utmost advantage, could hardly suffice for the purchase of an ounce of sweetstuff. Then I walked on, lighter in heart as well as in pocket, for the sound of children’s voices, albeit not so sweet as some I know, seemed to come in pleasant contrast with all around me, that spoke but of death and decay ; and as I trudged along, and their chatter faded in the distance, I fell to wondering whether really all these places, so famed in song and story, were ever quite as beautiful as Virgil and Horace have painted them. Is it not a prerogative of genius to rise above the simple contemplation of Nature, to enrich her charms from the treasure-house of Fancy, and to adorn dull facts with the glittering ornaments of fiction ? One thing, at any rate, is certain. A visit to the ‘descensus Averni,’ and the cave of the Sibyl, and the shores of the Styx,

in this present year of grace, is a dreadful ‘let down’ altogether. The river of hell is a pitiful ditch that a flea could ford ; the unfathomable lake across whose

‘Dread orifice  
*No bird unharmed might steer its flight*’

is a contemptible lava-lined water-hole that an Australian dingo would think twice about before he drank of it ; the Cimmerian forest,

‘*Where dwelt dead phantasms in a loveless land,*’

a tangle of vines, with here and there a clump of rather scrubby chestnut-trees ; the venerable lady’s mystic cavern, the starting-point of Æneas for the shades, where once

‘*Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis biatu  
Scrupea, tutu lacu nigro, nemorumque tencbris,*’

is now but a dank and dismal tunnel in the tufa, highly suggestive of rheumatism—a shameless fraud, which, from the moment in which I first looked at it, has taken rank in my memory with those others of the Tarpeian rock and the tomb of Juliet and the Egerian fount.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE ISLANDS OF PROCIDA AND ISCHIA.

*'Inarimen Prochytenque legit sterilique locatas  
Colle Pithecas.'*

OVID : Met., xiv. 89.

HAVING satiated my soul with the departed horrors of the malaria-stricken Littus Veneris, I strolled on for a mile and a half along the burning shore between the Mare Morto and the sea, under the steep soft cliffs of Monte Procida, looking anxiously for the ferry-boat which was to land me on the opposite shore of the island of Procida. But there was no sign of it, and all that I could learn from some fishermen was that I might find a chance craft farther along. So I went on till I came in sight of Cumæ, where died Tarquinius Superbus and Scipio, ‘buried by the upbraiding shore.’ A handful of cottages is all that now remains of the once wealthy Chalcidian city, the cradle of Italian civilization. Hereabouts it was

that the Sibyl uttered her prophecies ten centuries before the divine seer of Patmos penned the visions of the Apocalypse. Now Cumæ lies like a time-worn palimpsest, aglow with the memories of an old-world sanctity. She is beautiful rather by what she suggests than what she reveals, for Nature has long ago taken her back to her own bosom, and with each triumphant springtide weaves a fresh shroud of cyclamen and veronica. Luckily I soon hailed a couple of cheery fellows fishing inshore, who consented to put me across. Up came their nets in a twinkling, and away we sped to the tune of a dying *mistrale*, which made the pull to the queer old *marina* at Procida a heavy one.

The volcanic island of Procida, or Prochyta, is about five English miles in circuit, two in length, between no two points more than one mile in width, and nearly flat, notwithstanding Virgil calls it ‘alta.’ It gets its name either from the nurse of Æneas, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus thought, or from a word *prochua* in allusion to its separation from the neighbouring Ischia. ‘Inarimes,’ says Pliny, ‘was a mountain, which being split asunder by an earthquake, made another island that, from being so rent, is called Prochua.’ Others find its origin in ‘Procima’ or ‘prima Cyme’ (Cuma), but make no suggestion as to the change of letters.

In striking contrast with that of the shores and islands round it, the history of this morsel of rock is almost a blank page. It received in early times a colony of Eretrians and Chalcidians, who are reported to have worked precious metals here. So persistent, however, was the recurrence of earthquakes and fire eruptions from the craters (still plainly visible in the circular bays of the south side), that the Greeks soon deserted it, and it remained unoccupied till in B.C. 478 Hiero of Syracuse repeopled it : to which episode I am inclined to ascribe the origin of the myth of Typhœus. Subsequently it passed into the hands of Naples, after which for many centuries there are but the scantiest records even of its existence. With the marvellous fertility of the island fresh in my memory, it is curious to recall the testimony of Statius, who called it ‘aspera et inculta,’ and the yet more remarkable contempt of the satirist for its charms :

‘Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici  
Laudo tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis  
Destinet atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.  
Janua Baiarum est, et gratum littus amæni  
Secessus : ego vel Procytam præpono Suburæ ;  
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non  
Deterius credas, etc.\*

\* Juv., Sat. iii. 1.

In the Middle Ages it became the property of the family of Giovanni di Procida, the physician and friend of Frederic II. and Manfred ; who, in 1279, moved by his country's wrongs at the hands of Martin IV. and Charles, took counsel with Michael Palæologus, and, disguised as a fisherman, roused the slumbering ire of his Ghibelline friends, and lighted the fire which three years later blazed forth in the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers. Upon the condemnation of the arch-conspirator the island was confiscated to the Crown, and in 1792 was declared a *città*.

My own experiences of Procida were meagre but melancholy. On landing, I tramped from one end of the *marina* to the other in quest of the 'unpretending inn near the landing-place,' of which Baedeker speaks ; but I found it not. After a while I began a course of anxious inquiries, first of a *guardia municipale*, then of a postman, then a fisherman, another fisherman, a cobbler, a small boy, and an old woman, who promptly asked me for a *baiocco* for telling me, as all the others had done, that she knew naught of any such vain thing as a hostelry. When I say she gave this information, I must qualify the statement by the remark that during the one thousand minutes of my sojourn in the island, the whole of my communica-

tions with the inhabitants were carried on by pantomime. The mellifluous tongue of Alta Italia I soon found to be as useless as Chinese ; what it was the people talked I knew then no more than I know now. I am not taking more than my share of traveller's license when I affirm that such an excellent and irreproachable Italian word as *albergo* was powerless to secure the faintest sign of recognition on their part. Such fiscal terms as *baiocco* and *macaroni* they comprehended readily, as I found out to my cost before I had left them,\* but in other respects I to them and they to me were as sealed books. The postman (in spectacles) was cheerfully undemonstrative ; the *guardia municipale*, with civil officialism, had the honour to acknowledge the receipt of my communication, and then made an end ; the fisherman took a prolonged pull at his pipe, and gave me a three-volume look of blankest ignorance ; the shoemaker, awl in hand, gave me nothing ; the old woman called her daughter and mumbled something that sounded so like 'police' that I passed on, not wishing to stain my vagrant path with blood ; while as for the small boy, he took a

\* Travellers in Italy are familiar with the demand for a *macaroni* or a cigar or a *caffè*, as an equivalent for the *pourboire* and *trinkgeld* of regions farther north.

bewildered survey of the horizon, scratched himself, and turned away ; then ran after me and held out his hand for tribute. How could I blame them when I bethought me of the many good folk at home who are clamorous to play the part of the good Samaritan, less the oil and the two-pence ?

By this time I was footsore and ravenous (having eaten nothing but cherries all day), and I resolved to walk up through the town with my eyes wide open, and turn into the first traveller's trap I could find. I might as well have looked for a Dryad in Regent's Park. On and on I walked up the one steep paved street, renewing my questionings of every likely-looking Procidan, but to no purpose, and with the feeling of humiliation burning itself into my very soul, that one who had just got nicely at home in the disguised Italian of Capri, and who could bend a Neapolitan cabman to his will by the lightest (or heaviest) word, should be now actually wandering empty and alone in search of the commonest necessities of life among fourteen thousand isolated souls who knew no tongue but their own. With a ruffled spirit, I came after half an hour's walk upon a noisy troop of big lads playing skittles in a narrow lane, who, in dumb show, begged me to retrace my steps, seeing that

the track I was in led nowhither. But like the ass of Balaam, though with less profit, I asserted my own will, and was promptly and properly humbled by finding myself before long in a tortuous maze of vines and lemon groves from which there was no outlet. There was nothing for it but to turn back and run the gauntlet of that roistering troop again ; and finally I found myself once more down at the Marina, as far as ever from the ‘unpretending inn.’ I began to think that there was, on the contrary, a good deal of pretence about it, and I was just inwardly debating whether I should buy a *rotola* of beans, and try to believe it was *table d'hôte*, and then after a smoke settle down for the night in a fishing-boat, when by a fortunate chance my eye fell upon a minute board on a corner house, with a hand pointing up the street, and the words ‘Albergo e ristorante, Piazza dei Martiri 36.’ I transcribe the address for the benefit of any tramps who may come after me. New life coursed through my veins ; all thoughts of beans and boats and such pitiful makeshifts vanished in the glow of that magical inscription in good honest Italian ; and with as light and airy a tread as I could get out of a pair of blistered feet, I mounted the street with the speed of ‘black Auster’ in quest of the *osteria*. In truth, it was

no wonder that I had missed the piazza before : enough that I found it now, and sure enough, a few yards beyond, up almost under the walls of the old castle, there stood out clean and clear in the twilight the signboard of the vine-covered *Albergo dei Fiori*.

I have observed in these parts that the outward attractiveness of an inn not seldom stands in inverse ratio to that of the interior. It is otherwise with the edifices dedicated to the purposes of spiritual refreshment. You pass through some hideous whitewashed portal into a church ablaze with gilding and paint and marble work ; but the inns are but too often as whitened sepulchres, fair to look upon, but full of all uncleanness. Happy the wayfarer if he chance upon one, as I did now, that is not a den of thieves. The *padrone* was all over the place after the supply of my wants in less than no time ; and, after assuring me that the fat of the land was at my disposal, ushered me into a tiny lean-to, which merits a word of passing description. In that moment of beatitude I grasped but one fact. There stood a bed before my enraptured gaze, in a chamber that was in shape precisely like a slice or wedge of plum-cake cut from the centre to the circumference—a resemblance still more strikingly marked by the singular colouring of the

walls, which, white at the top, were covered for two-thirds of their height by a painted spotted dado, exactly like currant dough. At the thin end of the wedge, the only access to which lay through a hole in the floor, stood a bedstead, and at the broad end a balconied window opened on to a wealth of vines. The dressing-table, which drew a precarious support from the stair-rail, was a relic of the Chalcidian occupation, the looking-glass later, possibly Angevine; and as a suggestion for a washing-basin I had an extensively cracked Saracen jam-pot. Downstairs the kitchen arrangements were equally abreast of the times. In half an hour I was dining off *bric-à-brac*—my bill next morning called it *pranzo assorto*—on the veranda, *coram populo*, who found amusement in watching my struggles with dried tunny roe, fennel and eggs, a small and bitter fish, some exotic *provolone*, or buffalo milk cheese, and other culinary curios. I was in a mordant mood, and it was a case of *chi non risica non rosica* (he who risks not eats not). Strange to say, vegetables were conspicuous by their absence, notwithstanding the fact that this once barren rock is now the kitchen-garden of Naples, and reeks from end to end with green stuff. I thought, as I walked its ways, of the Parisian *hazard de la fourchette*, where the gamin

sticks a fork into a caldron of boiling hotch-potch, and brings out perhaps a calf's foot, or half a sheep's head, or a carrot, or—nothing ; and I came to the conclusion that Procida has all the carrots. I have seen Guernsey tomatoes and Fiji bananas piled in heaps of many tons ; but never have I seen such vast profusion of miscellaneous vegetables as in Procida. The long street is one huge Covent Garden, only 'more so.' Nine out of every ten yards are aglow (at least in the month of June) with masses (no smaller word will serve) of potatoes, beans (from the tiny *cicere*, which gave a nickname to Cicero, to the broadest of broads), peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, mallows, loquats, *mollignani*, *peperoni*, cherries, strawberries, oranges, lemons, onions, and garlic galore.

Rising from the table with an appetite that a railway Bath bun alone could have staunched, I sought once more the slice of currant cake, where I found the bed in course of arrangement at the hands of my *fille de chambre*, in the guise of an old patriarch, with nothing particular on but a mosaic pair of pants that must have dated from more than one fall. He was a being of diminutive stature, made up chiefly, like a comb, of back and teeth, a vegetable skin, one gimlet eye, and a Slawkenbergian nose that weighs still on my

memory, and put me in mind of Shelley's experience of a similar organ that required the utmost stretch of Christian charity to forgive. To him succeeded the *padrone*, who, after laying a glass of *caffè nero* at my feet, and inquiring whether I wished to hire the bed only, or the whole room, disappeared through the trap-door, and to my horror, on reaching the bottom, turned the key in the lock and made me a prisoner. My first impulse was to scream, which I mastered ; then I precipitated myself down the stairs, and rattled the door till the island trembled ; but all to no purpose, for the folk were used to earth tremors, and my quarters were away from the rest of the house ; so I went back like a naughty whipped child to my vine-clad balcony, which dominated an uninhabited leguminous expanse. Then I fell a-wondering why I was deprived of the power to go abroad. It could not be that mine host feared lest I should strip his room and flee in the dead of night laden with spoils. I could have as little use for such booty as the thief had for the Great Seal of England when he had stolen it from Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Should I make myself ridiculous by crying aloud and rousing the barbarians around me to a sense of my wrongs ? I might spare myself the trouble, for no human

voice could make itself heard amid the deafening, dinning clang of the multitudinous bells from tower and steeple, which were now proclaiming the *venti-quattro* at the close of day. I am inclined to think that Procida is the best-belled place on earth, a paradise for the horny-handed son of toil who loveth strikes. From my window I counted fourteen churches peeping out among the vineyards, each church with about fourteen bells, and each bell, I should say, with fourteen clappers.

After awhile I grew calmer, and went to bed, or rather to board; for I soon found out that the exertions of my chamberman had not exceeded the spreading of the thinnest and prickliest of sheets upon the top of some unusually knotty timber. I speedily ascertained that the bed resembled that of Father Neptune, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts, bound on errands neither of love nor mercy. My only covering was a *serviette* of dimensions best described in the words of Talleyrand, ‘Cela commence trop tard et finit trop tôt.’ When I pulled it up over my shoulders my feet were bare; when they were covered I could but just discern the hither end in the region of my *patella*. Sleep was out of the question for a

man confined forcibly to his quarters within sight of Casamicciola, the scene of the biggest earthquake of modern times. If Mother Earth should grow restless during the night hours, I should probably form an exception to the survival of the fittest. I knew the best thing to do in such a case would be to rush and stand under the shelter of a doorway, which is a pretty safe means of escape if you can only do it in time. But doorway I had none, and I lay and pictured myself a couple of æons hence under glass in a museum, labelled ‘Human remains from Procida, supposed not native.’ Even if my mind had been at rest, the clocks alone would have kept my staring eyeballs fixed in inane despair upon the spotted sugary walls of my cell; for the hours and half-hours and quarters and half-quarters, were clanged forth with the most abandoned inaccuracy, no two clocks being within five minutes of each other, so that the result was an uninterrupted stream of cacophony in which none but a Poe could have found delight. I simply lay and quaked in torture; but, since even Quakers must sleep, after much tossing and getting up several times to rest, I slumbered till the first streak of dawn.

Then, just as the nearest clock, apparently under my pillow, had done striking nineteen, I heard

stealthy steps below; and quickly resolving to sell my life for something more than the ‘sough o’ an auld song,’ I was (figuratively) disarmed by the appearance of my *padrone*, accompanied by a *guardia municipale*, in whose presence I felt resistance would be useless. I tried to appear unconcerned as he handed me a large book, in which he requested me (in pantomime) to inscribe my name and last place of residence, my *patria* and *condizione* and so forth. Determined that the world should have an opportunity of identifying me if it was to be that I must die, I hurriedly wrote myself down as ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ of the ‘Villa Jovis,’ whereupon the twain overwhelmed me with pantomimic thanks, and departed, once more locking the door. Then I rose and buried my nose in the jam-pot, and shook the dewdrops from my mane, and essayed to go forth. But my wily guardian had not only locked the door, but locked it *from the outside*, which was adding insult to injury, and escape seemed impossible. I waited placidly for some time, and then, as I was anxious to get across the island before the sun was high, I swore a solemn oath to be free. I tried to think of the daring feats of historical gaol-breakers, but, as is usual at such supreme moments, I could not remember one. I had a vague idea that a nail

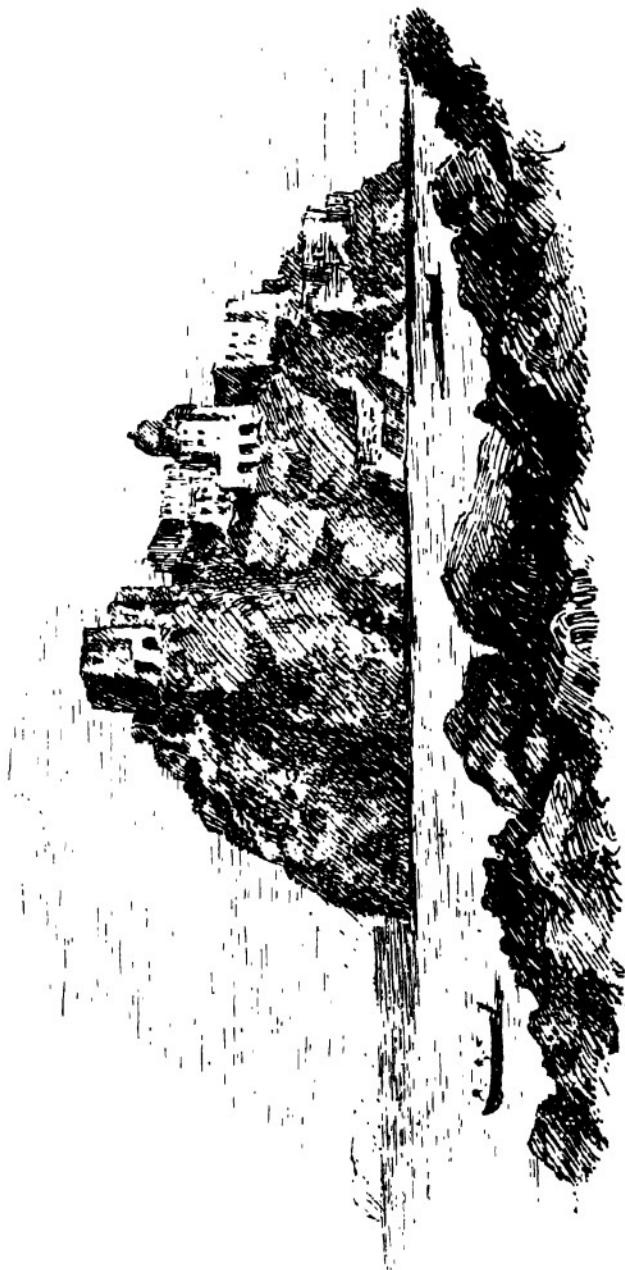
from one's boot, or a hairpin, or a pickle-fork, would do the trick, but of these I was destitute. Suddenly I recalled the fact that as a British subject I was the possessor of a tooth-brush. In three minutes I was on the other side of that door, thanks to a certain masterly manipulation of that tooth-brush handle which I am not prepared lightly to divulge. Enough, I was free, and sound in limb, and would soon show these miscreant vegetarians a cleaner pair of heels than they were accustomed to. With a studied look of upbraiding, I sought the *padrone*, but he was nowhere to be found : only in his stead his handsome wife, who (a little staggered at first by my reappearance) affably consented to accept coin current for the cake and the *pranzo assorto*. I swallowed a cup of coffee and an egg that had barely missed being a chicken, gave two *soldi* to the gimlet-eyed one, and before I had gone fifty paces down the street ran into the arms of the *padrone*, with the key of my dungeon sticking shamelessly out of his waistcoat pocket. I felt it was no time for bandying words, and after a hasty *addio* and *buon viaggio* I left him with 'the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but a day,' and we parted, never, so far as I am concerned, to meet again. For I do not think I

shall go to Procida again—at least, not for the night.

The walk through the island is far from inviting, lying as it does between high stone walls ; but the people are quiet and civil enough, and live a vegetable sort of life, and altogether are rather a pleasant relief from their volcanic neighbours on the mainland. The very dogs of Procida are a well-ordered class, and do not fly savagely at a stranger—possibly because they do not know how strange he is.

From the charming little circular bay of Chiajolello a dozen strong arms (with not more than fifty-five fingers—for you never get six Italians all with the normal number of unmaimed digits) pulled me across past the rock Vivara, once famed for pheasants, to the foot of the old castle of Ischia, esteemed in olden days as the strongest in Italy, and which Stanfield has so grandly painted. A few years after its erection by the Aragonese Alfonso I., Ferdinand the Catholic, with his wife Joanna, deserted by their hired *condottieri*, fled hither from the wrath of the Valois Charles VIII. ; and, as is recorded on a marble slab still preserved, being at first refused admittance by the castellan Giusto della Candida, were allowed to enter unattended by any of their retinue. But no sooner





CASTLE OF ISCHIA.

To face p. 349.

had the gate been thrown open than Ferdinand, with more alacrity than good faith, ran the governor through with his sword. The castle rock, now tenanted by a colony of *coatti*, was in far-away times a stronghold of the Chalcidians,\* and during the mediæval period comprised a town in itself, with fortress, cathedral, bishop's palace, and several churches. At a later date it was the site of a convent of nuns, whose place of sepulture may still be seen dug out in the inmost heart of the mountain, with the rows of mummified virginal remains all in a row in ghastly mockery of life.

The island of Ischia, known in mediæval times as Iscla, is a mass of lava and pumice-stone, in shape like a rough steep-sided pyramid, with the apex towards the east, measuring about four miles by five, and with a population of 26,000. To the ancients it was known under the names of Pithecusa, Ænaria and Inarimes. The commonly accepted derivation of the first of these is that given by Pliny, from *pithos*, a peculiar kind of clay vessel manufactured there—a large jar with a flattened base, in shape something like a gourd, of

\* Cumani ab Chalcide Euboica originem trahunt: classe qua advecti ab domo fuerant, multum in ora maris ejus quod adcolunt potuere. Primo in insulas Ænariam et Pithecas egressi, deinde in continentem ausi sedes transferre.—Livy viii. 22.

considerable thickness and strength, and with a wider mouth than an *amphora*. On a very early bas-relief found in Italy a *pithos* is depicted as the chosen retreat of Diogenes. Another origin of the word has been suggested by the story of Epimetheus, brother of Prometheus, who was banished hither by Zeus and turned into a monkey (*pithecos*). The name *Ænaria* stood for Ahenaria, ‘ab aheno ærisque metallis,’\* while in the ‘Inarimes’ of Ovid we may trace either the Homeric *εἴρη* ‘Ἄριμοις, or an Etruscan word *arimi*, meaning apes.

\*

When the world was young, Ischia was fabled to be the burial-place of Typhon, who lay pierced by the thunderbolts of Jove ‘under the seagirt shores that press upon his shaggy breast,’ and by his restless turnings caused ‘flames and water to rush forth, and even small islands to rise containing springs of hot water;’† a myth that we find linked with volcanic agency not only here, as well as in Sicily and Asia Minor, but also in a more general form in the mythology of Egypt, in which Typhon, or Set, was the foe of Osiris, his brother.

The island has received many attentions, both

\* Notwithstanding Livy’s apparent distinction between the two names.

† Pindar, *Pyth. Od.*, i. 33; *Æsch.*, *P. V.*, 363.

friendly and unfriendly, from the hands of man. In the days of Imperial Rome it was, as I have already mentioned, exchanged by Augustus for Capri. The list of those to whom its lofty rocky fastness has given shelter includes the names of Æneas, Marius, the wanton Julia, Ferdinand the Catholic and many other fugitive monarchs, as well as the widows of Matthæus Corvinus of Hungary and Galeazzo Visconti, and a host of despairing women. Hither came also the fair and noble Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, sung by Ariosto for her beauty and virtues, the beloved wife of one of the greatest soldiers in an age of great soldiers, and the idol of the greatest artist in an age of giants in art. She found in Ischia such consolation as brought her to the topmost pinnacle of fame as Italy's greatest poetess, and the earliest outpourings of her muse were dedicated to the memory of the gallant husband whose loss she mourned. Then the years went by, dulling the sharp edge of sorrow, and a new sun rose above the horizon of her life, in whose glowing beams she mounted on stronger pinions, and sang new strains of deathless love. In that time of fierce conflict and rending disruption, when ties of race and kindred were molten in the furnace heat of party strife, Vittoria stood forth as the reconciling angel of her house ;

and though powerless to avert the struggle, she ministered to the healing of its wounds. Returning to Rome as a sister of mercy attached to the convent of San Silvestro in Capite, in 1536 she met Michelangelo Buonarroti, himself a maker of sonnets. Hers was the matchless face that he put into his Madonnas and into his 'Last Judgment.' As she lay dying, the artist, stricken with speechless grief, kneeled and kissed her hand in despairing homage ; and when her spirit fled 'was quite beside himself, and as it were frenzied by sorrow ; and,' adds his faithful pupil and biographer, 'I remember to have heard him say that nothing grieved him more than that when he saw her departed this life, he had not kissed her face also.'\*

Like all its neighbours Ischia has suffered much at the hands of many. Greeks, Phœnicians, Syracusans, Romans, Saracens, Pisans, Spaniards, French, and English, have each and all done their best to worry it. The earliest Chalcidian settlement was probably at Lacco Ameno, on the north side ; and Strabo tells us that the isle was 'inhabited by Eretrians and Chalcidians, who dwelt in great

\* Condivi is responsible for this anecdote, but Vasari makes no mention of it, nor is it probable that there was any stronger link than that of Art between the Marchesa and her worshipper.

prosperity from the rich soil and gold mines ; but they left the island, terrified by earthquakes and outbursts of fire and hot water. On this account a party of occupation, sent by Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, abandoned their fortifications and quitted the place.' After the fall of the Roman Empire, Ischia passed under the sceptre of the Byzantine rulers, and came in subsequently for its full share of annoyance at the hands of hungry Saracens, who on one occasion stayed three days ; and having made havoc of the 'peculia Neapolitanorum non parva,' filled their galleots with 'men and necessaries,' and sailed away. In 1135 it was sacked by the men of Pisa ; in the thirteenth century it sided with Frederic against Charles I. ; and on being retaken in 1299 by the Angevines was reduced to a pitiable state. Nor was its condition much improved when, in 1425, the evil Joanna gave it to Alfonso I., who distinguished himself by building the castle, and in a less praiseworthy manner by driving all the men out of the island, and turning in a parcel of wild Spaniards, whom he compelled the women to take as husbands. A century later the enterprising Kheyreddin Barbarossa treated it much as he treated Capri, and sold 4,000 of the island folk into slavery. In 1734 a Bourbon squadron pounced upon it ; and finally,

in 1810, after it had been held for a year by an Anglo-Sicilian expeditionary force, it fell into the hands of the Neapolitans.

These varied strokes of fortune sink into insignificance in comparison with the terrible natural convulsions of which this beautiful island has been again and again the victim. I had not walked a hundred yards from my boat before I found myself face to face with abundant evidence of the past volcanic disturbances of which we read in Pliny (*H. N.* ii. 88). In b.c. 500, 264 and 92, destructive eruptions of Monte Epomeo took place, as also in later times during the reigns of Titus, Antoninus Pius and Diocletian. Of the great eruption in b.c. 264, Timæus tells us that the mountain 'being shaken by an earthquake vomited forth fire, and the land between it and the coast was driven out into the sea ; while the powdered soil, after being whirled on high, was poured down again on the island in a whirlwind ; then the sea retired to a distance of three stadia, but afterwards returned and inundated the isle and extinguished the fire.' The giant has had no stomachic complaint since 1302, when he poured forth lava continuously for two months. The whole island abounds in magnetic iron, and is a conspicuous example of a great extinct volcanic cone of very

early date, of which the flanks are in many places pierced by active parasitic cones and fissures, whence there is a constant emission of gaseous vapours, affording a healthful outlet for the humours of the slumbering giant. The most important of the now extinct cones are Montecito (Pizzone), near Forio ; Corbaro, which, according to Cigliani, has not erupted since B.C. 4000 ; Rotaro, B.C. 2600 ; Caccarelle, B.C. 350 ; and Cremato, the source of the last eruption in 1302. If it seems to be a daring speculation thus to label the various cones with dates, it must be remembered that their respective periods of activity may be at least approximately fixed by the soils : the earliest being light, sandy and crumbling ; the later made up largely of *lapilli* ; and the most recent consisting of basaltic and trachytic rock. Of these the date and origin are to some extent indicated by the chloridic and sulphuric *fumaroli*, with sublimates of various metals and metalloids. There is a pumiceous conglomerate corresponding with the *pozzolana* of the mainland, trachytes answering to the Solfatara rock, and lava at the Cap d'Arso identical with that of Vesuvius.

Ischia is under the patronage and protection of Santa Restituta, to whom the church at Lacco is dedicated, and whose basilica in Naples, adjoining

the more modern Duomo, served for centuries as the metropolitan cathedral. Among its decorations is a fresco by Giordano on the ceiling of the nave, representing the saint with a lily in her hand being carried ashore by angels at Ischia. She died the death of a virgin martyr in Egypt, and, like San Costanzo to Capri, floated hither and was landed, none the worse for her voyage, at the little bay of San Montano.

The whole island is one great thermal *établissement des bains*, as it has always been since the days when Statius praised its ‘*lacus medicos*.’ Twenty-two varieties of mineral water have been analyzed, all of which are alkali-saline and polymetallic, containing muriates, magnesia, lime, potash and free carbonic acid, with predominating elements of sulphate, carbonate and chloride of sodium. The varied virtues of the springs, the temperature of which ranges from 100 to 160 Fahrenheit, may be summed up in the strains of Dr. Dulcamara :

‘*Muove i paralitici,  
Spedisce gli apopletici,  
Gli astmatici, gli asfatici,  
Gli isterici, i diabetici :  
Guarisce timpaniti, i  
E scrofole e rachitidi,  
E fin il mal di fegato  
Che in moda divenò.*’

Since the great earthquake of 1883 the island

has been almost deserted by the crowds of patients and pleasure-seekers who used to flock there. Before that catastrophe Casamicciola itself was a veritable beauty spot, with its white villas and *villettas* and *casini* dotted about among dark-green orange and lemon groves, woods of pine and chestnut, bowers of vine and vanilla, clambering roses, trailing convolvuli, and a hundred semi-tropical flowers. Even in its present desolated condition it is a lovely place. It was said by an Oriental, ‘If all the world were a ring, Ormuz would be the gem:’ ‘for Ormuz,’ says De Cicutiis, ‘read Ischia.’ While something may be excused to an Italian’s pardonable pride, it is impossible even for the most travelled eye to rest without admiration upon the beautiful island that lies like a nymph reclining at the feet of Epomeo, watching through the long sunny hours the reflection of her own fair form in the glassy waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Alphonse de Lamartine has sung the fascination of Ischia in no exaggerated strains :

‘*Et nous aux penchants de ces verts Elysées,*  
*Sur les bords où l’amour eût caché son Eder,*  
*Au murmure plaintif des vagues apaisées,*  
*Aux rayons endormis de l’astre élyséen,*  
*Sous le ciel où la vie, où le bonheur abonde,*  
*Sur ces rives que l’œil se plaît à parcourir,*

*Nous avons respiré cet air d'un autre monde :  
Elise ! et cependant on dit qu'il faut mourir ?*

The dire effects of the earthquake nine years ago are still abundantly visible as I look down from the terrace of the Hôtel Pithæcusa upon the ruined town that bore the full brunt of the shock. The little piazza by the mole is still bordered by grass-grown ruins ; roofless houses, gaping to the sky, stand side by side with others roughly covered in with hideous corrugated iron ; the hotels, with one or two exceptions, stand gashed and awry just as they were left by those few seconds of awful tremor. The monastery remains as Mother Earth left it when she ceased to shiver ; but the huge hospital near the sea is being rebuilt in a very massive fashion. At the fishing village of Lacco Ameno less has been done even than at Casamicciola to make damages good. The place is a mere smudge, the only orderly looking object being the Eugénie institution, through the front door of which I catch sight of rows of girls plying busy fingers in the making of straw hats and baskets, a work at which deft and diligent hands can earn just three-halfpence a day. It would seem that the manufacture of hats with straw is only a shade more profitable than the making of bricks without.

As Pompeii had its warning sixteen years before it was overwhelmed, so was Casamicciola admonished of coming catastrophe by repeated shocks in 1881, by which damage was done to the amount of a million *lire* (£40,000). Then, two years and a half afterwards, at 8.30 a.m. on the 24th of July, 1883, a *rombo* like the growling of thunder was heard, followed by an earth-tremor. Two or three days of sultry weather passed, and at sundown on Saturday, the 28th, not a breath of air was stirring as the mantle of night fell softly on shore and sea. By half-past nine many of the island folk had gone indoors, while the visitors were sipping *gassosa* outside the cafés, or were gathered in the theatre to see Petito, a favourite Neapolitan actor, play *Pulcinella*. Not five minutes after the performance had begun an explosion was heard, followed by a violent undulatory shock; the extinguishing of the lights, and a fearsome creaking of the wooden building. Then came a swift panic, and a hideous struggle to get out into the open air. In fifteen seconds after that first earth-growl Casamicciola was a heap of ruins, underneath which lay thousands of dead and dying. After a few moments of silence, a thousand voices broke out in a wail of fear and agony. Scarcely a church, house, or hotel was left

standing. The hospital was hurled to the ground, burying nineteen children and three nurses ; and a medley of ruined masonry was all that marked the place where a minute before had stood barracks, *municipio*, post-office, bishop's palace, and the church of Sant' Antonio.

Many strange scenes and incidents are told of that terrible night. At the moment of the first shock a gentleman in one of the hotels was playing to a room full of people, and had just begun Chopin's Funeral March in F minor, when an Italian marquis rose from his chair and said pettishly, 'I shall go into the garden ; this English signor wants to bury us all.' Before he had stepped through the window darkness and destruction had fallen upon the whole company. The next morning, through the broken wall of the *salon*, the pictures could be seen still in their places, the furniture scarcely moved, the coffee cups on the table, the lamps still upright. In the music-room the pianoforte stood with strings hanging loose or snapped, and near it lay the body of the Englishman who had been playing. On the floor were strewn sheets of music, ladies' slippers, books, pictures, and among the litter lay the body of a man still holding an unopened packet of London newspapers. Sunday dawned

upon a scene of dismal desolation. Dead and dying were being laid out in rows in the piazza as fast as the firemen and *carabinieri* could drag them from the ruins. At one corner, rocking himself backwards and forwards, sat an elderly man who two years before lost his only son in the earthquake ; now at his feet were lying the crushed bodies of his daughters, said to have been the most comely pair in the island. Near him a couple of *coatti* (convicts) had just laid down the little mangled body of the Duke of Calabritto's son. A few yards away a woman knelt by the side of her mother, her husband, and her three children, crooning softly a weird chant, and refusing to be comforted 'because they are not.' A *guardia* leads an old lame man to a blood-stained sheet in the shadowed angle of a wall, and, lifting the corner, shows him the only one left of his nine grandchildren. Through the shattered doors of the church of S. Rosario a stream of mutilated bodies is being borne continually and laid down in the cool shadows—every face, save one only, that of a young fair-haired woman, wearing a look of intense death agony. These and many other such details may be read in the Italian journals of the time, or heard to-day from the lips of those who were eye-witnesses of them. Whole families were

blotted out, so that, said one, it was easier to count the living than the dead.

Of marvellous escapes there were not a few. An Anglo-Indian judge was crushed, while his wife escaped by rushing to the shelter of a doorway. An Italian who was playing cards remembered the lights suddenly going out, but knew nothing more till he found himself prostrate among some prickly pears in the garden. Just as he was recovering his wits he heard a low cry, and, turning, saw through the darkness the glimmer of a woman's bare arm and jewelled hand. He tried to reach her, but at that moment the ground gave way and she disappeared. The wife of the inspector of forests at Chieti was reading when the room fell in and buried her all but one long tress of hair; she was found and rescued sixteen hours afterwards. Another lady was dug out unhurt on her bed, lying just as the shock had found her between her two little girls, both of whom were dead. An Englishwoman, at the moment after the shock, tied her baby between a couple of pillows and threw him from the window, herself escaping with a broken leg. There were many instances in which the power of the human body to sustain life was remarkably shown. A young Italian spent one hundred and ten hours

underground by the side of his father's corpse. A girl, saved by the frame of a mosquito-net, was found alive at the end of sixty hours. Ten children were rescued after thirty-six hours' imprisonment ; a man eighty years old came back to life, like another Lazarus, to tell the tale of a four days' sojourn in the heart of the earth ; a lad and an old woman lay unhurt under some ruins for five days. Others were less fortunate. Mons. Menella, the suffragan bishop, after a subterranean imprisonment for twenty-four hours, made his cries heard ; but as the workers approached him his voice grew weaker, and when they reached him he was dead. The young Marchesa Laureati, a well-known Russian beauty, was overwhelmed, and her body never found ; a poor wretch was pitched from a roof head foremost into a stream of hot mud, and there remained with his feet in the air. More humorous incidents were not lacking. A certain dame, for whose rescue a company of soldiers worked hard for several hours, at length held up her hand through the rubbish and cried triumphantly, ‘Here! here! take the hen first.’ An Italian *deputato* woke in such a fright that he rushed from the house with nothing on but a pair of slippers and holding a packet of candles in his hand. Perhaps the most grimly comical incident

was the discovery of an old man and his wife, who were found seated each on the top of a high wall a few yards apart, where they had been for some seventy hours unable either to descend or to aid one another. They were in a very feeble state when found, but quickly revived, and fell to wrangling as to how they got on to the walls. In the same street singular muffled cries were heard proceeding from the earth. Willing hands set to work, and after several hours' toil, during which the sounds grew fainter and fainter, the workers succeeded in unearthing the head and ears of an emaciated donkey, who expired, so to say, in the arms of his rescuers. A pig, when liberated after eight days' confinement, simply whisked its tail and, with a grunt of *grazie tante*, trotted off to take a mud bath. Its *pauca verba* were at least in better taste than the mutual malignings of the aged couple on the wall.

The two communes of Casamicciola and Lacco Ameno stand over a void upon a thin crust propped by immense supports of clay, which are subject to the constant action of thermal water, upon what is, in fact, a surface of clay, trachyte and tufa, resembling the cover of a huge caldron of water on the top of a fire. Of this caldron the wells are the safety-valves through which flows all

the steam generated by the springs. Close these valves, and the steam, directly it has gained the required force, shivers the lid and bursts it upwards. Under these circumstances, and so long as such conditions last, it is difficult to understand how the island can ever be a fit and proper dwelling-place for man. Rather is Ischia a Siren, whose witchery lures to death, and of whose deadly enchantments Arsène Houssage has sung with no less truth than beauty :

- ‘*Cette brune princesse aux regards de colombe  
Appelant tout le monde à son rire joyeux,  
Prenant les plus beaux airs, jouant des plus beaux yeux,  
Prenez-y garde, amis, son corps est une tombe.*
- ‘*La passion mortelle, incessamment y tombe,  
C'est l'abîme attirant les plus audacieux ;  
Elle immole les cœurs d'un doigt capricieux,  
Si vous saciez quel gai sourire à l'hécatombe !*
- ‘*Amis, ne touchez pas à ce froid monument,  
Où dorment cent Amours dans leurs couches funèbres :  
Vous n'auriez pas le temps de faire un testament*
- ‘*N'est ce pas Ischia, cette fleur des ténèbres,  
Qui va jetant la mort sous le ciel des beaux jours,  
Et vit sur son tombeau, souriante toujours ?*

The ascent of Monte S. Michele, or Epomeo (2,878 feet), is said to repay those who are hardy enough to accomplish it. Before I arrived at years of discretion I ascended a good many small

mountains, but in later times have given up doing so, and have, moreover, acquired a certain contempt for amateur mountaineers, who are much given to prate when they come down from anything higher than a mole-hill, and are always ready to assure me that they have had the 'finest view in the world.' For my own part, I let them cackle, while in secret I hug to my soul the prime wisdom of at least two-thirds of the German adage, that one can best see a church from the outside, a tavern from within, and a mountain from the bottom.



CHAPEL OF SANT' ANTONIO, ANACAPRI  
ISCHIA IN THE DISTANCE.

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To the above may be added a small collection of letters to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in 1885-86, since published in book form, by Dr. R. Schöner; Hare's volume on South Italy; a brightly written chapter in Stamer's 'Dolce Napoli'; a sketch in the 'Stray Studies' of J. R. Green; and a 'Guide to Capri,' by the author of this volume (Furchheim, Naples, 1893).

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THE END.









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**THE JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON**

**1826—1830**



# THE JOURNAL OF MRS. FENTON

A NARRATIVE OF HER LIFE IN  
INDIA,\* THE ISLE OF FRANCE  
\*(MAURITIUS), AND TASMANIA  
DURING THE YEARS

1826-1830

With a Preface by

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE, BART.

LONDON  
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## P R E F A C E

MRS. FENTON'S Journal deals with no stirring events, nor—except for one fleeting glimpse of Sir Henry Havelock, then an obscure subaltern—with any great historic figure. It is now given to the world in the belief that it is a not unsuccessful attempt to satisfy her friend's demand for 'a familiar picture of the everyday occurrences, manners and habits of life of persons undistinguished either by wealth or fame,' and that such a picture, after the lapse of more than seventy years, itself becomes in some sort historical, while the rapid changes and vicissitudes of the writer's own career add a more intimately human and individual element of interest.

It has been found desirable to abridge the Journal considerably, and incidentally to mend the grammar of a few hastily written sentences, but changes in this respect have intentionally been made as sparingly as possible. Mrs. Fenton's spelling has been modernised, though one parts regretfully with such words as 'tygres' and 'atalevents'; that of Indian words has, as a rule, been preserved. Most of the quotations have obviously been written rapidly and from memory. They are left as written. In order to complete Mrs. Fenton's portrait, one or two specimens have been retained out of a considerable number of verses. 'It was atalevents a very harmless amusement.' she characteristically

observes, 'though not a very profitable one—at least so I have tried to convince myself when half ashamed of the propensity.'

In other respects the Journal tells its own story so fully as to call for no explanations or comments, but the following particulars as to the family of the writer may be of interest.

Mrs. Fenton was the daughter of the Rev. John Russel Knox, Rector of Lifford, and afterwards of Innismagrath, Co. Leitrim. The family of Knox had long been settled on the North of Ireland, and were descended from Alexander Knox, Bishop of Raphoe from 1610 to 1633, who was a man of considerable mark in his time. A later ancestor was Provost Marshal of the garrison in the great siege of Derry in 1689.

Her aunt, Letitia Knox, sister of the Rev. John Russel Knox, became the wife of Lieutenant Alexander Lawrence, and the 'cousin George Lawrence' of the Journal<sup>1</sup> was their son, and the elder brother of Henry<sup>2</sup> and John Lawrence.<sup>3</sup>

Readers of Sir Herbert Edwarde's life of Sir Henry Lawrence will be familiar with the names of Letitia's sister 'Aunt Angel,' and of her brother the Rev. James Knox, Master of Foyle College, where the three Lawrence brothers were educated.

The Journal ceases abruptly, and was never resumed in the same form; but the 'book' remained in Mrs. Fenton's

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant General Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B., Author of *Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India*.

<sup>2</sup> Brigadier-General Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, K.C.B., who fell in the defence of Lucknow in the great Indian Mutiny.

<sup>3</sup> John Laird Mair, first Lord Lawrence, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Viceroy of India.

possession, and contains a short entry describing the burning of the house at Fenton Forest in 1848: it is addressed to 'you, my beloved children,' and is marked by the same blending of 'Sense and Sensibility' as the rest of the Journal. Mrs. Fenton kept a later journal in another book till within a few years of her death, but it is not in possession of her daughter, Mrs. M'Culloch, to whom the present Journal belongs, and seems to have disappeared. Her plans for a family reunion were only partially fulfilled: the Gibsons came to Van Diemen's Land in 1832, but James Knox was lost at sea with his wife and child when on his way thither from India on sick leave. Mrs. Gibson subsequently returned to England, and died quite recently in her 100th year. Mrs. Fenton lived on at Fenton Forest till her death in 1875; Captain Fenton died a few years earlier. He was a prominent figure in Tasmanian society, and for some time Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Colony.

In his *Australia and Zealand*, Anthony Trollope tells some stories of the lives and fates of escaped convicts, and amongst others of one Markham, who made a retreat for himself in the bush, where he grew a little wheat, and reared some sheep, coming down occasionally, and stealing such articles as were essential to him. 'For seven years the man lived on in this way, all alone, undiscovered, sufficing in all things to himself—except in regard to those occasional thefts from his nearest neighbour. Then the solitude became too much for him, and he crept down to a neighbour's house—the squatter from whom he had been accustomed

to steal—and finding the mistress of the family, he gave himself up to her, in order that the law might do as it would with him. The squatter, who had been the man's prey, was an Irish gentleman with a tender heart, who felt thankful to the man for not having murdered his wife and family. Having position and influence, he interfered on the man's behalf, and the law was lenient and the man was pardoned. The story was told me by the lady to whom Markham had surrendered himself, wild, with long locks, clothed in a sheepskin, tired out with absolute independence. Now he is a prosperous grower of apples.'

The tender hearted Irishman of this story was Captain Fenton: one would like to have heard it told by his wife.

HENRY WALDEMAR LAWRENCE.

*March 1901.*

## PART I: INDIA

### I

JULY 17TH, 1826—JANUARY 3RD, 1827

*Chinsurah, 7th January 1827.*

MY DEAR AND KIND FRIEND,—Shortly after my arrival in Calcutta I sat down to write in reply to that letter which reached me on board the *Cornwall*; it seemed my last link with country, home, and all the heart's affections, and many a time and oft was it read: in truth, I think I could have repeated it verbatim from the fact of having placed it in my dressing-box, to which instinctively my hand reached on every day I was able to sit up to have my hair combed. After duly announcing my arrival, I had proceeded to 'give you all the *good reasons* which prevented my compliance with the request contained in that letter—at least *they were very sincere*—as it seemed quite absurd to suppose that where men of genius and learning had written on the subject, anything I could say should be worth reading; even to enter on a path where so many formidable competitors had gone before seemed *too* nearly allied to vanity. All this I clearly expressed, and doubted not that the truth of the statement would be as visible to yourself as to me. Once more I read your letter, and made a full stop at that passage where you say, 'No history of India, however wise and authentic, ever conveyed to me what I wished to know—a familiar picture of the everyday occurrences, manners, and

habits of life of persons undistinguished either by wealth or fame. I care not whether Ram Row was poisoned or strangled, but should like to be able to realise to my own mind the actual situation and pursuits of my many friends there, and above all, whatever may more particularly concern yourself.'

I perceived that what you wished for was within the sphere of my humble abilities, as it was to be no more than a longer letter, without form or plan; only an occasional detail of anything novel to one who never *had* been, and never *might* be, in India. And I recollect how often I had wished for the same and wished in vain, as the letters of those most dear and most capable of affording the desired information were chiefly engrossed by family affairs and anxious references to home. When I added to this consideration the remembrance that through all the past years of intimacy *you had conferred* and *I had received* kindness and obligation, I felt it would be worse than ungracious to neglect the first opportunity which the changes of life had given to afford you this slight gratification, and even should I fail in my *first* object I shall at least prove, that though I might want the power, I retained the *will* to amuse you; nor shall I consider it a task thus to devote an hour occasionally, for it preserves our companionship unbroken. . . .

My last letter to you was written on the 14th of July; the two days that succeeded were days of more fatigue and positive exertion than I had perhaps ever known before, because Campbell was so engaged by the accounts and final arrangements of the detachments he went in command of, he had no time to watch over me, as he was wont, that I might not do more than he is pleased to consider good for ~~me~~, and I truly rejoiced when I sat back in the carriage which drove us to Northfleet, and felt I had only to embark. The previous

night neither of us could sleep, though for some time we each forbore to speak, unwilling to disturb the other. At last, perceiving that the same feelings were operating on the minds of both, we found it consolatory to impart them. . . . It is at such moments of strong excitement that conformity in sentiment and opinion is a supreme blessing, and though I wept through many of those hours I ought to have slept, the soul-deep tenderness of Niel seemed a counterbalance to all that had passed or might hereafter come, or in the sweet verse of my namesake—

‘That come what will while life’s glad pulses roll,  
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.’

On arriving at Northfleet I was so completely exhausted that I gladly arranged to sleep there and defer my embarkation until next morning. Niel, however, was obliged to go on board, and I entered the worst inn perhaps in England. It was Saturday evening, and a number of workmen had met to smoke and drink ale. How much I was struck by the difference between this class here and in my own contemned and unhappy country. There every soul would have risen on the entrance of a lady; here, they only gave half-savage laughs, and puffed their vile pipes in my face as I went through the room. I felt quite nervous from many causes, and sat anxiously waiting Niel’s return from the *Cornwall*, which floated gaily on the ocean before us. He came at length, delighted with the accommodation reserved for me, and the courteous manners of the captain, to whom he had promised I should go on board after church next day; a large party were to dine. But Sunday morning found me so ill, that I, with much regret, was obliged to let Campbell go alone to church. It was a disappointment at that hour to be unable

to unite in prayers for ourselves and all we loved. Captain Campbell (my old Derry acquaintance) of the 47th accompanied him, and on their return, though so weak that I had to hold the table for support, I was ready to go on board. After Niel carried me into the boat and the fresh air blew strong on my face, I revived. In about ten minutes I was on board the ship, where Captain Younghusband's reception justified Niel's previous opinion. He seemed a remarkably well-bred old gentleman, with something of that grace and cordiality which sometimes marks the higher grade of naval officers. His countenance, too, seemed unaccountably familiar, and he introduced me most gallantly as the only lady he was so fortunate as to receive, to the others. His sister and her husband, a Mr. Pittar, were on board, in escort of a younger brother of Mr. P.'s, who was going to join an eminent house of business in Calcutta.

The rest of the party were military. A Captain White came on board with his son, a boy just gazetted into the 13th, and after a little conversation between Campbell and the father, they discovered that an elder brother had resided with and died in the house of Niel's brother in Ceylon. The poor father seemed much affected, and entreated us to counsel the lad on board, whom Niel faithfully promised to attend to.

There were two other military men of whom I knew a little and liked much, Mr. Sandes of the 47th, and Maxwell of the 14th, a nephew of the Lord Belmore of travelling memory; and in truth he was an elegant, aristocratic looking lad, for I believe he had seen no more than nineteen summers.

During the time of dinner I could not help looking at Mrs. Pittar with *more* than polite attention, to discover where I had seen her before, and, as the misty veil of memory and

time floated off I found it was her likeness to Major Young-husband, who had formerly been on General Hart's staff, that perplexed me. I could not forbear asking the Captain if they were connected; he replied, They were brothers, and this little circumstance became subject of converse for many a vacant hour; and I thought of the days when it was my favourite pastime, while the Major was engaged in the newspaper, to fasten the ribbon which it was the taste of the times to attach to the hair as a queue, to the back of the chair, and sit patiently under the table to await the exhibition of his wrath at being thus entangled.

Two sons of the Captain, elegant young men, were to accompany us to Dover. Captain Campbell and Lintott of the 13th were of that party, and I lay down for the first time on my sea-couch, almost wondering how agreeably the day had passed. On the morning of Monday we got under weigh; all was bustle, and while Niel was engaged with the soldiers, Campbell and Lintott busied themselves in arranging my cabin. Niel had taken so much trouble to collect every accommodation for me, that it very soon looked as neat as a drawing-room. My books, my writing-box, my work-table were all assigned to their fitting positions, and I received many congratulations on the air of comfort and spacious dimensions of my cabin, which Campbell faithfully promised to report to my sister on his return to Ireland, that she might at least know I was well taken care of.

I will spare you a detail of the voyage after the parting adieux were made; indeed there is little to relate beyond the oft-told tale of sickness and suffering, of being daily more exhausted, and the weakness of my body being extended to my mind. I often wept through the long, dreadful night after home and relatives, that I believed myself divided from for

ever, as I did not think it possible that nature once so much enfeebled could renovate. My efforts to resist (for indeed I did strive) only reduced my strength, and those who spoke of comfort seemed to mock me, or were unable to comprehend my real misery. How unreasonable does suffering often make us, for there was every possible care, sympathy, and attention lavished on me by the whole party; being the only lady on board, the aid of every one was at my service, and Mr. Rhodes, the surgeon, almost lived in our cabin.

But all would not do; I was nearly wasted to a shadow, and I need scarcely add, the progress of this voyage seemed eternity itself, for even those who were free from suffering felt it an ordeal; the calmest tempers, to say the least, become restless, and the irritable torment themselves and others. Nor is it surprising, for certainly nature never designed man to be a dweller on the mighty waters; after a short time the interminable sea becomes alike weariness to the eye and imagination.

I cannot think without wonder on the change a few weeks has produced; so completely was I subdued, I fancied that every avenue to pleasure was closed for ever, while now let me thankfully acknowledge I never enjoyed more perfect health and energy.

The changes of temperature when felt for the first time are somewhat extraordinary. I had never thought on the matter, and was quite unprepared for the cold of the high southern latitudes, and also unprovided with suitable clothing; even sleeping with a fur tippet on I shivered with cold; and the same circumstance which makes the round-house so pleasant in warm weather, produces a contrary effect where wind and sleet are driving you about. The worst consequence of this was, that during one of the nights when I had fancied it

pleasanter to sleep on the deck than in my cot or on my couch, the rain penetrated through the cuddy under the doors of my cabin and in the morning I found we had all night lain in blankets wetted with fresh water; the consequence of this was, Niel was laid up with inflammation of the lungs, and I was then taught that there are trials more severe than bodily pain. The illness of one you are deeply interested in is at all times afflicting, but how much more so in a situation precluding all the comforts and alleviations required by an invalid. I have thought, if I could but stand by his cot to afford him the aid he required, I should be happy; I have arisen, and in the effort to reach him been whirled from one side of the cabin against the other. Yet at this time I was more free from sickness myself. On the night he was first seriously ill, I was able to stand and hold the basin for his being bled, which if any one had told me when I went to bed, I should have affirmed it an impossibility. I have sat up whole nights in my couch, watching his breathing and fearing to sleep lest he might omit taking his medicine.

However, it pleased God to restore him after we regained a warmer latitude—enough of *sea sickness* and *sea sorrows*! Let me pass the interval until the 17th of November, when we saw a bunch of bamboo floating on the current of the stream perceptible in the ocean, and after reaching the sandheads passed some unpleasant days looking out for the pilot, by whom we received the first intelligence of the termination of the Burman War. This removed from my mind a heavy load of care, which had become more insupportable as the time drew near when the event must be decided. Impatient as I was to get on shore, I waited the arrival of the pilot with breathless dread, being prepared to hear the troops must proceed to Rangoon. Judge you then of the unspeakable delight with which I heard

of *Peace* and of the regiment being on the way to a healthy station.

My only solicitude then was to know of my dearest brothers, how and where they were, and soon another cause of thankfulness was afforded me in finding they were well, and had been defended and spared among all the ravages of sword and pestilence. Everything I wished had been granted me, and infinitely more than I had dared to hope, so I believe no stranger ever landed on these Eastern shores with more happiness than I then felt, and *still* experience—though I try to keep in mind that the cup of which all must drink is filled with mingled ingredients and none ever tasted thereof without alloy. But, I pray that when my Heavenly Father sees it fitting to dry up some of these my present sources of comfort, His mercy may accompany the dispensation and strengthen my reliance on Him, who knows my weakness, and will not afflict me beyond what I am able to support.

With what eager interests you watch the first objects which denote your arrival on a new soil, from the moment you see the Island of Sagur like a small cloud on the horizon! then you perceive it thick with mighty forests, you distinguish separate trees, and their luxuriant foliage is so refreshing to your eyes. Presently you are surrounded with bamboo boats filled with natives, presenting fish or fruit all equally strange. My gratification was quite childish; I sat hour after hour in the stern window, with a beautiful child belonging to a soldier, of whom we had made quite a plaything, and my delight was not less than his in watching the dandies cooking their curry! The Dak (*i.e.* post) boat soon came alongside. The postmaster at Kedgeree had perceived a lady on deck and politely sent her a basket of oranges, pummeloes, and bananas, none of which was I suffered to taste by the assiduity of the Doctor and

Niel. I tried to console myself by eating a whole loaf of delicious bread, for I experienced a degree of hunger beyond all reason. Some cows were brought on board for the crew and troops, which appeared not much larger than English calves. I suppose it was the revolution in my appetite which made everything placed before me seem superexcellent, and astonished the party at breakfast.

As I sat writing to James I heard a boat strike alongside, and in a moment saw Niel exchanging a most vehement welcome with a fine-looking military man, whom he introduced to me as his cousin Allen Steuart, who after many greetings announced himself come for the purpose of taking me on shore to the house of his niece; they had seen our arrival in the paper, and he instantly set off to take me out of the confusion of disembarking. I knew him and his niece by name and character, but had never met either, and did not much relish the idea of being sent adrift among strangers, or under any circumstances divided from Niel, but both were urgent and Niel almost positive that I should go. The turn of the tide was favourable, and almost before I knew where I was they collected some dressing things for my use, and with a basket of cold fowl and ham, I was seated on my mattress in the beauliah looking back on Niel and my former companions.

I found Captain Steuart a very Highlander in everything, and determined to render me comfortable and at ease. We soon became familiar on the subjects of home and clanship. When the sun declined we found a seat on the top of the boat agreeable, and the novelty of the scene soon occupied all my attention. The distance between Diamond Harbour and Calcutta is about seventy miles; country boats run up in two tides; calculating all delays, generally twenty-four hours is enough. These simple structures, formed of bamboo and

sewed with cocoa-nut, have the advantage in point of lightness over those of more elegant appearance termed beauliahs. These latter are painted green, looking like a hut in a boat, the sides formed of Venetians.

Though the banks of the river are quite flat the luxuriant vegetation and the variety of tropical productions all interest the eye of a European, and certainly, in point of picturesque effect, the groups of bamboo huts are unrivalled; they are invariably shaded by trees of the most majestic growth, and interspersed with the slender stems of the cocoa, whose lofty and feathery boughs, or rather leaves, wave with the slightest impulse when all others are motionless. But it would be endless to enumerate all those features which constitute the beauty and the novelty of an Indian landscape. I was never weary of admiring the bamboo, it grows in clumps like the willow; the long and flexible branches stretch in a thousand fantastic shapes around the cottages, which are also built or woven of their boughs, for many of them are no more than basket work. In strong contrast with this delicate tree, and generally close in its vicinity, grows the plantain; the long, silky leaves, of a beautiful pale green, provide the natives with an excellent substitute for paper or napkins; they put up all small things in them, and it is a comfort to reflect they are perfectly pure and clean; I have seen them two yards long. The fruit grows in clusters of pods, somewhat like a bean, of beautiful yellow or red; it eats like a mealy pear with less flavour. The leaves possess another recommendation in being the best remedy I know for the grievous visitation of mosquito bites, which if unguardedly inflamed become incredibly troublesome and often dangerous. After binding one on my foot for the night, I found the swelling so much abated that I could walk next day.

The object which attracts you next may be a mosque or a pagoda, surrounded by mangoes or built under a majestic banyan tree, whose self-creating branches droop around into such beautiful arches. Then some rows of tamarind, the leaves much like the mountain ash; the fruit grows in pods, which when ripe are of a mahogany brown; they make a nice syrup. If it is the season for pummelo or citron, they seem of such a beautiful bright yellow you think of fables of golden apples and many other fanciful ideas. You can hardly believe their size; at first I waited to see them fall. Then there is the papaw, resembling long melons, growing below the leaves round the stem of the tree.

But I must not keep you too long among the woods, especially as we are now sailing on the river and night making rapid advances. Twilight there is *none*, but the air was so balmy and warm we continued to sit on the top of the boat beneath the blue and starry skies. Allen Steuart had a country boat for his own accommodation during the night, and after doing all he could to arrange my mattress and make me comfortable we separated, hoping to be near the city of palaces by the morning. I lay down, first rolling a gauze handkerchief round my head to keep off the mosquitoes. I tried to sleep, but no! the motion of the boat, the jargon of the dandies, the wild, dire cries of the jackals on the banks all forbid it. Finding I could not sleep, I rose and opened the Venetian blinds, as the clearness of the air permitted me to distinguish the trees, mosques, and huts we sailed by. At last some change of tide or wind obliged us to stop, and Captain Steuart's boat came alongside to know how I felt. He had been striving to keep his boat from outstripping mine, supposing I was enough of a lady to be afraid of being alone.

I was glad when morning rose and gave me a clearer view of the surrounding scenery, as we were now before some large houses. In this climate, where all the productions of nature seem to flourish in lavish and enduring fertility, the rapid decay which attends each work of man is striking and somewhat melancholy. The style of building is light and generally elegant, the houses are surrounded by verandahs supported by pillars which give a graceful and elegant character to the whole fabric. The rains have such a destructive influence on everything that I am told each house requires an entire repair every three years, exhibiting in that time a more ruinous aspect than one in England neglected for centuries will do. The Venetian windows rot and fall out, the white or yellow walls become blackened and seem like houses destroyed by fire—the resting-place for birds and beasts of prey. The fearful familiarity of the former almost startles you; it would be difficult to fancy anything so ferocious as the vulture, especially if you see them first as I did, in the act of contending for and tearing their prey. Kites, crows, and hawks fly actually in clouds around you.

The adjutant stands from three to four feet high, something like a huge crane in colour and shape, the neck bare of feathers, the beak of a whitish hue and at least a quarter of a yard in length, embellished with a bag or pocket for bones, fish or anything they can find. A medical man on whose veracity I rely, told me he had been brought to attend a little girl who had been carried to the top of a house by one of these feathered monsters.

Do you recollect in that entertaining book, *Sayings and Doings*, the tale in which an eccentric Indian sends to the care of his elegant and rather simple niece two adjutants and a snake, and the well-bred despair of poor Mary who, instead

f what she was prepared to receive, two dashing officers, encountered the monsters she expected must devour her children? I am of opinion this production will outlive most that have been published for the last ten years, particularly the second series, containing the inimitable story of Passion and Principle. How often in the North-West gales off the Cape I thought of the sufferings of Fanny; I hope you may never know how faithfully the description is given.

As soon as my companion perceived I was dressed, he came to my boat and we resumed our seat on the top. Oh! how beautiful is the Indian sunrise—but more of this hereafter. As morning waned into day we both began to feel that breakfast would be an agreeable variation of our pursuits, of which there was but little prospect as we were yet ten or fifteen miles from Calcutta. So it was proposed by Captain Steuart that we should stop at the house of a lady with whom he was acquainted.

In about an hour after, a sudden reach of the river disclosed the City of Palaces. But much, very much, is lost of its effect by lying so low; the distant view, too, from the river is so mingled with the shipping that it is not very satisfactory. We were now before the ghaut at the residence of Mrs. Cleland, to whom Allen Steuart went on to announce my arrival, and returned with a very kind and pressing invitation. I felt a curious sensation on treading for the first time on the ground, as we walked through the compound where the lady of the mansion waited, who was indeed most prepossessing in appearance, but almost painfully delicate to look on, so fair, almost wan in complexion, which the contrast of being dressed in mourning increased. She offered me a bath and all the luxuries of her elegant mansion and, after we had breakfasted, insisted on my spending the rest of the day with her, arranging

that Captain Steuart should go on and bring his niece next morning at eight to breakfast and spend the morning. All this was concluded, and I saw my first acquaintance depart, and had to commence another with the two ladies with whom I was so abruptly domesticated. The second person was a Miss — who did not seem to me an attractive specimen of Indian young ladies, and you may guess my astonishment to see her deliberately sit down after breakfast to smoke a cheroot. As nature had not been very liberal of attraction I really thought she might have spared herself the effort of being more disagreeable. However, this was *her* concern, not mine, and shortly after my kind and gentle hostess advised me to undress and go to bed, as I must feel the effects of the journey, to which I willingly assented.

I think one of the first impressions on the mind of an English stranger is the utter want of comfort exhibited in an Indian sleeping apartment. *Your* idea of a bedroom—and it was *mine* also—is that of a retirement, a sanctuary where none can or will intrude! and how various are the situations in this life of many trials, when to shut the door and say, ‘I am alone’ is all the sick heart wants and all the solace it can receive. From long indulgence this feeling became second nature to me. I believe I often carried it too far and felt uncomfortable, when either chance or necessity obliged me to dress or undress in the room with any other—even when ill I disliked an attendant.

I can hardly tell you my perplexity when Mrs. C. brought me into a spacious room and wished me good repose. ‘Ye Powers!’ thought I, ‘*who* could sleep in a room where four doors and four windows all stand open?’ My next determination was ‘they shall be shut,’ and I began to go round the room with this resolve, but found my labour in vain, as all

were unblessed with either lock or bolt, indicating *too* plainly that Indian doors were not supposed to shut. So not Richmond but the open doors 'did murder sleep.'

✓ My bed stood in the middle of the floor without curtains, with pillows as hard as the table and about the size of a pin-cushion. There was only one chair in the room, and I looked in vain for some place to put my clothes, or a basin of water to wash. Observe, I had declined the service of Mrs. C.'s ayah, who with her attendant of lower caste is always supposed to stand at your side to *put on* and *take off* your clothes—a ceremony which nothing could ever induce me to comply with. ¶ I could not endure their hands about me; the oil which forms a part of their toilet, the pawn they eat, renders them so offensive that I could not bear them in my room; they are so insatiably curious; they try to make it appear they are indispensable to your comfort, and fall on a thousand contrivances to keep always in your way and a perpetual watch on all you do. They attend you with the most disgusting servility if they have any end to attain, then perhaps decamp with whatever they can strip you of. They never work, and if you were in the utmost perplexity or want of a needlewoman, can render you no assistance. ¶ You need not wonder I have lost all good will for them, and much prefer the attendance of a bearer, who answers equally well to fetch or carry anything you want, and can be sent off when you are done with him.

However, to every lady I have met, but myself, these women are necessary. I am satisfied it is in many cases from ostentation, for I see those depend most on them whose early life was spent in menial offices at home, and whom nature never designed for anything higher. One of these said in my hearing the other day, 'she could not put on her

own stocking.' I had good reason to know she seldom had any to wear before she was sent to India.

This is a long digression but must have been told to explain why I felt so comfortless in my apartment. I looked into the next room where an ayah lay on the floor, on which was strewn many articles of a lady's dress; she seemed so like a dog keeping watch on them. There stood many articles of which I should have felt the comfort, but did not like to intrude. Nor did I then understand that close by was a bathing-room which would have added so much to my satisfaction. When I did lie down I forgot the necessity of having the mosquito curtains arranged—the vile insects settled upon me; the adjutant flew down on the verandah off the trees, the crows perched on the windows—and at last I rose in despair, giving up the point as hopeless, though so much exhausted by the preceding night's fatigue.

Everything seemed still within and about the house. The stillness of the noonday in India I often after found more dreary than night. The birds flew, the boats sailed languidly by the ghaut. Mrs. Cleland had said she hoped I should be sufficiently refreshed to join them at tiffin. It was now twelve, and I felt that sort of *mental confusion* and weariness which put *thinking* at defiance; so, peeping into the next apartment to be sure it was unoccupied, I made a hasty seizure of a book off the couch and a small punkah which instinct taught me was to aid me in defence of the mosquitoes. About the appointed hour I made my second appearance, found Mrs. C. at work and Miss —— extended on a couch, busied in the contents of a large box which two half-naked creatures brought in between them, containing lace, ribbons, muslin, and all sorts of European manufacture, which *only* is considered stylish here. A few moments taught me two

things—first, that these itinerant merchants were termed ‘Box-Wallers’ (*sic*), and that the survey of their merchandise constitutes an important part of the daily employ of half the ladies in India. The mode of treatment to these poor wretches first *astonished* then *amused* me. The box-waller was informed by both ladies that he was a thief, to which he assented with profound salaams, observing that ‘whatever Mem Sahib said was right.’ He was then asked ‘what brought him, as they did not want him,’ though the bearer had been told to send him up. He was next told to go away, and then to show his things, which all the time he had been quietly preparing to do. The first article, a piece of chintz he handed Miss —, she dismissed by throwing at his head, to my unequivocal horror. Another and another and another shared the same fate, until a petticoat of scarlet and blue was chosen for the ayah. Then came the tug-of-war, about the price, for fair ladies consider it highly meritorious to reduce their demands to the lowest possible. They seemed to me so very poor, wretched and abject, I do believe if I had possessed any money I should have given it to them. After this diversion was over we went downstairs to tiffin spread in the hall, which is no other than a small dinner, excepting that the dishes are placed on the table without a cloth, which at first has an unpleasant appearance.)

On returning to the drawing-room I was very closely questioned as to the last English fashions, length of waists, and shape of sleeves and shoes. I was not then aware of the importance of possessing a stock of dresses fresh from the Regent Street mint. (After a short interval I found the custom was for all to retire after tiffin until the evening ride or drive, which is never before four—here was another two hours to be disposed of.) So again I undressed, first possessing

myself of another book, of which I soon tired, and began to wonder and to wish for Niel's appearance, but this I knew could not be until he had delivered up his charge of the men. As I lay in bed I could see the lengthening shadows fall on the river, and soon experienced the delightful and refreshing influence of evening. I was hardly dressed before Mrs. Cleland came to invite me to drive out if such was my choice, or if a walk to the river and seat by its bank might be equally agreeable, until Mr. C.'s return from Calcutta about seven. I preferred the walk, and strolled along the compound, where every shrub and flower was an object of interest. The bearers, who seem to know all your intentions and wishes intuitively, were waiting with chairs to place wherever we might approve, and thus we sat until the arrival of Mr. Cleland. (Introduction, then news of the day, brought eight o'clock and dinner, and though this was a family party, the number of attendants and variety of dishes made it seem a formal and ceremonious proceeding, which, though it lasted very, very long, at last terminated in cheroot-smoking by all present but myself. After the appearance of servants and tea in the drawing-room, the languor of all the company expressed that the next best thing was going to bed; something was said about early rising, and we all departed.) I was beginning to sleep very comfortably towards the middle of the night, as it seemed, when I heard an universal stir through the house. I heard voices and talk of horses, hats, whips, coffee; I sat up, wondering what it could mean. Presently I was accosted by a voice at the door inquiring if I would ride or drive. I signified my apology, but wondered not the less what driving in the middle of the night could mean—however it was then near four o'clock, but utterly dark.

Then the rest of the party had the advantage of me in the

time of rising, as they all returned to bed again. I was dressed and roaming about the vacant rooms and verandahs until the hour of eight brought Captain Steuart and Mrs. Allan. She was a very fine-looking young woman of nineteen, without much Scotch accent, altogether prepossessing and attractive. She expressed much cordiality, and spoke of Niel, his mother, and sisters with affection. She seemed so light-hearted and ingenuous, I thought with regret, 'how time must come with all its blights.'

The style here is, if persons live at a distance and wish to visit, they go to breakfast and remain until the hour for the evening drive. This is a system I much like; it disposes of ceremony at once; and this day passed much as the former had, and about five o'clock I prepared to accompany Mrs. Allan to the residence of Ballygunge, two miles beyond Calcutta in the opposite direction, with many kind adieux from Mrs. C., and promises soon to renew my visit and introduce my husband.

As we drove out of the compound, the evening sun was falling in such splendour on the spires of Bishop's College, which stood on the other side of the river. It forms a beautiful addition to the scenery at this point of the river, and in itself is an interesting object, the style Gothic, and shaded by fine cedar and palmira trees; a pretty church has just been finished. An impervious forest forms the background of the picture. It has been built with the view of promoting Christian knowledge in India, in converting the Hindoos; and you know I am rather hard of conviction on this head, but to offer any opinion at present on the expediency of the measure would be very premature; nothing *has been* effected at present, they are only *educating teachers* I am told, and the progress is slow; besides I can gather that the super-

intendant is not very popular, or considered likely to give good graces to the attempt. We had also a distant view of the Botanic Garden which adjoins the College; I long to pay it a visit. The last I saw was in Glasgow, where I particularly marked a plantain tree, how feeble in comparison of those I see around me now.

Our drive to Calcutta for about six miles was interesting by the number and variety of beautiful houses belonging to the wealthy inhabitants of Calcutta, whose employments, civil or military, in the city, render a country-house an agreeable variety. You would suppose Aladdin's lamp was in circulation here . . .

But the advance of twilight concluded my observations until we reached our resting-place, where Mr. Allan was waiting our arrival, from whom I experienced a very kind reception. He seemed a well-informed and intelligent person. There appeared a large party for dinner, as I then imagined; but it was nothing more than the usual mode of life, and soon I thought it a thing of course too, yet could not help looking joyfully to the time when I should possess a more private residence.

A few days more brought Niel, and then I was completely happy, as he enjoyed perfect health and a degree of spirits and excitement I had never before known him to possess. He was ordered to join the dépôt at Chinsurah until arrangements were made for sending the detachments on; but, after disposing of them there, the Commandant very kindly dispensed with his personal attendance, that he might return to me at Calcutta and make preparation for our voyage up the river.

Time flew rapidly; you can do very little in one day in India, *for this cause* that you can hardly *do anything* for *yourself*, and whatever you must perform through the medium

of a native is both loss of time and wreck of patience. A number of the 13th were in Calcutta, and we had constant visiting. As Niel had been anything but a ladies' man, there was some curiosity to see the one who captivated him. Among others, I saw my old friend Macpherson, who is a sad wreck of himself but kind and warm-hearted as ever. Poor fellow, the last time I saw him was at Kilderry, he had come to bid me farewell and bring me a letter from Campbell: he is going to the Nilgherry hills. Between visitors, writing letters, and arranging my clothes, the day glides away, and it is time to dress for driving before I know how the hours have fled. The evening rendezvous, the Course, is our usual destination, as all persons who can command, borrow, or steal an equipage, make a point of appearing there.

After once seeing it,—its mixture of all nations, conditions, and customs, the strong contrast of luxury and indigence, from the gay chariot of Lady Amherst to the humble hackney of the native drawn by starved bullocks, or four thin, emaciated palkee bearers, bending under the weight of eighteen stone of European flesh,—though I still returned from the effect of habit, it was with a feeling of melancholy. In the first place, when I saw the sun set, gorgeous in all the hues of a tropic sky, I could not cease to think that the evening hour of January was then gathering around the hearth in my native home, so far, far distant, my beloved family! and that there were those who would long view my vacant place with sorrow, and sweet voices of infancy who would often ask wherefore it remained vacant. And shall it continue ever thus?

•  
‘Shall spacious lands and mountains tall  
Between us lie, and billows curled;  
And tho’ one Home contained us all,  
Our graves be scattered o’er the world !’

How exquisitely does Mrs. Hemans in the 'Graves of a Household' embody this thought, so that you feel an *individual* regret, and my sympathy was not excited most strongly for him who is described 'To sleep where pearls lie deep,' though the loved of all, nor yet for her, 'o'er whom the myrtle showers its leaves'—but for him—(perhaps from association of ideas)

'Who in the forests of the West  
By a dark stream is laid.  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade!'

Some day, when I have nothing else to write, I will copy the poem, which perchance you may not have met.

But to return from the rainbow forms of imagination to myself, Bessie Campbell. At times the hopelessness of our ever again being re-united absorbed my mind, which sickened at the pageantry of the scene. These thoughts were, however, confined to my own breast, for when Jane Allan and Niel were my companions they were gaiety itself, and talked or sang fragments of Gaelic songs half the time. However, I was not always so agreeably associated, and the conversation of my female acquaintances seldom went beyond the scandal or the fashion of the day, which to listen to in *this* frame of mind was dreadful, and you used to pay me the compliment of saying, I concerned myself less with the affairs or conduct of others than any one you knew.

Our route to this conflux of idleness and vanity conducted us by an extensive burying-ground. The tombs are very lofty, and though generally purely white at first, the climate soon defaces and renders them truly melancholy, which effect is heightened by the dark undying foliage of the cypress.

' Within the place of thousand tombs  
Which shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad, but living cypress glooms  
And withers not, though branch and leaf  
Are stamped with an eternal grief,  
Like early, unrequited Love !'

I used to gaze, almost with tears, when I remembered *how many* lay there who had constituted the sole hope of some heartbroken mother, wife, or sister! and while this idea was yet thrilling to my heart's core, another turn would bring us into the gay scene I have been describing.

Just at this period, too, many hours of the day were passed in the sick room of Allen Steuart, who had been dangerously ill of fever, which I grieved to think was in some degree occasioned by exposure to the air of the river and jungle in bringing me from the ship, and continuing in wet clothes going to Chinsurah with Niel a few days after. How deeply did I feel from this contrast 'that in the midst of life you are in death.'

After driving until it is dark you return to dress for dinner about eight. I have been so assured that I cannot live without an ayah that in compliance with custom and opinion I have been obliged to take one, for what use I do not yet know, as I keep her at the outside of my door until I am dressed, and am so well satisfied with Niel's proficiency in the science of tying strings and putting in pins that I much prefer him; besides, it interrupts our only moment for conversation to have this creature standing gazing at us. Then we always make a rule that whichever is first dressed shall read some portion of the Bible, for if it is not done before we leave our room so many things interrupt during the day that it is seldom done after. As a great favour I allow the ayah to plait my hair, which they do beautifully, and Niel

is so vain of my hair he stands by to inspect the performance!

You will expect of me some account of society here, but I still am incapable of forming a fair estimate from its perpetual fluctuation. You rarely meet the same party twice. If military, they are generally proceeding to or from the Upper Provinces, perhaps trying to get off from India before they are quite dead, and often in weak health and obliged to commit their affairs to others, by whose rapacity they are too much depressed either to amuse or be amused; For myself, from the effects of the climate and continual bustle and excitement, by the time I had dressed and sat out a long dinner I felt well-nigh stupefied and ready, like the prophetess of Odin, to say—

‘Now my weary lips I close,  
Leave—oh leave me to repose.’

Although repose may have been earned by fatigue, to be able to sleep in Calcutta or its vicinity is not always a matter of certainty. It is quite impossible to give you any just idea of the fearful cries of the jackals who frequently come to your verandah; they do not merely howl, but they set up a lengthened, varying cry, so like a human creature in intense agony, I defy you to sleep under such painful associations. In addition to these tormentors *outside*, *within* you have muskrats, lizards, mosquitoes, cockroaches, and bugs, so that you know not on which side to prepare your defence. Yet I am told at this season only the climate and country are endurable. The hot wind and rainy season is pronounced by all to be terrible. At present, I often feel it so cold at night and in the morning, I am glad to wear a shawl. There is a misty dampness in the air, partly from all the doors and windows lying open, which sometimes occasions a regretful thought on the curtained window and blazing fire of England.

Though so destitute of drapery, the rooms when well lit up have a good effect; the lights being placed within glass shades round the walls, their being so much above your eyes is pleasant. When I asked last night in the simplicity of my heart, how I was to work with lights so distant, I was informed that ladies never *work*. When your ayah considers any of your clothes require repair, she with due solemnity hands them to your dirzie (tailor) who sits for that purpose on the mat in the verandah. Moreover I am told it is not fashionable ever to see my clothes until putting them on, the aforesaid lady taking them in charge, also money, keys, ornaments, I resolved before I subscribed unconditionally to this arrangement to try how I liked it, as it seems very miserable if I must have this blackfaced thing always at my elbow.

A set of servants have been transferred to me by an officer going home, at least those connected with the table, and (they are eight in number—a cook, a mussolgee, who is a sort of cook's attendant and holds a lanthorn, which none of the bearers will do, as perchance it might have been made of a cow; a khaunsamah, or principal attendant at table, who receives your orders and purchases all things for food, or, as it is termed, 'makes your bazaar,' of which, I am told, some of the conditions are curious. He considers it his perquisite to deduct two annas—which is about threepence—from every rupee he expends; they only acknowledge *one*, so fancy what a tax is here. 'In addition to this extortion he buys a fowl for three annas and charges it in his bill eight or twelve; he pays three rupees for a piece of beef and gives it to you five; he buys a leg of mutton for eight annas and charges two rupees; the same down to the smallest vegetable, so fancy what he gains from every dinner you order. There are two

kitmutgars, who stand by your chair and all but cut your food. The khaunsamah is only supposed to carry in the last dish, the soup, and, standing behind his lady's chair, to superintend. The dishes, all but large joints, are handed round the table, and when you go to dine or breakfast out your retinue still attend, for no other person's servant will wait on you, and at the conclusion of the feast the door-keeper takes especial care to search each one who passes out, so that none of your spoons or forks may disappear with them.)

Next, there is a bheestie, whose sole employment is to carry water, filling your drinking and bathing vessels out of a wondrous-looking leather bag or skin of a sheep; a sweeper, who is to sweep your mats twice in the day; then a dobbee or washerman. I am told we still require about eight or ten others:—four bearers, two of whom are to attend Niel, the sirdar bearer holding the same place in a gentleman's retinue that the ayah does in a lady's. But as we still retain our faithful Irishman in charge of our things at Chinsurah and intend taking him on with us, Niel declines the pleasure of his personal attendants, at least until we reach Dinapore; and I was of opinion that, when I became my own mistress at Chinsurah, I should free myself of the ayah, and content myself with the occasional attendance of Eliza Sherock, who had most affectionately waited on me at sea, and whose husband was of our party. When I went out to inspect this regiment of servants I was much amused by the humble enquiry of the khaunsamah: 'If Mem Sahib was very passionate.'

On Christmas day we dined at the house of a Persian lady. The first thing I saw in the morning was the verandah strewn with flowers, and coolies sitting with baskets of oranges and various fruit and vegetables covered with blossoms and leaves.

This is a ceremony never omitted by your servants in honour of the day, which I need not tell you they expect to be tenfold repaid for, and on their own festivals and birthdays they repeat it until your patience is worn out.

I felt rather sad on the thought of home, and the blank left in both Niel's family and mine. His dear old mother told me she made a rule to write to her absent children on this day, so I shall look for a letter about the middle of May. All I have been preparing are ready to sail in the *Cambria Castle* on the 27th. Instead of driving, Niel and myself preferred a stroll into the jungle, for the mere pleasure of walking and being alone, to talk of home, of the future, and the past, and prolonged our ramble until I had just time to dress for dinner. I must tell you I had a violent curiosity to see this Persian lady; I suppose I was thinking of Lalla Rookh and Hinda.

‘Light as the Angel shapes that bless  
An infant’s dream, tho’ not the less  
Rich in all woman’s loveliness.’

But when I was introduced to a little woman about four feet ten, almost as broad as she was long, in the *act of smoking* a hookah, I nearly expressed my amazement audibly. I suppose it was to give this symmetry better effect that she had arrayed herself in a stiff China satin of the most showy pattern. She was, however, a perfect queen of diamonds; wore three necklaces, one of splendid emeralds and diamonds, valuable in themselves but frightfully set; another just clasping the throat, of large beautiful pearls; a third of fine gold, besides appendages of all sorts, such as crosses, hearts, etc., bracelets, and rings. The lady’s hair was also worthy of remark, being dusted with something that gave it a vermillion shade, and twisted up without curl or plait.

Moore ought to be beheaded at least for sending my wits dreaming; perchance Nourmahal may have been in a different style, when the magnificent son of Akbar, we are informed by the song—

‘Preferred in his heart, the least ringlet that curled  
Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the world.’

However, let me acknowledge that however ill-selected were the lady’s dress and ornaments, her conversation and manners were superior to those of many Europeans. She was at once intelligent and unpretending, though I am told a person of rank in her own court.

## II

JANUARY 3RD—FEBRUARY 25TH, 1827

It would be tiresome to you if I were to detail day by day my occupations, nor do I now recollect much more connected with Calcutta likely to interest, therefore I may pass on until our departure for Chinsurah, where all the officers and men proceeding to the Upper Provinces were directed to assemble in preparation for our voyage. After a good deal of confusion in collecting all things requisite, furnishing our floating house, arranging with our servants, behold us at last on board our budgerow, which, when once put in order, seemed to me the most agreeable habitation I had yet been mistress of. But how shall I describe to you the shape and fashion of a budgerow? unless you will assist me by fancying you see a small house in a boat, I know not how to do it, and yet I have seen the exact similitude on some of my grandmother's cups and saucers, jars and vases, which, along with their other embellishments of hanging bridges and flying foxes, excited my wonder and consternation; and here it is worthy of remark how exactly they depict the present costume; Atcheen Boss, who provides my shoes, exhibits precisely such a head and sleeves as you will see on the flower-pot.

From the sides being formed of Venetians, we can have as much or as little of the prospect as we like—the same of the air and sun. There are three rooms, all nicely matted; the

first, our sitting-room, is sufficiently large to hold in the centre a table where eight persons may dine comfortably, a crimson satin couch at each side, where we sit in the evening when all the blinds are taken up; a small table, here called a teapoy, in each corner; one contains my writing box, another Niel's, two others our books. We have chairs and bamboo moras, and footstools, *here* my workbox, *there* Niel's *beloved gun case*; and when the door is shut and we gliding pleasantly on, you cannot fancy a more neat and agreeable apartment. The inner one has our couch, dressing table, washing ditto, two chests of drawers, and the last is a sort of bathing place. Such is our budgerow, which has sixteen oars to row when convenient, or track with ropes, the dandies walking along the bank; though it seems laborious I do not believe it is so in reality; once afloat, a small impulse onward is sufficient. We have also a baggage boat for all superfluous and heavy articles, and a cooking boat, on the top of which the dobbee and all his tribe seem very comfortably established. These boats are formed of bamboo and covered with matting; they are styled 'country boats.'      16.C.45

We left Calcutta on the morning of the 3rd, the night before having come on board through heavy rain and thunder, attended by several friends, all kindly trying to assist in arranging our servants, for please to keep in mind, they know as little of English as we do of Hindoostanee, except my khaunsamah, who acknowledges to speak a little English, which they are generally very unwilling to do. The supposition of their being ignorant gives them so many opportunities of hearing what they otherwise might not.

The banks of the river are in many places beautiful, after you lose sight of Calcutta. I found occupation for the whole morning in arranging our things and supplying the khaun-

samah with culinary matters. Instead of dining at eight, we changed the hour to three, and substituted tea at seven or eight, as we could thus have all the evening to walk, and a sufficient length of morning to read, write and work.

Next morning we stopped at Serhampore to breakfast, and walked for an hour in the interval. There is not much to be seen, the buildings are chiefly in ruins. There is rather a pretty-looking church, but, sad to tell, the path to its entrance is overgrown with grass and weeds. There are many houses which once may have been handsome and commodious, now uninhabited, and 'tis wonderful how soon trees, weeds, and flowers rise in rank luxuriance, straggling in all directions. I looked regretfully at the unpruned roses, pale and withering, and the rich and glowing flowers of the pomegranate alike neglected. Niel broke off a fine branch of the latter to decorate my table. It brought fresh to my memory a scene endeared by all the nameless ties of childish happiness. Dear, dear Kilderry! A home where I was loved and cherished as one of the family, and where in after years, when the parent stems were stripped of their best and brightest blossoms, I returned and, I trust, was enabled to soothe, at least to sympathise in, the grief of the survivors. . . . There I could enjoy in perfection my long unconstrained rambles among the hills, or along the banks of Lough Foyle. . . . Above all other places, the deserted flower-garden of my first and dearest friend was almost sacred to my heart. In early childhood I had assisted her in forming it. Almost every shrub and flower had been planted by our hands alone, for it was a spot she delighted in. . . . She had with great care cultivated a slip of pomegranate, and from the time Henry went to India, perhaps from association of idea with its Eastern extraction, we watched it with peculiar interest. When I visited that

garden for the last time the evening before I left Kilderry, the tree was covered with the most brilliant flowers, flourishing beyond any I had before seen. But where was she, so loved in life and lamented in death?

'Alas! the cheek where beauty glowed,  
The heart where goodness overflowed,  
A clod, amidst the valley lies—  
And dust to dust the mourner cries!'

My dear, dear Eliza! Her pomegranate, though a stranger to the soil, was bursting into beauty beside the lilac and hawthorn, its native children. How different *this* seemed to-day, shadowed by the gigantic leaves of the cocoa-nut, palmira, or plantain. I could not all day conquer the feeling of depression this had created, nor recover my spirits 'till we went on shore in the evening, and passed through some very pretty Indian scenery. For the first time I saw open and cultivated fields; hitherto there had been nothing but impenetrable jungle.

We walked faster than the progress of our boat, and feeling rather weary, I sat down at a point convenient for getting on board and under a prodigious banyan tree. I cannot wonder that in a country where the fierce rays of the sun dry up the earth, the luxuriant shelter of these trees should become a venerated object. Beneath, you are certain to see diminutive pagodas of wretched design and workmanship (as yet I have seen nothing of this sort worth mentioning). I stood by this magnificent tree waiting the approach of our boat, and at a little distance from those rude shrines of heathen worship I saw an object so much resembling an European tomb that I went to examine, and found my conjecture true. Encompassed by an iron railing, a lonely cenotaph had been erected to the 'Memory of Major James Moore, who died in the 34th year of his age,' with a further statement of his gallant actions. . . .

Oh! how I blessed God I was not by kindred or by friendship connected with the object of my reflection. Yet it was a case which came so closely home to my own heart, I could not long support it with composure, for he was doubtless as dear to some sorrowing friend or relation as my husband or my brothers are to me. I could not see for the first time, without emotion, the grave of a Christian surrounded by all the emblems of pagan idolatry. I knew it was immaterial which his dust mingled with, that of India or England, the voice of the Archangel could as easily penetrate *that* as any other tomb, and at the moment I could have knelt in gratitude to Heaven for that assurance which has taken the bitterness from Death —‘I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy *this* body, yet in *my* flesh shall I see God.’

Almost opposite was Barrackpore, the country residence of the Governor. There is nothing worthy of attention about the place; there is a kind of ferry-boat there which a large party were just approaching, and our boat being at the ghaut, we embarked with all expedition to leave the landing-place clear. My little room looked so nice—my tea-table laid in the nice way the Indian servants arrange it, my lamp lit and one or two windows lifted up where the silvery moonlight fell. I sat down there, just having walked enough to feel rest pleasant; the air was bracing but not cold, the shore on either side presented such a sweet picture of repose. Niel sat down with apparently the same sensations; after a pause he exclaimed ‘We only want James with us, and Catherine, to know how happy we are.’

Next morning about six we reached Chinsurah; it seems of some extent; was formerly in the possession of the Dutch; indeed I believe there is a sort of title as governor in the

hands of some old Mynheer yet, but this did not concern us. It is likely to be a place of some importance as a dépôt for Europeans; barracks are building to accommodate a large number of men. There is a Commandant and staff here, and I am told Colonel Tidy is a most gentlemanlike and courteous person; he has already shown Campbell every attention, and knows something of my brother George, whom he eulogises very highly. One or two boats had already taken up their position there, and we selected ours beside the pinnace of Captain Macdonald of the 38th, who Niel vehemently declared must be an especial ally of mine from being a true Highlander. With him was associated as a travelling companion a Mr. Everard of the 11th Lancers, both regiments being stationed at Cawnpore; the latter Niel termed a perfect pattern of an English gentleman; there were others of whom I shall presently speak.

We established our boat exactly under the Commandant's house, the garden and trees above forming an agreeable shade. We had not been many minutes there when Colonel Tidy sent his bearer with his bote salame, to say that breakfast was ready, but as we were sitting at our own we of course declined.

After breakfast Niel went into the Commandant's house, which is a large and pleasant building of two stories, with bow windows, and verandahs all round, overhanging the water. I am told that during the rains the river has paid an unwelcome visit into the lower rooms. A number of military men were then domesticated there, among others Colonel Everard of the 13th, who was to take command of the fleet up the river, from whom we understood that some time yet might elapse before we were ready to depart. We were joined here by the assistant-surgeon of the 13th, with whom we both felt much pleased. The morning passed in receiving the visits

of the gentlemen, and after evening parade a numerous party prepared to walk, which I thought quite delightful to be enabled to do without losing caste, which would be the infallible consequence of such an act in Calcutta; it was to me no small punishment to feel able and willing to walk, and still be confined to the use of a carriage. My favourite young friend, Maxwell of the 14th, came to dine with us. I heard he was on the bank and went out to speak to him. His first exclamation was, 'How well you look, how fat you are grown; I should never know you to be the same person.' . . .

The appearance of Chinsurah is extremely cheerful and neat; before many of the houses there are rows of tall trees; I know not their name, but in the twilight they seem very like the English elm. There is a delightful shady walk just beside our ghaut; at one end it terminates at the English church, the other at the Commandant's compound. There is a splendid house belonging to a native close to the church; I would call it a palace, the verandahs in this country so much increase the apparent extent of the houses. The proprietor of this building is called Praw Kinson Holdar; he professes to be a devout admirer of English people and habits, and gives splendid nautches. His house is furnished according to the Indian idea of European style, and I am told he is highly flattered when the military visit him, which Niel intends doing, and says I must be of the party, to which I have no objection.)

7th January.—To-day I had a visit from some ladies of the garrison, which is rather an event; my future companions are not likely often to be females; Mrs. Sieveright and Mrs. Clarke, the ladies of the staff-surgeon and paymaster, found their way to my boat in defiance of the mid-day sun. Mrs. Clarke (in right of seniority I mention her first, though very few ladies

are inclined to profit by any privileges annexed to this distinction), has been many years in India on the Bombay side, and seems a good soul, with a fair proportion of talk. Mrs. S. is obviously a well-educated young woman; she may be called accomplished too, from her taste and talent in drawing. She is Scotch without *much* of the Doric accent, a cousin of our assistant-surgeon's.

¶ In the evening, being quite alone, we went to walk, and took the resolution of exploring the town. The part that may yet be called Dutch exhibits pictures of ruin and melancholy beyond anything you can imagine. The plantain trees had risen so luxuriantly wherever there was sufficient space, that until you call to mind the rapidity of their growth, you are inclined to think that very many years must have passed away since these dreary habitations were the cheerful abode of man. The space between the houses is so very narrow that two persons only can walk together. These lanes, which we cannot call streets, though they answer the same end, in such a climate must be deadly, preventing any circulation of air; the heavy, moist leaves of the cocoa and plantain increase the evil, so that it is wonderful indeed how they escape pestilential complaints. I fancied it dangerous to walk through them when we did; but what must the rainy season be, when the air is dense with vapour? From many of the houses the frame-work had fallen in, so that through the windows you might see some of them had once been beautifully finished with carving and mosaic work.

¶ The evening became so rapidly dark, I would willingly have taken my departure from this city of silence and decay, but from the intricacy of the streets, we completely forgot the turn that led us in, and wandered back and forward without effecting our purpose. Our utter ignorance of the language

deprived us of any assistance from the gloomy inhabitants, who occasionally passed us by—so noiseless and wrapt up in such a manner that you only see their glaring eyes, they were no bad similitudes of spectres, as far as we know of their form and fashion.] Though I am tolerably free from ladylike terrors, I began to wish devoutly we were away. I did not know whether the ruling passion of avarice ever tempted them on to murder, and I felt truly delighted when a sudden opening which we had frequently passed by led us to a flight of steps descending to the river and just in the rear of Praw Kinson Holdar's splendid house. As we paused to breathe before it, it would be difficult to believe the contiguous ruin from which we had emerged.

( And then it was so cheerful to regain our boat, where all our servants sat smoking their hookahs on the bank awaiting our return, in their neat white dresses and scarlet turbans and cummerbunds, with a chair prepared to carry Mem Sahib into the boat, as the tide had retreated. The interior of my budgerow is truly comfortable, with the clear, bright lamp over the tea-table and the scarlet curtains at this season closely drawn over the window or gilmils,

I mention all these little things, as they will enable you better to follow me in your mind's eye. At present I cannot understand the nature of that weariness which most Europeans are haunted with. My heart never before felt so light.

*10th January.*—What a delightful walk we had this morning along the bank of the river! Having dressed by lamp-light, we were out in time to enjoy all the beauty of daybreak, and I did not find a cloth pelisse too warm. I suppose after a time *that* weariness bequeathed by Solomon to all under the sun will take possession of me too: in the meantime I do so much admire the rich vegetation, the gigantic palms, the date,

the plantain, and the wilderness of creepers which climb and bind them in one mass of luxuriant green. Often are they thus grouped beside a tank of clear water . . . I saw an exquisite humming-bird, about the size of a large bee, sitting in the white cup of the datura. If Hogg had seen this he would have written a volume on the retreat of the Fairy Queen.

On our way home we met Captain Macdonald, who returned to breakfast with us, and had a long colloquy on the Highlands and connections of Niel's known to both. I can enter into the feeling of clanship, though many count it folly and weariness; it interests me, and this ally of Niel's seems good nature itself, and most actively kind and obliging. He has taken the correction of my domestic affairs into his hands, which is a regular act of charity, as you may suppose with such a host of servants, and utterly ignorant of their language and habits, how much I am imposed on.

There is a large addition already to our party and fleet. I saw two budgerows pass mine with ladies and children, but they were of that unfortunate complexion which marked the native extraction. It seems to me very strange the prejudice existing here against half-castes; formerly when European ladies were rarely met with, they held a place in society which they have now entirely lost. The different estimation in which the native servants hold *them* and *us* is quite surprising. As yet I know nothing of them myself, it is from hearing Niel and the officers of our party speak of them that I judge; I am the only *fair* lady in the fleet, and my tea-table has become a nightly rendezvous. Some of the young men are extremely pleasing and gentlemanlike, and no one can get on better than myself without female society. I can just now fancy the look of reproach *you used* to wear when I said this, and repeating it here will but prove my incorrigible nature.

There is *much* I could tell you in defence of my argument, but I will only at present say, that unless I can make an especial selection of my female associates I should rather be without them. It has so often fallen to my lot to witness and severely experience the delightful feuds with which womankind contrive to animate society, that it is with fear and trembling I find myself within the mystic influence of a circle of petticoats; indeed so many months have passed since I have been excluded from that felicity, I almost forget I belong to the sex *possessing* and *requiring* so many privileges. However, as *this* was of old debateable land between us, I will politely relinquish it and take you, if agreeable, to visit the residence of Praw Kinson Holdar, which was certainly very curious to an English eye.

Captain Macdonald sent to him to say, a lady intended to visit there, and he returned his bote salame to entreat the honour of her presence.

¶ The lower apartments of these large houses here are extremely dirty, as they are generally filled with lumber, palkees, water goglets, slippers, hookahs, and a lazy chokadar in keeping of the place, like a dog on his mat. You ascend to a suite of spacious reception and dining-rooms, furnished with damask satin couches and low ottomans, brilliant with crystal lustre and beautifully painted wall-shades, which when lit up must doubtless have an extremely good effect. There were some fine paintings, and mixed with these in true Hindoo-stanee taste, wretched daubs of water-coloured drawings, like a child's first attempt. Various punkahs covered with crimson silk and fringed with gold met your view in every direction.

Off these were what they termed *sleeping rooms*, which never had been slept in and never were to be so appropriated. It made my head ache even to look on the little stiff pillows

stuffed with cocoa-nut; indeed the whole aspect of these rooms was enough to murder sleep. They give you such an idea of the utter absence of comfort. Vast and lonely the chairs and tables all looked, as if growing out of the floor. But what especially delighted me was a small room which Praw Kinson, in the innocence of his heart, called a reading-room. It contained a writing-table whereon lay an edition of Murray's *Reader* perforated by the ants, and an old newspaper and an *Annual Register*. Only fancy his idea of an English library! I don't think Dominie Sampson would have delighted much in the office of librarian to the Eastern nobleman. There was, however, little to interest me after the first glance, and I was impatient to be gone, as I found it fatiguing to stroll about these long apartments in the heat of the day. Our turbaned host, with many salaams, declared if I could prolong my stay till next month he would give a nautch for my diversion.)

There still remained to be seen the zenana, or women's house, which was separated from the one we were leaving; this I put off visiting for another day. It [the house] also contains a sort of place of devotion, or shrine for their pagan worship, which a few evenings after I saw to great advantage by moonlight. A large square, surrounded by beautiful arches, one row above another supported by pillars of white Chunnan, so *purely* white I had never before seen anything which fixed my attention for the moment so much. There were only two objects to divide it, the simple and chaste effect of the interior surrounding me and the intense blue of the moonlight heaven above, as if neither sin or sorrow lay beneath the stars which, in enduring brightness, had looked down when the spot on which it stood was thick jungle, the lair of the tiger and the deadly serpent, and will shine as brilliantly over its ruin when one stone shall not remain upon another!

¶ There are several very large and handsome houses occupied by natives, who seem, from all I can learn, to be an abject and contemptible race; even their wealth seems to contribute as little to *their own* gratification as that of *any other* person, nor can I hear of any pursuit they have more intellectual than smoking a hookah, with an occasional nautch given to all who choose to admire their finery. They generally are such huge, overgrown creatures, and seem as if their time was equally divided between sleeping and eating mountains of rice and ghee (Anglicè, butter turned to oil).

I must not forget to tell you that the result of my visit to the harem was not very satisfactory, as a severe-looking old dame appeared, to apologise for the non-appearance of the ladies, as they were going either to bathe or to pray—one ceremony, I believe, does for both.

13th January.—Still lying beneath the Colonel's garden, from which I suppose we shall depart in two or three days. I like Chinsurah so much, I should be sorry to quit it, were it not for that insatiable desire to look upon new scenery which is a part of me. There is a very large party now here. I saw, on my return home last night, a Captain Hemming, of the 44th, landing; he was accompanied by his wife, 'a dark lady.' Niel knew him in Scotland, and I have got a hint they are coming to visit me, so I shall, after all I have said, have a female acquaintance, which I did not expect until I reached Dinapore. I very much like our assistant-surgeon, Dr. Brodie; he is very well informed and conversant in modern literature, with an infinity of odd ideas and quaint observation. What a pity it is so few people are original!—they are generally schooled and lectured and fashioned by some established rule or opinion till little or nought remains of that which nature made them to be. Well, if I ever have a child to teach, it

shall be what it likes to be until I find out its natural bent or predisposition.

One of our amusements is to dine at three o'clock, and be ready about four to take a dinghy boat and cross to the opposite bank of the river, which looks as picturesque as scenes at a distance generally do. It is such felicity to Niel to carry his gun as of yore, though the birds he shoots are more for ornament than use, and I am collecting their feathers very carefully, though I do not well know for what purpose,—I have some vague idea of sending them to my old friends and allies, the anglers who trouble the pastoral waters of the Bann!

The doctor is our companion, or *mine* rather, while Niel is searching the jungle, and a very pleasant associate he is to my taste, for while we canvass all subjects and persons, he has no more idea of paying me a compliment than if I were his grandmother.

How much I was entertained by the conversation of a native while we sat on the steps of a mosque waiting for Niel. He addressed us in tolerable English as to sound, whatever it may have been as to sense, for the opening of his discourse was bidding us 'good morning,' while it was good and true moonlight. He proceeded to inform us he was a 'very good Christian,' which attracted my attention, and in reply to my further interrogations he said he had read the Bible 'which was a very pretty book written by Lindley Murray, containing true stories,' of which he chiefly admired Noah making a ship and putting all the things into it. But of the real meaning or spirit of the book he had as much idea as one of the dead birds he carried home. And *this* was one of the converted Hindoos you read so much of in England; therefore I do beseech you to consider whether your money and attention

may not be better bestowed at home. It reminded me of one day at Lake-view,—when my dear and excellent aunt Angel had been deplored the state of the Jews, and entreating me to lay it to heart,—proposing a walk on a Sunday, and taking her into a field where about fifty wretched children and men were playing football in rags, dirt, hunger, and degradation. A great proportion of them could not speak English, and were in a state of misery which none but those who have travelled through Connaught can conceive. The inference was too obvious to escape my dear aunt's sensitive and benevolent heart, and required no comment.

18th January.—*Santipore* (20 miles above Chinsurah).—On the 16th we left Chinsurah, that is to say, took up our respective positions for sailing, or tracking, as it might be, next morning. There is not much novelty, or in fact anything worthy of observation until you leave the Hoogly and enter the Ganges. The first village or settlement is Santipore, where there is a manufactory of white and coloured muslins, very pretty.

Captain Macdonald and Mr. Everard came to breakfast in our budgerow and spent the day for the purpose of going out early in the evening to shoot. Mr. Everard, who seems to relish a gun about as much as myself, stayed with me while the others traversed the paddy fields in search of snipe. We often seated ourselves to rest and watch the progress of the fleet in the rear, as we had far outwalked the boats. I filled my handkerchief with those pretty scarlet and black berries of which children at home wear necklaces.

At a short distance from where we thus sat, I saw a fire, and, having some curiosity to see what the natives were doing round it, I went there, but fancy my horror and disgust when

I found they were burning an *old man*, whose son, with the most perfect indifference, was occasionally stirring up the embers. I can hardly say which, my eyes or my nose, suffered most. The effluvia was intolerable. With one consent both Everard and myself ran as fast as I, with the assistance of his arm, could get over the ground. Most quickly did our curiosity subside, and when we recovered breath to speak, he said: 'If I should live to return I am quite resolved to mention none of these things, for who in England would believe it?' Though I do not intend to imitate his prudence where you are in question, the justice of the remark struck me.

I do not wonder that so many people feel an interest in India, independent of its being the abode of dear relatives, when I reflect on the impressions produced in early life by the reference to Oriental habits and scenery in the Bible. The first ideas of a child are thus directed to the East; whether we think of Jacob journeying to keep the flocks of Laban, or David leaving his sheep to lead the armies of Israel! With all those exquisite pictures of pastoral life, and allegorical sketches which interest the young imagination, add the wild magnificence of the Persian and Arabian tales! all combine to excite curiosity; at least they did mine. I do think since I was six years old my mind has been teeming with fancies connected with this country, and the course of reading I afterwards adopted served to strengthen them.

About the 20th of January we entered the Jellingy [Jalanghi], a branch of the Ganges which at this season is navigable, but not later. After ten or twelve days we shall again re-enter the Ganges, and do not after leave it. At present I like the change, as I now have the prospect on each side, which in the mighty stream we have left is not the case.

'Well, and pray what *do* you see?' said one to whom I made this observation, who had made so many voyages on the river that he had no excitement of novelty to animate his imagination.

'See! why I see that magnificent banana tree, whose top-most bough the first level ray of sunshine is tinging with crimson and gold, and those two men weaving muslin under its shade, then that group of bamboo huts behind, where some are nearly covered with blue and lilac creepers, and those beautiful, young, slender arecas rising like arrows behind them, not to speak of that cluster of palm and toddy-tree there, where that flock of buffaloes are grazing. (Look at that party of women coming over the bank with those classical-shaped water-pots on their heads. See what graceful figures in their own peculiar costume, how elegantly they walk.) What Englishwoman could descend through that broken ground with such antelope steps? (Then see that immense elephant crossing the river with his rider waving that slender branch which is enough to guide him. Look at the fishing-boats just ahead of the budgerow and the mutchlee wallah standing to offer us the produce of his labour,) then that row of tamarind trees on the opposite bank, almost white with pigeons, and through an opening of their branches see that pagoda in the distance—see the buckree-wallah taking home that herd of goats and kids, and look at my khaunsamah speeding toward them to bargain for some kids. . . . On the right what a row of shady trees, planted as regularly as if they formed one side of an avenue at Blenheim, and as it is now cool enough to get out, pray command the attendance of the dinghy boat to put me on shore, as I am resolved to walk to the extreme end of that row of trees, unless they reach three miles.'

There is a station here, Kishnaghār, at which we stopped for

a day. On such occasions it is rather curious to see the chief person of the bazaar or village coming with a present of fowl or fruit or vegetables to the commanding officer to procure his protection, or restraint of the depredations of the soldiers. There is here an indigo factory of some importance, and on such occasions as a fleet stopping, the planters contribute all they think may be acceptable, such as fruit, vegetables, or bread. At these remote stations an interchange of civilities is generally sought on both sides. Those who live in the solitude of these factories are glad to meet persons from the Presidency.

On the 7th of February we arrived at Rajemahl, having had the hills in sight for some days before, the first I had seen since I left Scotland. To those born among mountains, there can exist no beauty where they are not; no convenience or fertility can compensate. Perhaps it is one of my many prejudices that their inhabitants too are more brave and virtuous than those elsewhere. I must hold them, however depressed by poverty, superior to the manufacturer or artisan, whose habits and vocation confine him to a town. Byron, speaking of such, expressed himself thus—

‘Here where no arts corrupt or civilise,  
and proceeds as the warm eulogist of mountains. . . .

Setting both poetry and prejudice out of the question, I do not believe any one could look on the ever-varying outline of the Rajemahl hills without being impressed with a sense of their beauty; and it was amusing too, to observe how the individual of each nation, as the change of position altered their character, found something to remind him of his native scenery. They were successfully compared to the West Highlands, the North Highlands, the Grampians, while I did very often fancy an accurate resemblance to the mountains

of Mourne and precisely such a wooded point as that on which Rosstrevor stands, which was once such a dear and favourite spot with me. My eyes grew dim at the throng of sudden associations that stood like visions around me. What a happy party of relations and friends I made one of there ! Of those united then 'into one knot of happiness' the chief part are scattered over the world, pursuing separately the journey of life ; to some of them thorny indeed has been its path. The rest and the better part have been removed from a participation of its ills, . . . and the death of the last is too recent to be thought of without emotion, the distinguished and gallant Colonel Edwards of the 14th, who died at Bhurtpore. . . .

The spot we were now approaching was not only rendered interesting by its own natural beauty and its associations of sentiment and memory, but was also remarkable in having been the favourite residence of the Rajah of Bengal. The ruins of a palace of considerable extent were still visible and visitable, as far as you could judge from the trees having risen so fast in the interior, and also the Ganges having undermined the bank in front, so that a great proportion of the building had fallen into the stream,—which was thereby rendered both difficult and dangerous to pass, vast masses of stucco and brick lying at regular intervals in every position.

I was so impatient to get on shore that I stopped the boat long before we reached the regular halting-place, as the difficult navigation of the river here made the progress slow. Still with my utmost exertion in walking we could not reach the ruin before twilight 'spread thick its dubious veil'; though a brilliant moon added to its picturesque effect, the deep shade cast by the trees rendered it impossible for me to see what the original extent or proportions of the building must have been. Some parts were roofless, others in tolerable preservation with

a few articles of mouldering furniture. I entered one beautiful portico, overhanging the river, with pillars of black marble, the floors formed of mosaic. This seemed to me designed for a summer residence, as the apartments seemed too few in number and limited in dimensions to suit the Eastern idea of a commodious dwelling.

At a little distance stood a mass of ruin, of very many apartments. In some of these, as if in mockery of man, there grew in luxuriant beauty the coca and palmira trees, whose light and feathery leaves just surmounted the walls. . . . The mosque which we now entered through a mouldering gateway was indeed a beautiful edifice. . . . The dark and lonely building echoed our steps, and if I had had time to be afraid I might have recollect<sup>ed</sup> that its desolate interior was a fitting haunt for snakes. But when I am eager in any pursuit, I have a happy indifference to both real and imaginary fears.

Even by the imperfect light I could distinguish the remains of baths and aqueducts, and in the centre of a tower very similar to those which puzzle the antiquarians at home there grew a banyan tree whose lateral boughs spread so wide above the walls that it told how many years must have passed since when it waved in the breeze, a stripling bough.

By this time I found that my dress was more than half torn to pieces by the low, thorny bushes and the haste with which I was forced to make my way, and being now thoroughly weary, I sat down to breathe in one of these desolate chambers, and for the first time to listen to the note of the bulbul on a cedar bough above my head, now the only dweller in the fallen habitation of the tyrant and the slave.

It would be impossible to convey to any one who has never been in the tropical climate the beauty, the luxury of such a scene; at such an hour, the air becomes so pure and balmy,

the atmosphere so highly rarefied, the moon and stars shine with a brilliancy unknown in our hemisphere. The most slender leaf seen between you and the deep blue sky is accurately defined; the waving boughs of the coca that seem at intervals to stir from some internal impulse are so beautifully contrasted with the thick foliage of the mango, glossy as the holly tree. The hum of grasshoppers is ceaseless, and the banyan trees are white with doves whose soft note is perpetually heard.

Immediately below the spot on which I had taken up my position, I saw a few monuments apparently; the scene was appropriate, and they shone so purely white in the moonbeams, I went down to view them nearer. How strangely did it operate on my feelings to read there an inscription in English, to the memory of a lady, the wife of a British officer. She died on the river, returning from Calcutta where she had gone to send her children to England. Long, long ere they reached their destination her anxiety for them had for ever ceased. I cannot tell you how this little incident damped my spirits, for trite as the lesson may be, that death, equally certain and sudden in its summons, was no respecter of persons, still at that place and moment I was not prepared to meet its evidence, and it was strange, too, to mark the loss of an individual, standing on a spot which gave proof of the extinction of a king and a whole race whose names only remain. However, with them I could not identify myself, but again and again I thought of the mother who knew not the separation was eternal, and may perhaps have been solacing her solitary journey with the visions of a future re-union with those from whom the shadowy portals of the grave had for ever divided her. Yes, life is indeed a dream, and I am musing it away as all those have done whose relics lie around me. . . .

At a little distance there was another and a more lovely tomb, with this inscription only:

'To the memory of Rose.'

Poor Rose! I fear you were the child of misfortune and perhaps of error; a husband would have spoken of his wife, a father of his daughter, a brother of his sister, but you are acknowledged by none, and may have been happily removed to a world and tribunal more merciful than the one you have left.

I suddenly felt my spirits ebb away in a manner they very frequently do, and a kind of indefinable foreboding oppress me. There was, in the solemn radiance of the night, a saddening influence. I lost all ardour for further discovery and for the moment time and eternity seemed blended into one.

I feel still as if I should never weary of the aspect of nature in her luxuriant tropical garb; as we glide so pleasantly on, the variegated outline of these hills, skirted with bamboo huts and enclosures of rice, but generally crowned with a prodigious banyan tree, seem so sweet and peaceful; I long to stop the budgerow and wander along the bank, the groups of elegant bamboo and palmira trees, combine to produce such agreeable images. . . . The spaces between these verdant hills were as rich in fields of flax in full bloom as those—

'Of mine own native Isle of the Ocean.'

while . . . a mosque or pagoda brought to your mind that even time, whose power has swept away kings, nations, even portions of the earth, has no sway over the fixed and immutable religious (prejudice I was going to write) opinions of these people. Here where the kingly race of Timour had erected a fortress for security or pleasure, all that the wandering fakirs

can point to of the past is a print of the prophet's foot impressed in the stone, but I honestly confess my benighted eyes were blind to its evidences.

I was told that parties still come from the upper provinces and encamp here to hunt the rhinoceros and wild elephant, the surrounding hills being an impervious shelter for wild animals of all kinds, the woods, too, abounding with partridge and jungle cock. The river continues to wind closely at the foot of these beautiful hills, which though decreasing in height are still lovely in verdure and outline. The province of Behar, which we had just entered, is so much superior to that of Bengal, no traveller leaves the latter with regret; its dense masses of wood and sandy wastes (it being for the greater part alluvial soil) can bear no comparison with the hills and valleys which we now glided by.

*10th February, Pir-pointy.*—I had a long walk on the sand last night, attracted by the unusual objects of palkees, hackneys, horses, and crowds of travellers on foot, all hurrying to the annual fair or festival celebrated at this place. (I was assured the number which assemble there is not less than 100,000 and it is a fearful instance of the bonds with which superstition entrals its victims. Here for years uncounted it has been the practice to sacrifice an infant and vast number of kids. The official authorities have interposed and sometimes do succeed in preventing this inhuman rite being exercised to its extent, but the number of kids floating about and their plaintive cries excited many painful ideas.)

There was one circumstance which staggered my credulity; there was here an Englishman, born and educated in a Christian land, who was become the wretched and degraded partaker in this heathen worship, a General S—, who has

for some years adopted the habits and religion, if religion it may be named, of these people; and he is generally believed to be in a sane mind, rather a man of ability; it makes you pause and in vain attempt to account for such delusion. Those whom it is the will of God to be born in darkness are not accountable, but that any who ever lived in the light of Christianity should voluntarily renounce its hope is truly awful!

We dined in the evening with Captain and Mrs. Hemming; they have invited me so often and made so many advances to be acquainted, it appeared quite surly to hang back. We met some of our own allies there, and spent a pleasant evening. Hemming had been over the most of Ireland and knew many of my family and acquaintances, and I need not remind you how much we relish anything connected with home or country when the tie is severed. She is a very kind and gentle little person, with one sweet little boy. Some one told me she had been rather a thoughtless girl, but from all I can judge, she seems fond of her husband, and devoted to the child; and she is now but eighteen,—would be in England only leaving the nursery. . . .

We have agreed to visit the hot wells at Monghir as we shall stay all the day at the station, and they will dine in my boat at three o'clock, that we may be out early and stay late. Besides there are five of the gentlemen to join the party, so I shall have quite a burra kaunna, and it is fortunate there is a good bazaar at Monghir. But, in fact, we are never at a loss, I have only to say after breakfast, 'Two, four, or six Sahibs are to dine. At this season we are well supplied with delicious salt humps, brisket and tongues, plenty of fowl, ducks, and guinea-hens in the cook-boat, fish in the river; every village affords kid, eggs, milk, butter, and bread; mutton and beef

we get from the commissariat store; so that you can have, only by saying the word, an elegant dinner, most admirably dressed with superb curry and mulligatawny soup; all sorts of confectionery my khaunsamah prides himself in displaying, and as your servants are responsible for everything, I have nothing to be troubled with, and there is something of gaiety and grace about these little parties which render them very agreeable. There is no such thing here as gentlemen sitting to drink and the ladies hiding to give them opportunity after a few glasses of wine. We all get on shore impatient that any of the light should be lost, for that fades all too fast.

We have just passed a beautiful and curious cluster of rocks, which are here a very unusual object. They rise in the river to a very considerable height and on the summit is a fine mosque. Whole flights of doves are perched on the trees and shrubs, which have a pretty effect. Some mendicant Brahmins live on the rocks, and form not the least interesting part of the picture of the Colgon rocks.

11th February, Monghir.—We reached this station this morning, which is really a pretty place. There is a fine old fort and some neat houses; this fort was built by the Sultan Sujah, and the place is now occupied by an invalid battalion. We were, however, disappointed in our design of visiting the hot springs as the boats had stopped so far above them, they were beyond a walk; so we changed our route and went through the village and some beautiful tops of mango trees.

(I was pleased to find we were to remain two days, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the manufactures of the place. How beautifully they work in wood! The chairs, tables, etc., which they carry down on their heads to the boats to induce you to buy are really curious, and to see these poor

things surrounding your boat, up to the waist in water, holding them up to excite your attention and obtain a preference, made me feel quite sad at their poverty. Others bring baskets of hats, bonnets and straw work, punkahs, mats; others guns, swords and all sorts of useful things. The arrival of these merchants at the appearance of a fleet is like a fair or market.)

The doctor was our only companion at dinner, and after it was over we set out on a long walk without just knowing where. We went off in the direction of the fort, but it is so difficult always to keep in mind the deceptive nature of the twilight here, that the rapid approach of night has more than once disagreeably surprised us. On this occasion we were seriously perplexed, having lost sight of the river, and before we had time to reflect, the darkness and intricacy of the ground and mouldering walls brought us up to a stand. I did not care for the matter, knowing we must find the river when the moon rose, and I could have passed the night as comfortably in the ruined fort as in my budgerow. All places where Campbell was with me were equal, but he was not so stoical, better knowing the danger of being exposed to the night air, and was in misery to get me safe on board. So we walked first in one direction, then in another, none of us knowing enough of the language to ask the way; still I was more amused than otherwise until I became so exhausted that I lay down on the ground. I thought them very cruel to insist on my getting up and crawling on between them, until again I would beg to rest. Some hours passed this way before the long wished for fires on the bank announced our return to the ghaut, where the poor weary dandies were prolonging the luxury of rice and curry and smoking over the embers. I actually could not speak from

fatigue, and gladly let them lift me into the boat, where I lay with my eyes shut till they made my tea.

14th February.—After leaving Monghir we had some very unpleasant weather and sailing. The current became very strong, and the difficulty of tracking against the stream and round some headlands was extreme, indeed it was frightfully dangerous. The hot winds were just commencing, and blowing against us with violence. We had to wind our way along tremendous banks, in many places so completely undermined that they gave way and fell with a crash like thunder. Two of the soldiers' boats a little ahead sunk just close to us.

Just as our cook-boat came alongside to give us dinner, a frightful mass of earth and trees fell all but over it and us, and only that Providence had willed we were to escape, I cannot tell how we were not sunk at the moment; the water had sunk so much, the distance from the top of the bank to the bed of the river was very great. The ropes broke and many boats drifted to the opposite shore, or down the stream, without any power of resistance, as the dandies were all on shore. I passed a day of extreme apprehension; the want of courage of the crew and impossibility of depending on them under such circumstances compelled Campbell to remain all day on deck in the burning wind and sun. I was in torture about him, but also knew that his presence *there* was necessary, for if any accident happens these cowardly people run off and leave you; indeed I am not sure but that it would be contrary to their religion to take you out of the water, as they account all such as have died there, objects of peculiar favour. Captain Macdonald and Mr. Everard had promised to dine with us, . . . but from the state of the bank found it impossible to descend where they intended, so had to walk miles on the bank before they

could get on board. Captain Macdonald's acquaintance with the language and people relieved me and rested Niel, who gave up his station on the top much fatigued, and after a little time we sat down to a late dinner. But I was quite unable to eat or be commonly civil to my kind friends. I felt a curious sensation creeping over me and went out after sunset to try and shake it off, but this I could not.

15th February.—I often say to myself 'What can be the matter with me?' I feel such oppressive and unwonted weariness. If I take a book I can hardly see; when we go out for a walk I find myself looking round for a tree to sit and rest me; if any one mentions England I become so low and nervous I would gladly weep. Niel has also been complaining, but this I expected, from his exposure to the sun for so many hours. He is, I can see, better to-night, though the air has been to-day as if coming through a furnace, and the hot sand penetrating the gilmils in every direction. The old Indians of the party say to-day is nothing in comparison of what will come. We were instructed to close all the windows, to keep *out* the heat, which I had thrown quite open, and since that the boat is pleasanter. My skin has such a strange feel, as if my hands were covered with parchment.

I have been trying to keep Niel quiet on the couch by reading to him *Kenilworth*, and, now that I see him better, could willingly go to bed myself.

## III

FEBRUARY 25TH—APRIL 22ND, 1827

*17th March, Dinapore.*—I must now account to you for a wide chasm in my narrative, most truly an involuntary one. I am still so weak my hand trembles and the words I write are indistinct. Oh how miserably ill I have been! and this fever is like a serpent showing his crest among flowers; it came upon me when and where I least expected such a visitation. I believe I may date its commencement from my moonlight ramble among the ruins of Monghir, though I went about for some time, as my sensations were incomprehensible to myself, and tried to conquer the debility I felt creeping over me, as Niel watched me with looks of such extreme distress. I sat up until I hardly knew what was doing around me, then shivering fits of ague gave my illness a decided character, and Niel and the dootor began most anxiously to wish for our arrival, as the latter considered himself but imperfectly acquainted with the symptoms of the disease. All that care and kindness on his part could do, was done, and he only left our boat when obliged by duty.

Every one was so kind and attentive, I hardly knew which to be most grateful to. Captain Macdonald, who knew more of Indian fevers than any of the party, used to spend every evening in our boat, and make my drink and sit and talk by my couch when I could listen. The Hemmings too did

everything to assist us. But strength and life seemed receding; I could not always think, but when conscious of anything, it was that my earthly course was nearly run, and I often tried to prepare Niel's mind for this being the case. You will believe I did not find him a patient listener.

On the 25th of February we reached Dinapore. It was an interesting day for those blessed with health and spirits. The 13th had got up a masked ball, and it was the gayest exhibition that had been seen. Every one was to be there in the district. I heard all this talked of before we reached the cantonment, as they had sent to beg that the surgeon, Dr. Moatt, would come and meet me. Some others came with him to see Niel, and I could see what a favourite he was with all. . . .

We were just anchored beneath the bank when the evening gun fired; I cannot tell why at that moment it sounded like the knell of a funeral.

Dr. Brodie soon after came to see me before he made his appearance in the ball-room, of which he promised to bring me all the news in the morning. I tried to say 'Do so'; but it seemed so strange, the varied conditions of life: I was perhaps dying while they were thinking of dancing.

Niel's first idea on landing was to inquire for a woman whose industry and good conduct had interested him so much that he had tried his influence with Colonel M'Creagh to get her permission to accompany the regiment though out of the regular order. Anne accordingly made her appearance in my boat and I had rarely seen one more prepossessing in the capacity of a nurse. She had been strongly recommended by Dr. Moatt. . . .

Under any other circumstances I could have been most heartily amused at her surprise and delight on finding who I

was; and strange it was that she had been born beside my father's house and left an orphan, when my mother had taken an interest in her welfare and had her placed with an old mantua-maker, whom I well remember coming with gowns to my mother. She shared the fate of most pretty country girls and married a soldier. Her conduct was so good that she was permitted many little indulgences, and on arriving in India was engaged as wet nurse for the infant of a wealthy civilian (who on such an occasion are always liberal); from this she was brought into notice and one of her children adopted by a lady who had none.

Her gratitude to Niel and affection for me was unbounded, and though she had just been confined she brought baby and ayah and all, determined to stay while she could serve me.

I ought to tell you that my own female attendant, whom I greatly liked, was occupied by the illness of her child and for some time had been unable to wait on me, so now being comfortable with so nice a creature as I had got, who had the voice, the step, and touch of a nurse, I was much relieved, as she knew perfectly how I should be treated and could prepare my drink and everything of food and medicine I required.

I shall not forget Niel's surprise when he returned to the boat and found Anne still in joyful ecstasy at her discovery of 'Miss Knox,' as he knew nothing of the link of clanship uniting us.

All nurses are privileged gossips, and Anne's anecdotes of the regiments sometimes amused and often made me sad. The ladies did not stand high in her estimation, and she boldly pronounced that there were no companions for me there. My expectations were not sanguine from what I had gathered at the dépôt, in Calcutta, in Chinsurah, and

indeed wherever the corps had been, and I felt quite desponding at the thought of being identified with such. But that could only be in name or in idea; nothing could make it necessary to form intimacy where my judgment did not approve.

Next morning Niel was very active in getting my quarters put in order and the baggage removed into them; in this he received much kind assistance. The following day, with the aid of the doctor and nurse, I was dressed or rolled up in shawls and put into a palkee on deck. I was just conscious that they were removing me, but recollect little more, until I found myself watching the lizards as they ran up and down the walls of a large and pleasant room. The Hemmings, who were going off next day to Cawnpore, came to see me in the evening, and rather forgetting my debility sat a long time and talked of the ball and Niel's cousin and country-woman, Lady D'Oyly, who with a large party from Bankipore were there. . . .

After they took leave the doctor recommended my keeping quiet as I felt heated and restless, more than usual. But in the night, the fever increased so much that Niel sent for him. I need not conduct you through all the changes and sufferings I underwent. All I had ever read or imagined of thirst was faint in comparison of the reality. I quite shudder at the recollection of the avidity with which I used to watch a large jug which held my drink. The pains in my bones and joints became excruciating, and I used to shiver in the fits of ague till every joint ached again. Then, when the thirst was satisfied the hot fit came on, and actually the moisture ran in streams down my limbs. After this change I generally lay in a stupor for some hours, without either memory or suffering.

I used to feel Niel's hand on my forehead, or the faint pressure of his lips, and could just open my eyes and look at him. I cannot tell how, but I used to know when he was near me, though there was neither word nor sound.

The first change I felt was the intermission of the ague fit at the usual hour. This excited my hopes that it had left me; however, it had but changed, and returned every twenty-four instead of twelve hours. Gradually its duration lessened, and strange to say, I *felt worse* as the fever left me; dreadful palpitations attacked me, and I cannot suppose anything else so like death as what I then felt. I used to make Niel lift me up to enable me to breathe. The doctor then wished me to have as much change as the house afforded, and in the morning I was dressed and carried into my dressing-room, where I lay on my couch. My strength was so exhausted that I used to think this quite misery, and to tell the truth I became so fretful and low-spirited, nothing did, or could please me. At the same time I was so much ashamed of it, I was quite glad when Niel used to go to parade, that I might cry without distressing him.

Poor Anne used to talk of home and that made me quite hysterical. Then in despair she went to the doctor and begged him always to come in Campbell's absence, and thus time went on until I was able to go into the verandah in the evening where the air and sight of people riding and driving amused me. Yesterday I went to dine with Niel and the doctor at three o'clock, and much relished my curry, so now I may say I am well, though very weak, as I feel, from writing thus far.

*17th March.*—This morning after Niel gave me my coffee at five, he made me promise I would come to breakfast, saying he would help me to dress on his return. I felt very lazy, but

he urged it and reminded me it was Ogilby's birthday and so forth, so I promised to get up and bathe when he went out. On his return, after helping me to dress and placing a chair in the verandah where I could enjoy the pleasant air of the morning, he told me he had invited an old friend to breakfast, with whom he had been so many years intimate that he was anxious to make us acquainted, particularly as we lived in the next quarter. Though I felt nervous at the idea of meeting a stranger, as Niel seemed so much to wish it I could not object, but I looked at my dressing-gown, which appeal Niel replied to by saying, 'Never mind it, there is nothing I like you so much in as your dressing-gown, and Fenton is such a good fellow, you will not consider him as a stranger!'

He then told me there was a very fine young man lived with Fenton, a son of General Blackwell's, with whom he was sure I should be quite pleased, but that he did not ask him then as he thought I might not like to see two strangers, and Fenton, being his oldest friend left in the 13th, deserved a preference. While he spoke the person in question [Fenton] entered the verandah, and I perfectly recollect having seen him in Derry. He is a fine-looking man in figure and was then very handsome. He appears now in very delicate health, thin and languid, like one who had suffered. We got into conversation about Derry and Anne Maxwell, with whom he used to be a favourite partner at the assemblies. Niel was recommending him to follow his example and turn Benedict, which he expressed his willingness to do, only that India afforded little choice of European ladies and he would not marry a half-caste. He said he meant to apply for leave and return in search of health and a wife. I told him Anne Maxwell was still exhibiting her beauties at Bath with the addition to them of £1400, but this part of my advice Niel

condemned and said: 'If he only knew the happiness of marrying from love alone he never would barter such a blessing for anything that money could offer, but never fulfil.' From our united testimony of the happiness of a well-assorted marriage he declared himself more than ever inclined to follow our advice if it were practicable, but that we were in the meantime most enviable in his opinion.

We had a great deal of laughing on the subject and he promised to be a frequent visitor at my tea-table, as mess hours did not suit either his health or taste.

After Fenton was gone Niel made me lie down, while he went to read the papers, and he returned shortly after with Kershaw, whom I forgot to mention as one of our companions up the river and an old friend of Niel's in the Isle of Wight. He was in very delicate health, and had obtained leave to stop at Bankipore with Sir Charles D'Oyly, to whom his talent in drawing recommended him. He spoke of them as a most delightful family, Lady D'Oyly in particular, as lovely in appearance and so warm-hearted and unpretending, she captivated all who knew her.

They wished to be civil to us when I was able to visit, and Niel said after I was a little stronger he would go and call, which is the style here, the stranger making the first visit. Kershaw and Brodie stayed to dine, or tiffin rather, as three o'clock is the hour I find agrees best with me. After Kershaw went off Campbell went to parade and returned to tea, for which, for the first time, I stayed up,—that is, I lay on the couch while they sat and talked of everything and everybody.

Brodie told me I could not remain incognito to the ladies any longer, for though he had said with a solemn voice I must keep quiet, I had been seen on the verandah and therefore must expect visitors. To make a virtue of necessity, Niel

announced to Mrs. Sale that I was able to leave my room next day, and on the following one I had the pleasure of sitting to be stared at as the latest arrival from England, by all who had nothing else to do, and had very many offers of all those civilities which mean nothing. Among others, as our own buggy had not arrived, there were horses and gigs, offered us by many, and some really from friendly feelings. As Brodie and every one recommended my getting out to drive as the first means of restoring my strength, Niel told me he had accepted Blackwell's offer of driving me out that evening and asked him to dine with us, proposing to have a walk with the doctor while I was away.

Accordingly at tiffin they appeared, and as Niel's ideas of persons are so very similar to my own on all points, the appearance and manners of Blackwell were exactly in my view as they had been in his, most pleasing. Without being handsome in feature or striking in figure, there was a quiet and gentlemanly refinement in his language and manners, which at once showed me he had been brought up with persons of high caste. . . . During our drive some of his ideas and questions amused me much from their originality, and I saw there was more to be known when he would speak out.

We found Niel and Brodie standing waiting our return, and they were both in such high spirits, eager to tell me different things they had heard, and began to deal rather heavily with some of our fair ladies, so that I reproached them with scandal. I left them when the gun fired, having promised to rise early in the morning and have a walk by the riverside. I cannot omit telling you, that after being about two hours in bed, I felt so dreadfully hungry that there was no use in trying to forget it and go to sleep; so I got up in search of something to eat. However the servants were all gone but the bearers, who will

not touch your food. The khaunsamah had locked his almirah and taken the key, and the only thing I could set my hands on was a pine cheese and a tub of sugar candy ; and forthwith attacked the former.

Next morning, when ready to go out, the same malady returned, and I besought Niel to go and look for some provisions. He met the kitmutgar just going to the bazaar, and obtained some bread and butter, with which I sallied forth in the morning twilight. After a few turns we used the privilege which Colonel Sale had given of entering his garden to rest, where I sat until nearly seven, and saw our bearer watching for us with a chatta at the ghaut, where we met Blackwell, and he returned to breakfast, wishing to arrange with Niel that they both should call on the D'Oylys, and fixed their visit for next morning. After Niel and Blackwell went to the mess-room to read the papers, I had another levée of visitors, and after they had gone some of a different grade, two or three soldiers and their wives, all from the County Donegal ; among them the son of an old servant of my father, whom I so well remember an idle boy !

I can hardly express to you the delight some of these poor souls felt, and the extraordinary observations and compliments, such as, ‘That I was very like my sister, only not so well favoured,’ again, ‘That they should have recognised me in any place by the Knox forehead.’

In the evening I was telling this all over to Niel and Brodie, who said : ‘Well, while I was visiting at Captain —, some good people who had been calling on you came in, and they were all giving their opinions of you, and agreed they found you a very different person from what they expected ; it had been rumoured that you were a blue stocking of deep tinge ; by others, that you were very reserved and eccentric ; but that

the whole party voted you a pretty little person, and very lady-like and agreeable.'

Now I would not omit giving you this conversation for anything, as I am certain you will not be less astonished to hear of my being called 'agreeable' than I was myself. I leave you to judge how much I must be improved, if the picture be a just one. I always calculate on being disliked at first, and from this idea neglect all efforts to conciliate, a fact which even you cannot deny. But this I can also assure you of, that I believe I am greatly amended, since I have had so gentle and truly amiable a companion as Niel always near, for though the most distant approach to censure has *never* passed his lips, I see the errors of my own opinions by comparing them with his. With a person of a different mould, I should be still the same wayward and reserved being that many justly think me. But *now* there is nothing to call the harsh lines of my nature into play; so by lying dormant they may in time altogether disappear. Niel is such a favourite with every one, that I share in the benefit of this sentiment towards him, and experience kindness and attention, which in my own behalf I should never receive.

*27th March.*—It would only weary you if I were to proceed in the regular 'Clarissa Harlowe' style, and tell you day by day of all that passes, when of necessity each day must be so much alike! At the same time, 'tis true that life in India differs so much from every other place, that many trifling things will interest you to hear, as much as they did me to see, for the first time; therefore I shall mention anything that strikes me, without regard of system or arrangement.

First, I will try to give you some idea of the *place* I reside in. You, I believe, my dear, will never see Dinapore, and at present I consider that no great loss. The cantonment is

situated in a wide sandy plain, interspersed with mango topes. The houses are built in squares, the centre grass, and round these is the fashionable evening drive. These buildings make a very good appearance from their regularity, and are really comfortable and spacious houses. On the side of the square where we live my neighbours are on one side Fenton and Blackwell, next the paymaster, Mr. Wright; on the other side is Captain Aitkin and Mr. Wilkinson. I occupy the centre; Colonel Sale commences the next range. The persons on the opposite side of the square are Captain Debnam, Mr. Sheling, whose brother I knew in Derry in the Engineer Corps, the Quartermaster Sheridan, whose daughter I met in Calcutta, married to the surgeon of the 89th, Henderson; next the adjutant Hutchins, who went out to the West Indies with Niel as his servant, and whose good conduct and ability has advanced him. He married in England a very respectable woman in his own class of life. They seem to feel much regard and gratitude to Niel for former kindness when they were in an humbler sphere. She came to Niel the day after my arrival to know in what way she could be of use to me, and I have since found her very clever and useful in giving me many instructions about housekeeping arrangements.

This is called a very gay station. There have been a succession of balls, parties, plays, since my arrival. For these I have little relish, and even if I had, the delicacy of my health would prevent my attending them. I have already quite as much society as I wish for, and I am *so happy*, so perfectly happy at home, I wish for nothing beyond what it affords. My greatest grief is that I must go out and visit among these censorious people; it is really quite frightful the party spirit and illiberality existing here. I am told such things as are hardly credible: character is martyred

without mercy, charity only a name, and the transactions of private life exaggerated and misrepresented.

It does surprise me beyond measure how the mind can become warped in this way, or what the structure of that mind can be that has pleasure only in the affairs of others, and rejects all the resources of taste and knowledge and self-improvement. Idleness may well be called the root of evil, and yet none of these people can be idle, for they have all families, and none of them affluent means.

I think if I had children I should know and care as little what the residents in the garden-range were about as I now do of the inhabitants of New Zealand.

This subject brings to recollection Niel's visit to Bankipore. Both he and Blackwell returned in raptures with Lady D'Oyly and her cousin Mrs. Smythe. The most complimentary thing Niel could imagine was that they were genuine Highlanders, with grandfathers removed as far back as Noah! Their house seems quite a school of arts: they have a good library, of which they are most liberal; Blackwell came back loaded with books which he is to divide with me. . . . He comes very often to us, being an equal favourite with Niel, and he says he is so happy to have a lady to talk to, and speaks with so much tenderness of his mother and sister that it gives me a favourable impression of his disposition. *That* was the first thing which interested my feelings for Niel, his love for his mother! and now when I do or say anything particularly delightful to him he says, 'That is just like my mother.'

While we were in Calcutta I had some correspondence with my cousin, Frank Gouldsbury, relative to paying him a visit on our way up the river. He wrote with much cordiality, and I really felt a sincere desire to see him and know his

wife, from the affection I felt for his family, and their anxious wishes to hear from me all those particulars which are so interesting to distant friends. However, on our arrival at Patna I was so dreadfully ill, all thought of visiting was laid aside, and Niel wrote to him in explanation of it. We heard in reply that he had just been appointed as judge and magistrate to the station of Maldah, near the Rajemahl Hills, and was on the point of removal to that station, where he hoped we would pay our promised visit on my recovery. I felt sorry at not meeting him, but my sanguine feelings had been a good deal quenched by finding that the lady was a half-caste, in fact, a natural daughter of Mr. E——'s. Of this we had not the *most remote idea*, and felt very unwilling to be the medium of conveying it to his family, knowing the surprise and disappointment they must feel who were so wrapped up in him. I was a little mortified, as I had not supposed I had a single connection in the country of that colour which seemed so unfashionable, and I begin to fear there must be some truth in a belief, which is so general, to their prejudice. Colonel Sale is most violent on the subject; he will not allow a soldier to marry a native woman, but laments he cannot prevent the officers *disgracing* themselves. There is only one half-caste lady in the 13th, and it is rumoured she is likely to leave it shortly; it is so far fortunate.

I now have the comfort of hearing very often from James; his letters are coming regularly. Dear James! He is indeed the most generous-minded of beings; but for this very cause we must not trespass on him, nor do I think at present there will be occasion for it. We are both very moderate, and from choice wish to live as privately as possible, so I hope will find no difficulty in living within our income; very many others do it, with large families too.

The real necessities of life are here abundant and easily procured, it is the superfluities that are a stumbling-block. I must, however, tell you that many things here are absolute necessities which at home are matters of taste or choice, such as carriages, servants, etc.

It is equally true that there is here a lamentable want of principle, for I call going in debt wittingly and knowingly to be nothing less. You never hear any one say, 'I must not buy *this*, or order *that*, for I cannot afford it'; people get all and everything they fancy or require, and let the future and ten per cent. pay the debt. There is one officer in the regiment who spends twice as much as the pay of a colonel, and nobody has any idea where he finds either money or credit. However, the times are for ever gone when people made a fortune in India. I think a prudent man can live and enjoy every comfort of life here; and a married man lives more economically than a single one. But this is *all* that is possible. The retinue of servants you are forced to keep is absurd, but one of the tyrannies of custom that cannot be remedied.

It was quite amusing to see the joy of my servants when I was able to come out again. One reason, perhaps, was that they found my nurse obliged them to render a much more strict detail of domestic expenditure than I knew how to do. They could not impose on her, being accustomed to attend the bazaar herself. The first day I ordered dinner myself the khaunsamah knelt down to kiss the skirt of my gown, saying, 'When Mem Sahib is sick we are all sick.'

*7th April.*—I am now quite strong, *well*, and *happy*; I even think I am growing fat, in defiance of hot winds and all other evils. These winds are certainly tremendous; what must it be for those who are exposed to them? Within doors, the

the air is far from unpleasant; at eight o'clock the windows and doors to windward are covered with mats of the cuscuss grass, which the bheesties keep constantly wet, which not only produces a current of cool air, but a very aromatic scent from the grass. The worst part of it is that as light is heat, you must exclude both! and your twilight is not clear enough for writing or work unless you possess some very well-situated window. I often go and sit in my bathing-room, which, from being in the rear and flagged with stone, is always cool though the window is open.

Being now quite settled, I will give you the detail of one day. I always go to bed at gun-fire, with the firm resolution of getting up at gun-fire in the morning, or before it, which resolve I keep in the proportion of three mornings out of five. But taking one on which I actually did arise, yesterday, for example—we made a great noise for our coffee, while I scrambled on some clothes and dipped my face in a chillumchee of cold water; in about five minutes we were out and taking our way to the river side. You must remember that it is still dark, and when I arrive there the clouds are just dispersing in the east and changing with the gently rising breeze into colours and tinges so various, no eye can fancy them but those who look upon an Eastern sunrise. They have lifted themselves off the mighty Himalayas, crowned with everlasting snow. Oh, how beautiful is such a morning!

The banks of the river are thronging with the Hindoos coming to perform their morning devotions, consisting chiefly of the various ceremonies of bathing.

Presently you see the dobees or washermen coming along the bank, with their donkeys loaded with clothes, and commencing

their occupation, the fashion and process thereof producing a mournful sympathy for the welfare of your English garments, which these worthies seem to have peculiar delight to wring and beat to the uttermost. They have boards laid against the bank; on this they beat the article, be it linen, lace, or muslin, accompanying each stroke with the word 'Europe'!

The buckree-wallah creeps along with his goats; the native women, with their brass and earthen pots on their heads, are descending the ghaut for water. The half-naked coolies are trotting by with baskets of grain and vegetables on their heads. The native boats, canoes or budgerows, are loosing from the bank where they had brought up the night before, and are either sailing down the stream or tracking against it. There is a tonjin with a nurse and a pallid European child, with a retinue of bearers attending it.

Then comes up the mutchlee-wallah from his dinghy with fresh fish, and the kitmutgar or the mussolgee is bartering with him for it.

The glorious sun is now above the horizon, the summit of that mosque seems burnished gold, and the tops of the tamarinds beside it have caught the bright effulgence. By the way, it is difficult to describe such a morning in down-right prose, unless it were that of Walter Scott's novels or Mrs. Shelley's *Valperga*.

Well, it is time to wend our way homeward, and we loiter across the parade ground. It is half-past six; I lie and rest on my couch till seven, then bathe, while Niel dresses and is ready to help me. He reads the Bible to me while I conclude my toilet.

This occupies about half-an hour more, and then, both dressed, our chairs are placed before the door or now inside

the verandah, and we walk either outside or within, till the bugle blows at eight. Then comes the bearer with gurram panee, and in a few minutes after the kitmutgars with fish, rice, eggs, cold meat, fruit, preserves, curry.

Niel, like all Highlanders, enjoys a social breakfast, and we rarely sit down alone. There is generally some one like ourselves loitering in the shade before our house, on the front of which the sun does not fall till eleven o'clock, and there are a few intimate enough to come in at any time.

Breakfast is a long business, for generally some visitors come in before its conclusion and this protracts it. Then Niel goes and reads the papers, and I order dinner and settle the bazaar account, then put my almiras and drawers in order, as I have no native attendant, and hope I never shall. Some of my regimental *protégées* are always happy to be allowed to render any occasional assistance I require, and it is only a recreation and little variety to them to come over in the cool of the morning. Here they have nothing to do, having all native servants likewise, unless it is a very little needle-work.

About eleven o'clock Niel returns, and as the time of visiting is past I put on my dressing-gown and lie on the couch while he reads, or if I do not find the heat oppressive I work, and we walk about the verandah laughing, singing, and talking till about half-past two, when we prepare for dinner. . . .

Five is the parade hour, and during that time horses and carriages are collecting at each door for the drive immediately after. Short indeed is the daylight, and I am always waiting dressed at the door, that not a moment may be lost. You see the bearers flying to meet their masters and relieve them of the swords. After the oppressive heat of the day it

is so delightful to get out, and every one seems so heartily to enjoy it, as you meet passing and repassing.

As Blackwell's buggy is always in attendance upon me, Niel generally rides beside us, and almost always some one escapes from seven o'clock dinner and returns to tea, which our khaunsamah takes care shall be abundantly supplied. Those that dine so early generally like the addition of cold meat or puddings at that hour. I used to suppose people *never eat* in India, but I never remember at any time feeling so much appetite as I do now, and you may remember at home how little food I took.

*How very pleasant* these evenings are to me, and *how I enjoy them*; there is no one with whom I feel any restraint, and we have always so much mirth or agreeable conversation. I go to bed with reluctance, but always *do* go at gun-fire, so tired that I never waken till the bearer's monotonous 'Sahib' at the door announces another day.

I have been making a long deferred round of visits. Oh! it is heavy work, with *one* exception. I went to return the call of a lady I had met by accident during a morning visit at Calcutta. I was greatly prepossessed by her appearance, without knowing that she was a resident at Dinapore, or even her name. After a short residence in India you imperceptibly adopt the native idea that fairness and beauty are inseparable. I am told when a baby is born among the high caste natives they compliment it with the panegyric of 'being fair,' which they consider is a sign of noble extraction. To return from this digression—greatly was I pleased to see Mrs. Thompson's fair face and golden tresses issuing from a palkee in my verandah one of the first days I sat up. I spent an hour in her pretty bungalow overhanging the river, and felt all my favourable impressions strengthened.

Next I paid a visit to my next-door neighbour, Mrs. Wright, wife of our paymaster. She is that marvellous thing, an *old lady* in India, where, like dead birds, old ladies are never heard of or seen. She had a good deal to say for herself, and speaks of being the mother of a large family, nay a grandmother; as one who had experienced many of the vicissitudes of life, having spent many years in India, where every hour is marked with change. Yet is the good old lady not only cheerful but as merry as a grasshopper. I hope you will admire the *appropriate comparison* with a bulky old lady. She said, being so near we ought to be well acquainted, and regretted not having been aware of my illness in time to be useful to me, hoping that hereafter on any 'emergency' I would call on her. All this was kindly said, the only thing which I liked *not* was, she seemed fond of being *witty* with gentlemen, and it is such a treacherous weapon for a woman to hold, so apt to degenerate into the most unfeminine of all propensities—*double entendre*. This taste is, I am sorry to tell you, *regimental*, and is carried to an unqualified extent in the very quarter where you would expect peculiar circumspection as an example and precedent. I am utterly horrified at the things I hear of, and doubly anxious to keep as much aloof from intimacy as possible.

I have also seen a very beautiful woman, the wife of Major Denny; she is a native of the Isle of France, and speaks such pretty broken English. On a large scale, she is certainly a most attractive woman, and is, I am told, most amiable and domestic. I am sorry to find she lives at some distance, and is so devoted to her children she never quits them unless from necessity.

I am now writing extended on my couch, so tired after my

drive through this heated atmosphere. Niel had to go off to a court of inquiry, and I spend the hour of his absence in commune with you. It is *no trouble*, but a great pleasure to think that I am imparting to you all my thoughts, opinions, and actions, and that some day your bright eyes will rest upon *this very page*,—I only wish I knew *when!* and *where!*

Setting aside the natural and unconquerable yearning of the soul which all must strive with who have parted from loved and loving friends, and the sad conviction, arising from every day's experience, how many chances are against the chain of love ever being united again without some of its best links being missing,—*when I can forget this, I am happy! and do like India!* If I were asked what in my lot I would wish to change, I could say with truth, *Nothing!* *I am content!* I fear change, assured that *nene* could *add* to my happiness, almost any might *take from it*. I might, indeed, wish to be nearer my brothers, but am willing to trust that some fortunate circumstance may bring *this* about. At the same time, I may add that I do not think under any circumstances in which I could be placed with Niel, I should be unhappy. There is something so perfectly amiable, tender, and refined in his conduct towards me, it would smooth the roughest path. Of course there may be wiser and better men, but it is impossible there could exist another whose tastes, feelings, and opinions are so consonant with mine; and, to say the least of my temper, it is very unequal, or, to speak plainly, *I should* say very irritable and capricious. Therefore it must be the superiority of his that softens mine, for it is equally true, we *never* have a difference, and he is fully persuaded I possess *the most amiable* of mortal dispositions. Before my marriage I certainly did *not* think highly of the state. We often talk together over that of our different acquaintances,

and conclude by being tenfold better pleased with each other from looking abroad.

My health is infinitely better than it has been for some years, and I hope and believe India will agree with me. When I have some knowledge of the language of the people I shall get on better, but even as it is, I have no reason to complain.

It is remarkable and grievous, too, the languor and gloom that gains ascendancy over many young people here, invading all classes of society, ages, and conditions of life; indeed I think the young are more frequently the victims of this malady than those advanced in life. Within the range of my limited acquaintance I know two very young men who have attempted to commit suicide from no other cause than weariness of themselves. There is a friend of mine who is a talented and amiable man: he often comes into my house and says, 'How thankful should I be now to die!' When I speak to him of the *duty* of living to amend ourselves and others, he will reply: 'Yes, it is both easy and well for you to reason, you have an exciting motive, *you* afford and receive happiness. But in the loneliness of my darkened habitation, where I am denied air and light, what recourse is left me but to turn gambler or brandy-drinker?'

I have no doubt it is in many cases the idea of being compelled to remain so many years that produces disgust. Were these young men told they might go when they chose, their dislike to the country would vanish, and it may be the feeling that I am not bound to India, but may with little difficulty return to England, which keeps my mind easy. Of this step, however, I have not even a distant idea, for Niel's dislike to the army is so great that the termination of all his wishes is

to quit it, but in the meantime he prefers it so much in India to what it is at home, I think that as long as he displays a red coat it will be here; indeed I cannot wonder if he does dislike a profession in which all his family have been singularly unfortunate. It is sad to think how many young and promising brothers have successively fallen victims to the climate. I do not fear for him, for a warm climate agrees with him from boyhood, and his very temperate habits and good constitution are all in his favour. We spend many an hour in talking over the distant period of return, and dream, as all *do* dream, of some 'home, from town and toils remote'; it matters little to him, in his country or mine; we have ties to both. Or even if we should find the sunny skies of France more congenial, that is comparatively home! Niel is so passionately fond of all sylvan amusements, place him beside a good river and he will find his own recreation, and the longest summer day is too short when he takes his gun. These occupations are to men what needlework is to women, and I think they keep them both in good health and good humour. However, I think such more becoming in the advance of life than its commencement, more as a rest after the business of the day. The man who has travelled, and mixed with various classes and conditions of men, is less likely to sink into rusticity. My impression of what is termed a country gentleman is not *very* dignified; perhaps I have not met favourable examples, for they have generally been shaded by a degree of narrowness of mind that wholly obscured any good qualities they might independently possess. The beau ideal of my fancy is an old soldier, but he *must* have been by birth and education a gentleman, and must be a general officer at last; the two or three whom I would single as pattern men out of the mass of their fellows were what I have described.

How much taste is changed since the days of Addison. Do you think you should ever have fallen in love with 'Will Honeycomb' or even 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' wig and all? Yet, they found ladies to their taste, and what strange productions *they* were. There is my lady Somebody in the *Guardian*, with *five* or *seven* unmarried daughters; no wonder, poor girls, as they are all supposed to be spouting the tragedy of *Cato* round the tea-table, which I opine that our grandfathers must have found rather indigestible.

There is certainly a curious change in manners and life in the present day. I should like to know if it be productive of more enjoyment. I read once an extract from the journal of a daughter of, I think, the Earl of Southampton, afterwards Queen of one of the Edwards: it was a sort of family diary. She describes rising at four in the morning and accompanying the maidens to milk the cows. On her return she, with her favourite attendant Dolly, caught Thump, the little pony, and rode a matter of ten miles without a saddle. At breakfast with her lady mother she observes the ale is sour, and another barrel must be broached before dinner. It is very amusing from the picture of obsolete manners it displays, as well as the quaint language it is written in. It is connected with some ideas in my mind produced by an observation of Lady Mary W. Montagu's: that after making the tour of Europe, its courts and cities, then visiting the most interesting parts of Asia and Africa, she had formed the opinion that the result of travelling was but a vain desire to *unite* the separate advantages of different countries, and a feeling of the superiority of home over them all: that the country girl who spun at her wheel all the week, and went to church on Sunday, devoutly believing the sermon and preacher, had a fairer chance of happiness than the sage, the hero, and the philosopher.

This is but a melancholy conclusion, and I doubt not that much depends on ourselves. Lady Mary was not happy either as a *wife* or *mother*; indeed, notwithstanding the taste and elegance of her *Letters*, there is an obvious shade of pedantry in their composition; if her aim was only that of a talented authoress, her end was attained.

But I think that two persons sufficiently cultivated to have a keen perception of the beauties of nature and the excellence of science and art, *must* lay by a store of interesting remembrance from travelling to effectually prevent the *ennui* too often predominant in domestic life, even with persons of amiable disposition. The vicissitudes and privations, admitting there is no more, are interesting in retrospect. Witness how two persons who have been casually united under such circumstances delight to dwell on them. This subject has made me wander. I believe I was led into it by saying I wished to turn to good account the time it might be expedient for us to remain here, where there is much, if rightly considered, which ought to enlarge the mind; first the whole face of inanimate nature presented in a new garb: then man, in a totally different aspect and state of society, with the peculiarities and customs arising from it.

How I do pity the man, or woman either, who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say it is all barren! I am willing to allow something for difference of taste and disposition, and give the indulgence I require myself, for truly I have had my hours of weariness when all others seemed happy. I don't think the poor Esquimaux lady ever felt more wearied at the Opera than I have done, and my musings in a ball-room have been as sombre as Lara's. I am far from attempting to condemn the *too* many exiles in this country whose hearts have no home, who are divided from happiness, almost from hope,

in pining for the dear relationships of life, it may be for ties more tender than relations—oh no! they are but too deeply pitiable. What would be *my* visions now did the sea-wave sing

“Twixt me and all that *is* mine own’?

though we two are comparatively solitary, if it can be called solitude—

‘Where thought meeteth thought ere from the lips it part.’

All this may be, and doubtless *is*, very happy for *me*, but cannot be very entertaining for you, yet in writing these words I feel convicted of two errors: first, I know *it is* novel to hear any one declare themselves happy, and I am doubly assured nothing can afford you equal pleasure with receiving the confirmation from myself, to whom your patient ear has been so often lent when I had nought but ills to recount to you,—and *this* cannot be forgotten.

So now suppose, for variety, I take you to a ball on the 12th of April. It was not my choice but fate—having declined so many, that if I persevere I must give offence, and though this would not vex me much if I were alone in question, I *will* not, *must* not for my dear Niel’s sake—and is a mournful necessity imposed by our situation. You must first suppose yourself at my tea-table, where a few of my especial allies have assembled to have a little talk before we depart, and some of the party are so amusing I can hardly get away until Niel interposes to make me go and dress.

I regret this description of mine would not make as good a figure on paper as the above-mentioned Lady Mary’s scarlet trousers do, for my dress was a very simple, but to my taste beautiful, blue and silver gauze, and the only ornament Niel would admit in my hair was a pearl comb; ‘anything more,’

he said, 'would injure by concealing.' You must know he is so vain of my hair, which in my honest opinion has only quantity and length to boast of.

I fear I cannot take you into my palkee, as my full dress requires all the room spared by my little person, but you can join the party who walk beside it—Campbell, the doctors (for we have an addition to our medical men, and a most agreeable one, in Dr. Patterson from the 45th as surgeon. He knew George very well in Burmah), Fenton, Blackwell, etc. As soon as we got into the room I ordered Fenton and Dr. Brodie to go away, being each six feet tall, and I would not choose to put my dimensions into contrast. Perhaps there is no place with less to mark a foreign land than a ball-room, where all the company are European and all the dresses English or French; for it is, I must tell you, the extremity of bad taste to appear in anything of Indian manufacture—neither muslin, silk, flowers, or even ornaments, however beautiful. This at first amazed me; when I wanted to purchase one of those fine-wrought Dacca muslins I was assured I must not be seen in it as none but half castes *ever* wore them. These dresses sell in London as high as £7 and £10. I do remember thinking myself as fine as the Queen of Sheba in one given me by dear Aunt Angel. So much for the variations in taste.

The appearance of a chance attendant, and the lofty room and punkahs in motion remind you where you are. I am no longer a dancer, and soon feel extreme weariness of the noise and glare of lights. The only persons whom I had not seen before and felt interested in, were a part of the D'Oyly family. Lady D'O. herself was not there, but her cousin Mrs. Snythe was by much the most interesting young woman I had seen in India: tall, and of the first order of fine forms; fair, with beautiful sunny locks worn in the Vandyke style. She was

dressed in white satin without any ornament. Her appearance was well contrasted with that of a countrywoman of mine, who was a fine-looking person, and as fine as dress and ornaments could make her.

By the way, this person on my arrival at the station declared herself to be a relation of mine, which I learned with utter astonishment. On hearing her former name, however, I traced the origin of the lady, whose aunt had been a housekeeper in my grandmother's family, and this girl called after her. One of her uncles had gone to India and received considerable aid and patronage from different members of our family; on coming home to see his friends, he found them in great distress, and also much reduced in character and esteem among their equals. Indeed I recollect, when a child, hearing the father of this woman spoken of as a particularly disreputable person. I think they were the only parishioners of my father's whom he entirely discountenanced. The brother, on returning from India, finding the state of things so bad, went off immediately, taking this girl with him. Unfortunately, one of her early companions was married to a soldier in the 13th, who, on coming to Dinapore, went to visit her. Mrs. S——, however, had not tact enough to conciliate her, and, by denying all knowledge of her, and refusing to see her, converted her into a deadly enemy. Sarah Jemmison was a frequent visitor of mine, and had been, I believe, much more respectable than the one who rejected her acquaintance; and she soon made the matter public, to the great dismay of Mrs. S——, who attempted to mend it by claiming kindred with me, who was well known to *have had* a grandfather. I was quite amused to see how carefully she avoided approaching me all the evening.

I next saw Mrs. Thompson, attended by a tall son I had

not observed before, nor, indeed, did I suppose she had any family so much grown up. I further learned that he had just arrived from England, and that his father now saw him for the first time. Certainly the more frequently I see her, I like her better. It is difficult to suppose her the mother of a numerous family. It must be the gentleness of her aspect and manner which conveys the idea of youth; over this mental endowment 'Age does not draw its withering traces.' The course of true love so seldom does run smooth, I must give a few lines to her story.

She and Captain T. were attached very early in life before the wise and prudent saw any reasonable prospect of their being united. However, they not being of the reasoning order of mortals, *did marry*, and I wish I had been unreasonable enough to have done the same five years ago. They did not, I believe, spend many days together. He departed for India a cadet, leaving her to

‘The grief of heartlessness and hope deferred.’

However, the early tie he had formed soon brought maturity of mind, supplying the place of time and experience. With care and strict economy he saved the means of sending home for her. She left that young man an infant with her father, and after some years took home the younger branches of her family.

Next there was Mrs. Denny, looking more handsome than happy; but it would be to little purpose making out an inventory of ladies that you know as little *of* as you care *for*. Few, indeed, remain who are worth the trouble. It would be waste of time to dwell upon the good qualities of Mrs. — and her abundant hatred of her eldest daughter, chiefly for being ten years too old for her mamma's taste. She is to me

truly dreadful, as a woman and a mother, and seems to have peculiar satisfaction 'to touch the brink of all we hate,' in conversation and manner. I always try to get as far off from her as possible, as I am in a perpetual fever every time she opens her lips to speak, even though there be none other present than Niel. This poor girl is made a perfect Cinderella of, and performs the united offices of ayah and bearer to all the younger ones. Her dress and dejected appearance form such a contrast with the gaiety of her mother, it is quite pitiable.

Nor need I give you any portraits of gentlemen; there are none you would care for, that I have not mentioned, except that one with whom Blackwell is in conversation. His name is Hay; he had an only brother in the regiment, and came out to join the 44th for his wish to be near him. On arriving in Calcutta he found his brother dead; they were warmly attached, and both fine young men. Blackwell had been very intimate with the one who is lost, and to him the other naturally turns for sympathy and information.

This subject is a sorrowful contemplation for a ballroom. Oh! how few hearts *there* can bear being analysed! I feel quite rejoiced that it is time to go home. During a rapid undress, I was expressing my weariness and hopes that it might be very long before I went out again at night; Niel said he thought the evening very well spent. I stopped and turned in astonishment, at what I had never heard before—a direct contradiction. He went on: 'Because I had an opportunity of seeing how few were there to bear comparison with you,' though I well knew this was wilful delusion.

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

On returning from reading the papers to-day, Niel pre-

sented me with some lines he had copied in pencil, saying they were so suitable to my taste he could not help copying them, as he must not abstract the papers. Even had they been worthless, the delicate attention to my feelings shown in this little act would have stamped it with value. But on reading them I really felt they were tender and beautiful in the highest degree, and to preserve them they shall be inserted here for you, too, to admire. It seems to me as if Niel and myself were two bodies with one soul, one going abroad to collect something to interest the half left at home.

#### FOREIGN LANDS.

'Speak but of foreign lands, and see  
 The child of nature wandering free,  
 The wild wood hunter fearless press  
 On through the trackless wilderness,  
  
 And shuddering trace the fearful path  
 The desert lion leaves in wrath ;  
 And feast the soul with all that lies  
 Lovely and sweet beneath the skies.

'Tis thus--yet foreign lands and seas  
 Wake other, deeper thoughts than these.  
 For where is he who hath not lost  
 Some dear one on a foreign coast ?

Oh ! many a noble heart is laid  
 To moulder in the forest shade ;  
 The palm-tree rears its glorious crest  
 O'er many a loved one's place of rest.

River and sea and flowery isle,  
 Radiant with spring's eternal smile,  
 Have had their prey, have rent the ties  
 Of home-born, heart-linked sympathies.

Alas ! for this, affection pales  
 The eye grows dim, the spirit fails,  
 Till foreign lands become a sound  
 That stirs the bosom but to wound.'

And these sweet lines are written by a Miss Mary ——. It is a pity there is not generally more spirit and energy in female compositions, for there is often much deep and tender feeling. Mrs. Hemans, however, is an exception, for her poetry unites both these qualifications. She is, to my taste, the Sappho of English poetry, but dignified by a lofty and pure imagination which Sappho never knew.

## IV

APRIL 23RD—AUGUST 13TH, 1827

17th July 1827.—*Bankipore (near Patna).*—One year to-day since I embarked for India; surely, my dearest friend, the misery of a whole existence has been compressed into that period of time. One year! *Can it be* that I have suffered so much in *one* year, or rather in three months?

I do not ask your sympathy or attempt to describe my bereavement, well knowing that *you* will feel for me beyond what I could wish; in truth, if I wanted to express to you my situation or my feelings, *I could not*. I seem to be surrounded by dreams, shadows, recollections, like the waves of the sea beneath a midnight sky, darkness without diversity. Hopeless, my sinking heart endeavours to comprehend *why* the hand of God has dealt with me thus heavily! Again and again I ask myself—‘What am I? what has one day made me?’

I know and believe the dispensation is from the hand of my Heavenly Father, who has dried up my source of temporal happiness, perhaps because I loved the creature more than the Creator. I may yet be enabled to attain resignation, and perceive that even in His wrath there is mercy; but oh! the dreary *present*! I may have years of existence to linger through. What is to become of me? How strange seems the capability of enduring that is sometimes given us, when

I look back on even the bodily suffering of the last three months.

'Death shuns the wretch, who fain the blow would meet ;  
I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill.'

But the changes have been so rapid, it will not surprise you, I often forget the *cause* and only retain the *sense* of pain ; then feel as if slowly awakening from a dream, a fevered vision, and look round in vain for something connected with the past : but *here* is the most trying part—that I seem alone in the awful tragedy of life. Parents, husband, friends have I none.

The only one whose presence could have consoled me was James, and he had just set out for the Nilgherry hills ; his health was then so bad, that if it had been possible I would have spared him the knowledge of my loss. Only he could have felt its extent, for, independent of all connection with me, his friendship for my loved Campbell was warm and sincere, far beyond that which such relationships usually produce. Certainly every kindness and delicate attention which it is possible for any one to receive is bestowed on me by Lady D'Oyly, and I am now long enough domesticated with her to feel her friendship a blessing, and to find all the attractions of her mind and manners soothe and support me and often win me for a moment from the remembrance of misery, until the bitter thought returns of—Where is he who did participate in all my feelings, and would so warmly have entered into this ? Even here, too, her friendship does not forsake me ; she is gifted with that intuitive feeling which tells her the only consolation left me is to talk over his affection and his loss. Knowing full well to speak of comfort is but mockery, she wisely judges it is a relief to communicate my feelings, and converses with me over our mutual con-

nnections in the Highlands. She plays to me all those sweet Gaelic airs that he used to delight in, and brings her work for hours to my bungalow. . . .

I often think if I could have been prepared by any gradual change for the loss of Campbell, I could have borne it better. But oh! to be in one day taken from happiness to misery! To remember that he who saw the sunrise in health and hope was, before the next morning, to be numbered with the dead, cut off in all the energy of life and enjoyment!

On the 22nd of April, when we dined together and I pressed him to take something additional, I asked him why he refused: 'Was he ill?' He answered he never felt better in his life. I went as usual to drive with Blackwell, and he rode beside the buggy: we drove past the English burying-ground. Alas! Could the thought *then* have reached me that in two days more that earth was to cover him? In the evening, Blackwell, Fenton, and Dr. Brodie stayed with us. Fenton was complaining of illness, and the only change perceptible in Niel was that he refused to drink tea; yet he was in good spirits, though he spoke of feeling ill on going to bed, and became so restless in half an hour, that I said I must for my own satisfaction send for Brodie. I went to write in my dressing-room, where he immediately followed, saying he could himself better explain his sensations, and took the pen from me. When Brodie came he sent for Patterson, more as a matter of form than supposing it necessary, but in two hours after they became sensible of his danger. On first being roused he told me to send for Blackwell, who immediately came to me and rendered me every aid. Fenton also came, and some one of them, considering the horrors that awaited me more than myself, sent in for Mrs. Wright. But at this time I had not the most distant idea of the truth.

About one or two o'clock I was struck by the change in Brodie's manner, the more so as he had always tried to give me encouragement. About half an hour before I had been assisting to compose my beloved Campbell in bed, after being profusely bled. He did not at first see who it was, and when he did, opened his eyes and faintly smiled. I laid my head on his pillow and said, 'You are better?' He replied, 'Oh yes, much better'; then placing his arm over my neck he faintly said, 'Bessie, we have been *too* happy for this world.' The blood gushed from his arm, and while I was engaged in getting assistance he seemed to sleep. Brodie then entreated me to rest on the couch in the next room, while he would watch. To please him, and feeling exhausted, I did it, and sent Blackwell often to tell me what went on. I still received the same answer, that he slept.

At last Brodie came in, and the language of his countenance could not be concealed; indeed he had come, after consulting with the rest, to disclose the truth. I said before he spoke, 'For God's sake don't deceive me.' He replied, 'No! I would not; he is indeed very ill.' I was in a moment at his bedside, there was no need of asking more. I saw him, he breathed as softly as an infant. I had never looked on Death, but I *felt* it *was there*. There is no word to meet the agony of that moment—when I spoke and he heard me not. I pressed my lips to his, which were cold; I felt all was over, but could not speak or shed one tear, only lay my head on his breast. Some one—Brodie and Fenton, I believe—carried me out of the room. I lay on the couch where they placed me, all I wished was for none to speak to me.

There were then many around me, and I believe there was much said, but I know not what or by whom. The first thing I was conscious of was dear Blackwell, who was leaning

over the arm of the couch and bathing my temples with lavender, while his own tears fell so fast on my hands, which I could not cease to press on my eyes. It roused me to speak. I could only say, ‘Oh! Blackwell, if I were but alone!’

He then proposed my going into my dressing-room, as so many of those who knew and valued my poor Nicl had assembled in the house. I can hardly tell what passed for some hours. I entreated them to let me again see him—to no purpose. Colonel and Mrs. Sale came in about seven in the morning. Mrs. Sale said something of taking me to her house, which I refused, saying I would not quit my own. After a little conversation with Mrs. Wright, Colonel Sale took me abruptly in his arms off the couch and carried me into her house. Oh! I thought it cruel, inhuman; and the irritation of my feelings then almost convulsed me with tears. Mrs. Sale and Mrs. Wright did and said everything to soothe me, and in a few minutes I felt the folly of being distressed by anything that human hand could inflict. Besides, I knew what seemed so harsh was meant well, and in accordance with the customs of the country. In a few minutes Brodie and Fenton came in. I saw what they came to say. He had ceased to suffer; he was beyond the reach of pain and sorrow, and might then be spiritually present with me. For him I could no longer mourn, but for my own desolated state. When I said ‘What has one day made me?’ Brodie could only reply—‘You are indeed, beyond all expression, to be pitied.’

Fenton begged I would express to him anything I wished to have done, and, guessing something of my feelings, mentioned that if I preferred a home of my own, there was next to Mrs. Wright a quarter which had been prepared for Kershaw and remained vacant; to this I willingly agreed, and when he and the rest were gone Blackwell came in to stay

with me. . . . I made him again and again repeat how my beloved Campbell had expired without a sigh or pang, and wore even in death an expression of such perfect composure and happiness, it was impossible to look on him unmoved.

The poor women of the regiment, whom I have before mentioned, had never lost sight of me and would not be kept away, in that vehemence of feeling so natural to the Irish. They all so bitterly lamented my fate, a stranger could not have told who was the personal sufferer. Poor Anne, who had been my kind nurse, again and again exclaimed—If any misfortune happened, where was *her friend*? Eliza, who had attended us so long at sea, I preferred as my permanent attendant; the others came backwards and forwards as they liked. With equal affection, she had more tact or power of adapting herself to my feelings; besides that, I was too delicate to be left alone—the attendance of a European woman was a sort of protection. . . .

Fenton had been busily employed in removing anything I might require into my new abode, and it was a relief when this first dreadful night came, when at last I was alone. They had considerably brought only such things in my sight as Eliza pointed out as being peculiarly my own, but this very separation proclaimed the change. My kind attendant sat at my feet and wept almost as bitterly as myself. The horrors of the preceding night had so worn me out, in addition to the lethargic influence of the climate, that I sobbed myself to sleep without changing my clothes.

All those who have known affliction can fully testify that the most acute perception of sorrow is at the moment of waking from such sleep, though at first perhaps only a vague and unconnected idea of *some* evil is presented. But every physical sense seems strengthened and invigorated to sharpen

the sting of anguish and deepen the root of incurable regret. Night, silence, and darkness, the symbol of death, have departed—nature revives.

‘But when shall morn visit the mould’ring urn ?  
Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?’ „

With the first dawn I arose from my wretched couch, so feverish and unnerved, I was thankful to bathe and get fresh clothes. While I was bathing, Mrs. Wright and Blackwell came in to know how I had passed the night. I soon joined them in my sitting-room and they sat with me till breakfast, which they prepared, and I went through the form of trying to eat.

But it is needless to torture myself with a further recital of minute circumstances, or of all the anguish preceding that last sad duty the living render to the dead. To see all that was mortal of him borne to the grave—for I would and did see it—was like another separate death. Why, from earliest youth, had my blood run cold at the sight or sound of a soldier’s funeral? Let any who like me has watched with burning eyes and breaking heart that sad procession, tell what they felt when it was finally lost to sight. That moment levelled all distinction of rank; my poor Eliza stood with her arm supporting me, and I was glad to lean my head upon her breast. She carried me to my couch, where long I lay without will or power to speak, listening to those deep sad notes of the bugle till they ceased and all was over.

In about an hour Fenton and Brodie returned to me, and I made an effort of despair to control my feelings and speak with them on matters of business, though my utter indifference about anything connected with myself induced me to beg of Fenton, who had taken on himself all responsibility, to do whatever he judged best without reference

to me; excepting that I earnestly requested that nothing which had belonged to Campbell, or that had ever been used by us, should be disposed of—which is the *invariable* custom here in all ranks—which they promised me should be done, although they thought it unwise. I then wrote a few lines to George, telling him I should not form any plan until I knew what he wished me to do. Brodie added all which was necessary for him to know.

Kershaw came also begging to see me, and did indeed seem to feel all that was possible for one to do for another. He came, he said, from Lady D'Oyly to me, who lamented her inability to come herself, requesting and entreating me to come to her, where I should have a bungalow for myself and none but my own friends should intrude. My spirit shrunk at the thought of going among utter strangers, but I was at length decided by Kershaw saying: ‘My dear Mrs. Campbell, if Niel could dictate, it is *this* he would wish you to do,’ . . . and commissioned him to tell Lady D'Oyly I should certainly remain here until I heard from my brothers.

I was at no loss for kind and hospitable invitations. I know not how many were made to me that day, until it was known I had accepted Lady D'Oyly's; people of whom I knew nothing came to offer their services. Excepting Mrs. Sale and those I had daily seen from the beginning, I entreated Mrs. Wright would prevent any one else from coming, as I could receive no consolation from society, and, having decided on my plans, required no assistance beyond my chosen friends. After, when I could feel *anything*, I was sorry I had not excepted Mrs. Thompson, who seemed most kindly interested.

Next day I began to experience that the sword was too sharp for the scabbard. I felt ill, very ill, but what was bodily suffering? I continued for days, of which I hardly

remember anything, without any change, until the 5th of May. The first thought that like a burning arrow darted through my brain at gunfire, was that it was the anniversary of my marriage. I did not as usual get up, for to speak was torture. . . . The dreadful heat of my bedroom at length forced me to rise, and I went to the adjoining room and sat on the side of my bath. I had no more tears to shed, and gazed wordless and tearless on the water till my sight failed. I fainted, falling on the flags. I was much hurt by the fall, and when I did recover could, with difficulty, stand up, though I would not mention it, fearing that I might be less alone, by the watchfulness of those about me; and to be alone was my sole and perpetual wish. In the morning I first thought—‘Oh! that the night were again returned!’

The day before Campbell’s death we were talking of large parties. He said to Blackwell, ‘I mean to give a very large party on the 5th of May; pray consider yourself engaged.’ When he came in after breakfast, I asked him if he recollects it and told him what day it was. He was almost the only one to whom I could bear to speak of the past, and he seemed to know what I thought, felt, or regretted, without my expressing it. There is also something in the genuine sympathy of a young heart more soothing than what we *generally* find in those more advanced in life—and this cannot be wondered at, for every step we advance and every revelation of our probationary state must quench some of our brighter feeling, and diminish as well our capability for bestowing as for receiving happiness.

. . . Towards evening, as Dr. Brodie rather delayed his usual visit, Blackwell went in search of him. I could not bear to say I was ill, as then I should be always distressed by the restraint of some one staying to watch me. Still I could not

conceal the violent spasms which every few minutes returned. While Blackwell was away Fenton came in with Mrs. Sale; I managed, however, to converse without betraying that I suffered more than usual. After she had left me Fenton came back to ask me some question, and perceived I was in violent pain, attended by shivering fits. When the doctor came he sent for a draught and recommended me to get into bed immediately, but when I attempted to stand I fell powerless. Mrs. Wright just then returned from her evening drive and she, being quite ignorant of my illness during the day, was greatly alarmed. She begged Fenton to carry me into my room, where they laid me down and left me with Mrs. Wright and my woman. They thought I was dying, and I did hope it myself. Fenton and Blackwell sat in the next room, or walked about the verandahs till near morning, when I seemed a little more calm and inclined to sleep. I was then quite exhausted; in the early part of the night between the violent returns of pain, I used to weep in agony at the sad change, to open my eyes and behold none but strangers in place of that countenance ever beaming the tenderest love. In health Niel was my companion and my friend, but it was in illness that I felt his full value. He so well understood and so gently performed each little office of affection and care, even with the slightest ailment I was wretched if he was out of my sight. I fancied every other hand pained me, every voice but his agitated my nerves.

Indeed it seemed as if each hour of passing time echoed its separated knell of departed happiness, for all the ordinary occurrences of life love had refined into sources of enjoyment. . . .

I think it was on the 28th of April, two days after my beloved Niel had been removed to his last silent resting-place. . . . Well-meaning but ill-judging persons had come, as they thought, to keep up my spirits by relating the gossip of the cantonment. I listened with feelings similar to what I should suppose a person on the rack did feel. But I was patient, hoping the less interruption I gave, it would the sooner cease . . . When I did lay me down on my couch, the same we had slept on coming up the river, by which he had so often knelt to bathe my feverish temples, to smooth my pillow and talk of hope and comfort—what were then my feelings released from their long restraint! Hour after hour I wept, or rose and walked about my room. . . . At length weariness overcame my excitement, and I lay down with sensations of stupefaction, how long I can hardly tell, for I was roused first by the voice of Blackwell speaking to my woman, then by Mrs. Wright's appearance. A most frightful Nor'wester had come on early in the night, every door had burst open, the peals of thunder and torrents of rain were so awful, all said they had not before heard anything equal, and these kind people, fearing I might be alarmed, had each hurried to my house actuated by one feeling. But I had not even *heard it*, and was as much amazed at their appearance as they were at my tranquillity.

After the illness I have spoken of on the 5th, Dr. Patterson earnestly recommended my immediate removal from the cantonment, as air and exercise were necessary to my existence, and I could not endure the idea of going out there. Lady D'Oyly sent every day to make inquiry for me, and they at last induced me to fix the 10th for my removal, and also in preparation to go out a little in the rear of my house, which was quite retired. Here, dear Blackwell and Fenton, Brodie

and all those who were interested in me came every evening and did all that kindness could suggest to console and interest me. Feeling then how soon I was to be separated from those who had so assiduously endeavoured to support and assist me, and borne with all the waywardness of grief, I tried as much as I could, at least, to shew that I was sensible of all, and at these moments to exclude as far as it was possible the return of self-engrossing sorrow. And I did not fail until the night before I quitted Dinapore.

I was during the day earnestly desirous of making such arrangements as were necessary before my departure, and particularly such as I knew my precarious state of health rendered proper. I especially wished to select and destroy various papers and letters connected only with family affairs, then to give Fenton others on matters of business. I was to leave Dinapore at six in the morning, and it was ten at night before I commenced this task. I had often during the day gone into my bedroom to begin, and as often found it vain. *One* came to beg I would eat, *another* to recommend me to go to *sleep*; perhaps a third to sit and talk to prevent my being '*lonely*.' There were all my husband's things I wished to separate, some to keep with me, others to send to the Isle of France to Robert Campbell. And this was an occupation in which I *could not endure* the presence of any third person. I frequently through this day felt gasping with the pain, the oppression, that overwhelmed me, knowing too, that all those who were thus torturing me meant well and would have made any personal sacrifice to relieve me. At last I gave up all effort and consented to go out, but my spirit was subdued, when I there gazed on the forsaken habitation where we had lived so happy, where he had died. Every inanimate object was around me, as when my poor Niel had first lifted me from

my couch to the window. The closing day, *the last, the last* I was to spend, *two months* only from the period of our arrival—the shrinking thought of resigning my own home and being an inmate in that of a stranger—all overcame me, I gave way to a flood of tears. When I remember the night I passed, the variety of wretchedness inflicted, even by opening the almiras containing our articles of dress, the things that his hand had placed there, the clothes belonging to myself in which he had so often dressed me, so many of which had been chosen by him, now to be worn no more—over each my heart bled afresh and morning came before the task was finished to my satisfaction. I felt the probability of my death to be so strong that all I wished done must be concluded that night, or never.

*24th July, Bankipore.*—My days pass here with little change, my kind, dear friend has so considerately arranged everything for me that I am as much at home as if I were in my own house; taking away all the feeling of dependence by leaving me completely mistress of my time and actions, she at the same time secures me every attention and comfort, and only herself comes twice or thrice in the day as a visitor. I have all my own servants, and Eliza also with her child and ayah, but they are not in my way at any time.

The weather is now intensely hot between the rains, which set in early in June. The only moment when a current of air can be felt is before sunrise. In accordance with Lady D'Oyly's earnest wish I go out every morning in her tonjin. The bearers generally choose their own way by the banks of the river, and then return into the garden where they set me down and I loiter there as long as the shadows remain.

Though there are numbers of visitors always with the family I am as private as if fifty miles off. . . . At night Lady D'Oyly comes to my bungalow and sits till I feel disposed to go to bed; sometimes Sir Charles comes with her, sometimes Kershaw and Blackwell; the latter generally sits with me during her ride, and in the morning gets the tonjin and bearers ready at the proper hour, summons Eliza to assist me to dress, and walks by my tonjin and to the garden. By the time I come in Lady D'Oyly has returned from her ride, she leaves the rest of the party and alights at my door. After my walk I generally bathe and lie down till breakfast time. After breakfast she brings her work-basket and sits with me for a couple of hours. Blackwell reads to us, or to me if she has any engagement, till three o'clock, when the family separate, as the dinner hour is four. Generally when Lady D'Oyly is dressed she sits with me till the bell rings for dinner. This is *usually* the disposal of time when I am well enough to sit up; at others I am whole days unable to rise off the couch in my dressing-room where Lady D'Oyly sits with me. I have frequent visits from Dr. Patterson and Brodie, sometimes professionally necessary. Fenton, too, often comes and spends the day with the D'Oyly's and an hour or two with me.

On the 29th of June, George arrived. How strange and sad that meeting seemed! I had not the least recollection of his appearance, and might have passed him by as a stranger. What a change a separation of twelve years makes, not alone in exterior but in feeling. Alas! little we know when parting from a beloved relative *how* or *where* we shall meet again. Brothers and sisters part in the ignorance of youth and hope and untamed expectation; before they meet in after life, sorrow and disappointment may have dealt with each, new connections formed, separate interests existing. It is like a

rainbow dissolving in the shower, the fading away of that beautiful chimera of the soul.

There is hardly a vestige of his early character left, and his habits are so reserved that I do not gain much in companionship with him; in fact I am much as I was before his arrival, and depending still for sympathy and friendship on my former associates.

Three very large tamarind trees grow at one end of my bungalow, shadowing the window beside which I sleep. . . . Beneath the largest stands the tomb of a girl sufficiently fortunate to *die young*—‘e'er sin could blight or sorrow fade.’ I trust I may be forgiven that frame of mind which makes me envy her dreamless sleep. Flora Mary Campbell—she is, or was, the child of one not distantly connected with us. I always pause to rest by that spot; it seems, against all conviction, as if I had known and loved her. In these still clear nights *often, often* I go from my dressing-room window to that consecrated spot and sit hours almost in a waking dream, especially in the moonlight: there is nothing to fear, and the situation renders that spot private.

I love yet dread the return of moonlight, it is inexpressibly beautiful, and there is something in it here beyond description, like a glimpse of another state of existence. I can hardly believe at these hours that a sojourner in a world of sin and wretchedness may gaze on such a picture. There is something so spiritual in the aspect of the earth and sky. The emotions it excites are beyond all utterance; you may see the smallest insect in the grass; the lightest spray of the bamboo seems as it were pencilled on the sky.

In the long unbroken solitude of these nights, as I sit in the

open air, musing over the past, the sad tumultuous story of my life starts before me ; I find myself here on the spot, where it was so long my earnest hope and object to be, where I fancied all my trials were to end, and find their adequate recompense in the affection of my fond, my beloved husband. In sad review all our visionary plans of happiness return to my recollection, . . . above all the rest, that one so fondly cherished that we should one day return to home, to be re-united to friends loving and loved. Even when I shed tears over the remembrance of some dear and valued relative left behind, the idea that *we were together*, and each to the other a world of hope and confidence, soon dried them.

Oh ! with what unutterable anguish does the picture change and lose its visionary hues in the gloomy night of reality ! I start as if a thunderbolt had passed me, remembering that the *same* light that blessed us *then* is now shining as calmly on his *grave*. The day will return and the sun rise in the same glory as when it first revealed an Indian landscape to my delighted eyes. How eagerly I woke him to see it also. My voice can waken him no more ! I often pine for the relief of a cloudy day. The sun shines on with that oppressive brilliancy as if it mocked at misery, it is strange the effect now produced by almost every circumstance, which a few months before would have influenced me differently.

I arrived here just when the most violent Nor'west gales sweep the Upper Provinces with awful and resistless force, but at the same time with salutary influence ; it is impossible to give you any idea of the violence of such, especially a dry Nor'wester ; it is a perfect whirlwind of dust, leaves and sand. Vast branches, sometimes entire trees, are lifted into the air,

with the roofs of houses, while tremendous peals of thunder and vivid lightning at intervals illuminate the darkened atmosphere.

How often I used to watch the approach of one of these storms with strange and gloomy pleasure, the images of ruin and destruction seeming only congenial to my feelings; indeed, I could have lain unmoved if I had been told the termination of time and earth were approaching, for I knew there could be nothing worse to come, no future to exceed the present in misery. Frequently these tempests returned at night, when I have every moment expected the roof to be taken off the bungalow; windows, doors, all burst open, and frequently every particle of clothes about my bed blown into the verandah. But I have lain without moving until the tempest had spent its violence, and the return of morning showed the ground strewn with leaves and blossoms.

Yes, these were fitting emblems, these broken and scattered branches, stripped of usefulness and beauty. They were all eloquent, in the pathetic words of Burns:

‘ “The sweeping blast, the sky o'er-cast,”  
    The joyless winter day,  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
    Than all the pride of May :  
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,  
    My grief it seems to join ;  
The leafless trees my fancy please,  
    Their fate resembles mine !’

We had last night one of these terrible storms; I cannot judge by comparison if they are more or less severe than usual, but George said he had never heard anything so fearful. He hastened into my bedroom supposing I must be alarmed, and was somewhat surprised to find me quietly in bed, totally unconcerned about the matter; as I very truly told him, ‘I had

nothing to fear, nor anything to wish for in the prolongation of life, and if the next flash struck me dead, I fully confided in the wisdom of God in so ordering it.' He however, wished me to come into the centre room as the most safe, where poor Eliza sat overpowered with terror. The roof trembled, the locks on the doors shook with the peals of thunder until rushing torrents of rain by degrees subdued it. Shortly after I had gone to bed, which the coolness of the morning rendered pleasant, my dear Lady D'Oyly came over in her tonjin, . . . and remained with me until her ayah came to tell her Sir Charles was waiting to read prayers.

It would be impossible to convey any just idea of the feeling and tenderness, shown in everything towards me by her, nor is Sir Charles less kind. . . . Often I have in these visits seen his eyes filled with tears; memory may have been busy with him too, Lady D'Oyly is his second wife. He lost at an early age his first, after a brief union and long attachment. She was, I am informed, a most lovely woman, with talents of the first order; they were united as fondly by love as by community of feeling and taste, and lived in so much happiness, that to his domestic and sedentary habits, a state of widowhood and destitution of social comfort was insupportable. I *have heard* that when dying, she pointed out the present Lady D'Oyly as the person most likely to make him happy, and after a short time he married the beautiful Miss Ross. I believe her relation and guardian, the Marquis of Hastings, did not approve of her choice, as some more wealthy suitors sought her hand, and Sir Charles was much encumbered by the debts of his father. She had fixed her choice and they were married; few things have interested me so much as to hear her with eloquent affection speak of his first wife and dwell upon her beauty, talent and goodness of heart, and speak of the affliction Sir

Charles had suffered, and the tenderness he still regarded her memory with.

I often perceived she was doing so purposely, to lead me to believe that time can triumph over the deepest sorrow, and certain it is, they seem happy beyond the lot of almost any I know, though the deep commiseration of his voice and look often assures me he is alive to the past, and the sense of it perhaps awakened by my situation.

I have received two or three letters from Frank Gouldsbury, inviting us to go to Maldah, which George seems to wish we should do, after the rains and river subside. I cannot think without dread of leaving Patna. It now feels like my home, a haven of rest, beyond which lies the troubled stormy ocean, . . . and, however I may here have suffered, the place is also endeared by the memory of past happiness, of many, many fond associations. . . . When George speaks of going, my heart sinks in fresh despondency, for he seems indifferent to all, and cannot share my regret.

*1st August.*—I will endeavour to write a little every day, it is a relief to my heart. I have been, alas! so long accustomed to the happiness of daily communication of thought and feeling, that to exist without it is insupportable, to one, too, by nature inclined to confide. Oh, how often do I now sadly feel the change of having none to whose confidence I am entitled. Therefore, the comfort of *thus speaking* to one dear untiring friend, however distant, will beguile some wretched moments, and I can foresee this and every other resource will be but too little to support me when I quit this spot, where so many feel and sympathise with me. To be cast alone upon the thorny path of life was an evil for which I was unprepared. I well knew that trials and difficulties are inseparable from the happiest lot, but I hoped and believed that under all such,

his affection and care should have supported me. . . . James is ill and cannot come to me; I am unable to bear a voyage to England, especially alone. Indeed, my helplessness at sea renders such a step all but impossible.

There is no part of George's habits more at variance with mine than the indecision of his movements and purposes; he never for twenty-four hours holds the same intentions. This is quite misery to me, as my feelings are directly opposite. He talks one day of returning to Burmah, the next of going to Penang, then Madras; what he *will* decide on I cannot guess, but this uncertainty renders me additionally unhappy and comfortless.

The word *Home* gives me a pang; it has nearly lost its meaning to my ears, although so lately comprehending all that gives existence value. I had a visit this morning which left me very sad:—my old companion, Thomas Hart, who was proceeding with a detachment to Cawnpore, as medical attendant: it is just fifteen months since we parted at Kilderry, where I was then staying on a last visit to my dear Mrs. Hart; he also came for the same purpose. Alas! with what gaiety *then* we talked of meeting in India! and we *have met*—but under what circumstances! . . . He spent all the morning with me talking of Kilderry and all our friends, and mentioned to me, what I could hardly think or *wish* to believe, that Charlotte Hart was to be married to a Mr. Gough, a young man who had just arrived in Derry before I came away from Calcutta. He was not the kind of person she ought to be united to, and well I knew how differently the affections were placed when we parted.

He told me of the death of a young man whose name I mentioned before, Hay of the 38th. The melancholy of his appearance had struck me on meeting him at a ball at

Dinapore in conversation with Blackwell. In one of the late Nor'west gales, which on the river are very dangerous, something being wrong with the budgerow during the night, he was on deck, and in the darkness and confusion fell overboard, was never seen more. Sad fate of two brothers, within one year after leaving home.

'What is man's history, born, living, dying,  
Leaving the still shore for the restless wave  
Driven by storm, over shipwrecks flying  
And casting anchor in the silent grave.'

As boats are now daily passing, George is urgent that I should name a day for our departure. . . . I must also lose the attendance of my faithful servant, which is a real grief to me. Her gentleness and capability has rendered her almost necessary, besides her having been with me since I left England; her manners were so pleasant, or otherwise she understood mine. I am often whole days without speaking to her, yet she is always attentively on the watch to serve me, without any imagination of my being offended from my silence, which an ignorant woman would immediately take for granted. George says I must take a native woman, and to all of them I have such an antipathy, it redoubles my regret at parting with my own.

My time will be occupied for some days by making the necessary preparations and also getting some clothes made up, as the state of my health and the seclusion in which I have lived had rendered my attention to this point unnecessary.

10th August.—Since I last wrote I have had little unoccupied time between persons coming to say farewell and sending my things into my budgerow.

There was but one wish lingered near my heart, and that one my beloved and feeling friend contrived to gratify on the 3rd of this month. She accompanied me on a last visit to Dinapore. *Little, little* did I dream when we landed there on the 25<sup>th</sup> of February, when he carried me from my bed to the palanquin, exhausted by fever, that in two months he should find a grave under the earth he trod on. Oh! had I known in those succeeding days when I could bear no hand but his to touch me, that it was *for him, not for me*, that the grave was ready, that *I* should live to stand by his death-bed on the *same spot!* I am as little capable of expressing, by any combination of words, the mortal agony of my feelings *then*, as I am now of conveying the force of the strange and wondering incredulity with which I gazed on the spot where he slept in death. . . . How could I believe that one moment had dissolved the union between two souls which for so many years had clung together in spite of every discouraging circumstance? Did He who endued them with these indestructible affections awaken them but to perish? Oh, how would it soften the destitution of my feelings could I receive the opinion that he was still permitted to look upon me. . . . The rank grass seemed to have risen with cruel rapidity, as if to efface every trace of how lately the earth had been disturbed, and when I rested my burning forehead on it, cool and moist, I thought, of this at least some shall accompany me. I placed it in my breast, bitter, bitter token of lost happiness. Had I been alone, hours might have passed unnoticed, but at length the oft-repeated pressure of Eliza D'Oyly's hand, her sobs and tears, at last roused me to the remembrance that I was indulging my feelings at the risk of her safety. The sun had risen high, and shot down his beams with intense heat, and as she had forbidden any attendant to follow from the boat, she

was unsheltered. I said to Blackwell, 'Now, dear, I am ready, I can recall this spot when I am in Ireland or the Highlands.'

I paused but for one instant alone to press my lips to the cold stone, and followed with their kind aid to where our palkees waited to take us on board. Both for privacy and convenience we came by water, as I could not support the idea of meeting any one. . . .

On our return we sailed against the current, which was so prodigiously strong the boat pitched frightfully. Eliza was very ill, but I was too wretched to feel sickness, and it gave me another strong proof how much the mind can govern our bodily sensations. The half of the motion I then felt, at any other time would have rendered me incapable of moving when the hand was near that used to smooth my pillow and administer to my slightest wish. Now, though I could hardly keep my place on the couch where I lay, I was unconscious to all

'But helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart.'

It was not alone that Niel was a careful and affectionate husband, his sweetness of temper and delicacy of feeling followed him into the most retired scene of domestic privacy. If he had a letter to write he brought it to my side, if I remained half an hour absent he followed to inquire the cause, and on my part his companionship was so necessary to my happiness that I have felt disappointed if any chance in company placed us too distant from each other to converse. The hour he was absent on duty seemed interminable. Did he ever return without the tender inquiry, 'If I were well,' and the clasp of fond affection? How often in allusion to my illness he would say,

'I could not endure my existence, to wake in the morning and miss your face beside me.' Daily he would ask, 'Do you suppose there are any persons in the world so perfectly happy as we are?'

And this sprang from the excellence of his own disposition, not from any merit of mine, for in every relation of life he was the same. How well do I remember his mother's emphatic declaration, that in twenty-eight years he had never once disobeyed or caused her pain.

Lady D'Oyly came alone. She seemed very low-spirited, perhaps from the remembrance of the morning, and seeing how I dreaded leaving her, and often, often repeated her wish that George would either have prolonged his stay, or left me still at Patna. The wind has been blowing up the river with such violence that it was useless to attempt proceeding. Heaven knows I dread the change. . . .

Added to this, I have other causes of vexation and annoyance just now, which might be *told*, but cannot *well* be written, as none can tell the fate of what is committed to paper, and whatever is connected with others requires circumspection. Could I be assured that these pages would meet your hands, and yours only, this reservation would be unnecessary, which obliges me often to speak of an effect without explaining its cause, which is mutually unsatisfactory. You might justly think that my present unhappiness did not admit of any aggravation, and would hardly believe what I might tell you. It seems to me there is no bound or termination to the miseries that beset an unmarried woman at my age here. I am sure Lady D'Oyly sees and suspects something of the truth, but she is too delicate to make any inquiry.

I heard this morning from Blackwell of the death of another friend, Mr. Everard of the Lancers, who was so often with me on the river, and such a favourite with my poor Niel. When I remember how amiable and accomplished he was, and how many, many pleasant days we passed together, I sigh for my own fate, not his. It was ever thus: the flowers are taken, the weeds left.

## V

AUGUST 14TH—NOVEMBER 30TH, 1827

14th August.—*On the Ganges below Barr.*—Again I am on the river, my dear friend, re-passing the scenes I so lately quitted. I am scarcely able to hold my pen from the motion of the boat and my own weakness, but I gladly take it up to fly from my own miseries for a little, or rather to deaden the sense of the present, by detailing the past. I can hardly see, for I have wept myself nearly blind, and did not think any sorrow could reach my heart so deeply as the parting from my friends at Bankipore. . . . I cannot sleep, I cannot read, everything recalls the past. The delusion of my imagination is so strong that I often fancy myself still proceeding to Dinapore, and almost turn to look for my lost Campbell.

The weather has been tremendous for the last two days; the motion of the boat so great that it requires a constant effort to keep on my couch. The violence of the rain resembles what we meet about the Line at sea. In the intervals of the showers, I am so relieved by getting the window lifted, however sad are the emotions produced by gazing again on the landscape. *Then* how delightful was its novelty. All was beautiful, or was it the tone of my own feeling which rendered it so? were the trees more brightly green, the bamboo huts grouped with more picturesque effect? Oh, where is the happiness within, the air of comfort which rested on every object? *All, all* seems desolate. The tall palmiras and coca

trees appear emblematic of death and mourning. The ancient and populous city of Patna is dreary beyond description at this season; even under the most favourable aspect a town in India is gloomy. . . . The city extends seven miles along the bank of the Ganges, and the stream had now risen so high we could sail close to the walls.

In every building in India admission of air is the chief object, all the houses are flat-roofed and surrounded with railings that the inhabitants may sleep occasionally there, or sit to enjoy the air from the water; and here you see them in the evening extended on their mats, smoking the hookah, which truly appears the only enjoyment of a native. We sailed by some extensive and detached houses in utter ruin, which once may have belonged to the rich Mohammedan invader, long since passed away; these may be distinguished from the residence of the Hindoo by the mosque forming a conspicuous feature in the building. So closely are their religious impressions entwined with their habits and vices, it forms a strong proof of the wisdom and the subtlety of their great Prophet; the mosque and the zenana stand contiguous. . . .

What an amazing change the increase of the river makes in the scenery. The ground over which we are now sailing, when I passed six months ago, was fields of rice or flax, or arid wastes of sand, where nothing but the actual love of walking could have induced me to go—rendered still more dreary by the solitary vulture, which we often drove from the spot where he sat to watch for any prey the current of the stream might convey. Oh, how desolate everything seems. We may expect a stormy night, the black clouds gather fast around, and vivid flashes of lightning every moment increase and compel me to close the blinds.

18th August.—We have had a tremendous night, with torrents of rain all the morning; it is now almost sunset; for the first time its beam has been visible during the day. It was impossible to proceed; in fact, we had great difficulty in maintaining our position where we took it up last night, on a waste and dreary bank of sand, an island in this river sea, an uniform desert on which I can only distinguish one group of most miserable huts and a herd of buffaloes and goats, watched by two meagre naked boys. The wind whistles so mournfully through the high reeds which surround the boat; there is something in it which gives me a sensation of such hopeless indescribable loneliness—the want of human sympathy—that I should feel relieved even were a voice to pronounce my name or a sleeping child to breathe beside me. What strange and varying feelings sweep the hidden chords of the human heart, and here George sits smoking as calmly as a Turk.

. . . The prodigious breadth of the river here prevents me even distinguishing where we are. A little below lie a fleet of boats, storm-stayed like ourselves. The bearer tells me it is a detachment of European soldiers, and I should think his report is correct, as Captain Lintott, my old friend in Chatham, was reported to be on his way to Dinapore when I left Patna. How often we two talked of meeting in India. Alas! how am I now—

‘A weed upon the ocean thrown.’

With my lamented Campbell, how soon the dreariness of these evenings would have been exchanged for all the glow of friendly congratulation.

. . . . .

19th August.—*Monghir*.—We reached this station about four o'clock. The storm has dispersed, and the air felt

delightful. George expressed a wish to visit the celebrated Hot Springs . . . to which I agreed. The hills around Monghir are covered with immense stones, which strongly impress the idea of their having been brought there by volcanic eruption, which the neighbourhood of the Hot Springs would seem a further confirmation of. How very, very like they were to some scenes in Ireland, where heath, bramble, and blaeberry cover the masses of granite; nor were these 'grey stones of the hill' destitute of graceful foliage, innumerable creepers and profusion of the datura were there. I thought how carefully we cultivate the latter in our greenhouse at home. . . . There are four or five springs, and they change their properties with the seasons, those which are hot in the rains are cold in the winter months. Only one was actually hot when we visited them; in that I could not bear my hand for a second. It is enclosed by a low wall, with four rows of steps descending to the brink: on the last I could not rest my foot. The water is more pure and transparent than anything I ever saw before. The bottom is formed of rock, through the fissures of which you see an appearance similar to that of fixed air ascending to the surface and bubble on the top for an instant. At one end the stream steals away from the spring, and you may trace it far into the valley, smoking and misty. The scene is highly romantic, tall, feathery palmiras mix with the spreading boughs of the banyan-trees.

The natives lie with their pitchers of water, famed for its excellence, ready to offer for sale to any casual visitor. Large flocks of goats browse on the herbage at this season, now the height of the rains. The transitory verdure is beautiful.

I cannot agree with those who call a voyage on the Ganges at any season uninteresting. 'To tearless eyes and hearts at ease' how much there is to admire. The splendid outline of the Rajemahl Hills is now opening on the sight. After the deluge of yesterday the fields of rice, indigo, and flax, are as verdant as the meadows at home. Vast flocks of goats, cows, or buffaloes feeding at the edge of the water, or lying at rest under the shadow of huge banyan-trees; even the shepherd at this distance forms an interesting feature in the scene, and I must in justice admit, that for picturesque effect the native is incomparable! The soft, wavy folds of muslin which they roll round them in such a manner—it realises the idea of the drapery on an antique statue; their free and untaught attitudes are so graceful, I am sure I never walked or rode out, without again admiring them!

We passed the Colgon rocks crowned with the sacred mosque, and rich with an endless variety of creepers, in many parts quite concealing them; it was late, and the lamp was lit in the tomb of the *Fakeer*. How long it was visible, softly gleaming over the waters; it reminded me of the taper in Goldsmith's *Hermit*—'with hospitable ray'—for there is a neat bungalow close by for the accommodation of travellers. We shall shortly leave the great river; the stream divides above the Palace of Rajemahl. The station of Maldah is, I think, 26 miles higher up in a northerly direction, and this nullah is only accessible in the rains.

The weather has cleared up, but though the rain has abated, the sultry oppression of the air is beyond description. I have so long been accustomed, as all people are in Bengal, to darkened rooms, that the glare of light from the water

almost pierces like arrows. I believe the system of shutting the blinds is not so general in Madras, as George cannot bear it, and, to my horror, sits with all doors and windows wide open. I lie almost all the morning on my couch in the inner apartment and shut my eyes, that the ayah may suppose me asleep.

A few days more will terminate this voyage, and I know not why my depression increases, unless it is that I have lived so long alone that society is a restraint, or rather I expect it must be: I must not dream of finding another Lady D'Oyly. Of my cousin Frank I know nothing, though I feel a strong interest in him, but I warmly love his family, and, in particular, his sister Letitia; therefore I should not allow the idea of our being personally unacquainted to make me low. I suspect it is more the introduction to his wife I dread; I never before felt so unfitted for female society, and I need not remind you it never was my preference; since I married my disinclination increased. So seldom had I found my fellow mind among my own sex, I more fully appreciated the happiness of an union of taste and pursuits with my husband, a companion I could equally love and respect. My friendships with men have been permanent, and with ladies they generally have ended with little satisfaction, and finally, I am more at ease in the society of men, and don't feel it necessary to perform any artificial part. I have been forced into so many petty quarrels and worthless altercations among my lady friends, that I was rejoiced from my soul to renounce them *all*, and anchor fast on the firm foundation of my husband's fond heart and sound sense. It is unnecessary to speak of exceptions, which nature or education has graciously left as redeeming points. But it was with these feelings I went to be the guest of Lady D'Oyly; often did I amuse her with the description of my preliminary horror, and my

delight in her society increased tenfold when I found she was deeply tinctured with my private opinions ; as she thus expressed it to me :

‘Indeed, dearest Bessie, I cannot deny I do not like strange women.’

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*27th August.—Maldah.*—A week has glided by since I wrote last, *how* or *why* I scarcely know. The weather has been oppressive, and I have done very little but lie on my couch and read. I ought, however, to tell you a little of the place and my companions before I speak of myself. There is here / an extensive manufactory of silk to which the station lends its name,—Maldy silks. The society consists, first of the commercial resident, then the judge and magistrate, the surgeon, and a few indigo planters, Having presented them *en masse*, it is but courtesy to give them individuality, beginning with Mr. Grant, who is very highly spoken of as a well-informed and agreeable man; he is a Highlander, and has been many years in India. Mrs. G. is also a native of Ross or Inverness; they have a large family. Dr. and Mrs. Lamb are said to be a very nice couple also, but I can see, or fancy I see, that my fair cousin Mrs. G. is not very partial to English ladies, and rather shuns than seeks their society. Of her what shall I say ? She is of course dark, but has radiant eyes and fine teeth, her figure a little defective; she is about my size; she has a most charming voice and plays beautifully. There is a lovely little girl, the picture of her father’s family, with sweet blue eyes and fair as a lily. She is called Bessie, after my dear Mrs. Gouldsbury, just walking about. There will soon be a second, and there cannot possibly be a more affectionate mother than Mrs. G. Of Frank I speak last, because I have most to say. He is a

delightful young man, affectionate and gentlemanlike; so devoted to his wife and child, and tenderly mindful of his friends at home. His judicial appointment here occupies all his time, and the situation is a very good one. . . . Mrs. Gouldsbury is very near her confinement, and naturally likes to spend the morning in her own room. Frank goes to his kutcherry at nine and never returns before five. George chooses to take up his abode in a tent in the compound, and is seldom seen from breakfast till dinner. And what becomes of me? I sit in Mrs. G.'s dressing-room, and am glad to assist in cutting out work, or anything of that kind she now requires. Then, when she wishes to rest, or is engaged with her child, I retire to my own room and undress, and lie under the punkah till my ayah comes in to bustle and torment me with re-dressing.

I always feel pleasure in seeing Frank return, he is affectionate without any professions, and we have mutual pleasure in talking of home and friends. After dinner he and George go out and drive, and Mrs. G. generally goes out in her tonjin with the baby on her knee. I lie on my bed or sit at the window, as the case may be, and thus time has passed hitherto, with one only bright spot, two letters from Lady D'Oyly, and one from Blackwell, both full of regret and affection. While I was reading them I thought that

‘Bearing still a breast so tried, Earth is no desert even to me.’

*21st September.*—I can hardly account to you for a whole month having passed without even attempting to write to you, unless I confess the truth—‘A hopeless darkness settles o'er my heart.’ At the same time there is no particular cause or change to account for it. Perhaps on the whole my health is better, and renovating, though slowly. At times I have

suffered dreadfully, and do so yet, and have no other prospect for some time to come. Yet this is the least evil I have to complain of.

This month is the breaking up of the rains, and the most oppressive of any in the year, there is no moment of refreshment; at once damp and sultry, the thunder is terrible, and rains violent beyond description.

For the first time since I left home I have been tortured with headaches. You may remember what I used to suffer, and I hoped this misery had passed by. I suppose I may attribute them now to change of habits and want of exercise, for until the last few days I have never gone out; I felt averse to see others or be seen by them. At Patna I never had the effort to begin, for I went out from the first as a thing of course, there was no choice on my part; before Lady D'Oyly went herself to ride she always came and saw me off. Here I felt no interest in any thing or any person, and something even in the place was dispiriting. Yet it is, or ought to be, a relief to get out, and English people at home can but faintly imagine the eagerness with which this one hour is sought by all, after being for the long day a prisoner within the gloomy walls of an Indian mansion,—or, as it is with me, in my own room. The circulation of air in driving, the change and succession of even inanimate objects, the splendid sunsets, all arouse fresh thoughts and recollections. There came over me so many almost forgotten feelings, too sad for pleasure, and yet I cannot call them pain, for these, however sad,

‘Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feeling unemployed.’

In these moods of mine I cannot bear to speak; I have almost nothing to say, for with George, who is my usual

companion, I have scarcely any subject of interest in common. His long absence has rendered him indifferent to much that would interest me. Our acquaintances are unknown to each other, and even of those we know equally, our sentiments are different. I like to sit and pursue the current of my own thoughts without forcing conversation.

During the rains the ground is perfectly inundated, and the roads, of necessity raised like the terraces of an ancient garden, completely grass-grown. How much I was struck by the loneliness which characterised them, with no human object but ourselves, for I doubt if I can include the abject shrinking herd-boy, who listlessly guides his flock through the tope, and gazes after us as if we were comets or flying-fish. And yet there are, I am told, not unfrequently on this deserted and dreary road more formidable visitors. Since I came here two or three tigers have made their appearance, and furnished conversation for the dinner-table. Every day you may see the traces of the wild boar, who turns up the ground as scientifically as if he were Irish born.

The appearance of the country in the twilight is so deceptive, you might, as I do, fancy it into anything, until my reverie is broken by the wild, most horrible shriek of the jackal, or perhaps the wing of the flying-fox, who wings his heavy flight to the thick plantain-trees, where he rests for the night. This station, in itself so retired, is rendered still more solitary by the want of unanimity between the inhabitants; why it is so I cannot tell, for I have never seen any of them. The two ladies did call on me on my arrival, but I requested Mrs. G. to make my apologies. Use becomes nature. What a strange effect it had on me the other day: as I sat writing in the usual sitting-room, Dr. Lamb came in

to lance the little girl's gums; the sound of a stranger's voice made me start and turn pale and red alternately—I could hardly speak for a moment. George often expresses surprise that I do not pay and receive visits; how could I? what sympathy with me could they feel, and how can I be expected to feel an interest in them?

I certainly often feel regret that Mrs. G.'s disposition inclines her oftener to censure than to praise; in one so young it soon becomes a habit not easily laid aside. One of the beauties and excellencies of Lady D'Oyly's character was that she never spoke or judged ill of others, and even where there was room for censure, she generally endeavoured to find some apology. I do not think there is anything more characteristic of a lofty nature than this.

I sometimes listen with silent dismay to the unsparing animadversions of Mrs. G., and wonder if there is to be any exception. Mrs. Grant certainly gets her share, and a certain Miss Rhind, who was here on a visit before my arrival. It shocks me to hear her speak of her mother-in-law [step-mother], lately dead, particularly as I heard at Patna, where she then resided, that she was a very gentle, amiable, and unhappy young creature, unhappy in having been induced by necessity to unite herself to a man who might have been her grandfather, and whose children treated her as an enemy. She lived, or I might say endured life for two years, and left an infant boy. I have seen her portrait, which has an expression of suppressed sorrow that brings the tears to my eyes. Her sister, Miss Abbot, still remains with Mr. Elphinston, and seems to be equally hated. Oh! what a wretched world this is!

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Shall I detail for you the story of one day here?—one will

serve for all, there is no change. I hardly know when I woke, for the whole night was a waking dream, but on first looking on my watch I find it four o'clock, and prepare to rise as softly as I can, that my ayah, who sleeps in the bathing-room, may believe me still asleep and not come in to plague me; there is a distant sound, like the tomtom accompanying the Dak—it becomes more distinct—yes, it is the Dak, and I start from my couch to look at it passing, as if by that I could learn if it brings ought for me. Oh! how we cling to hope! for what have I to expect? Yet I correct the thought, for I may hear from Catherine and James, and while two so dear, so tender in their affections, are left, I am not comfortless. But if the late arrivals had brought any English letters for me, I must have received them ten days ago, when Frank got his.

Musing over this probability, I follow anxiously the two miserable figures who can create such anxiety, until they disappear behind the mosques at the gate. There goes the chuprassy to bring the post-bag, and here will I wait his return.

The sun is just on the horizon and the first level rays fall, oh! how beautifully, on that tomb and the mango-trees it stands beneath. The painted jay with neck and wings of the most exquisite blue is perched upon it, the long, low note of minor is yet heard from the bamboo thicket. The sunbeams stealing over the glowing blossoms of the pomegranate seem to pause, as if intercepted by that magnificent stranger, the glorioso, a native of New South Wales; the leaves and stalk rise like a narrow-leaved aloe, but the flowers, like bells of frosted silver, hang so thick and taper to so nice a termination that at a distance the whole resembles one mighty flower. And there—! but now returns the chuprassy with a packet

which he gives to the sirdar-bearer to carry to Frank, I shall soon know if any share comes to me. Five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour past; no, there is none, unless that step may be some one coming; alas! it is but the bearer calling for the little girl's bullock-carriage—and there is nothing more to hope or interest me until to-morrow. Heaven forgive me for wishing past the day only begun; just five o'clock! the sun comes on too powerfully, and as I close the blind I stop one moment to see sweet little Bessie passing. She has got her dog and a world of playthings at her feet in the gharry; her fair English countenance forms such a contrast with the dusky features of the attendants. Dear unconscious infant, what is to be *your* fate, will you live to sorrow over life, to envy the dead? Was *I* once as insensible to pain as you now are?

Having bathed and had my hair dressed, what shall I now do? Wearied in mind as much as body I can but lie down and read—first open the door, for some person knocks—only the kitmutgar with my cup of tea. Then I read on my couch till eight, when the heat forces me to leave my room, on which the sun beats with such power that the walls feel like the sides of an oven. So I wander up and down a room in the centre of the house, where breakfast is laid. After some interval of lonely musing I go to inquire for Mrs. Gouldsbury, and sit on the couch looking over the papers. She now never leaves her room till dinner, and has been lately most annoyed at the idea of Dr. Lamb quitting the station to accompany his wife to Calcutta, who was taking her children to England.

She speaks of going to Calcutta to be confined at the house of her sister, Mrs. Mill, who lives at Bishop's College, which I remember admiring from Mrs. Cleland's. I suppose this

plan would suit George, as he speaks of going to Madras in December; indeed he cannot go sooner. Frank has repeatedly expressed his wish that I should remain here and let George go on, and George seems indifferent on the subject. Though I love Frank I don't like to stay here; the place is melancholy to me beyond measure. Though I know not what I seek in wishing to quit it, I do wish to go.

After a long conversation with Mrs. G., breakfast appears, and I return into the room where it is ready. At this hour I hardly ever eat, but sit down. George seems deeply interested by the change of ministry, and Frank by the making of a new road; being equally indifferent to both, my thoughts revert to Mrs. G.'s conversation, and her anticipated pleasure in meeting her sister and child. How desolate I felt in comparison when I thought of myself:—

'No husband, child, or friend had I,  
No partner in my misery.'

I sat, revolving it in my mind, until the humble salaam of the molly, who always brings in his basket of vegetables and fruit at breakfast, roused me. I took from him some plantains and roses. The scent of flowers has a strange effect on my mind, similar to the tones of music; it brings a flood of images before me. I cannot explain why, at that instant, the perfume of a rose should recall the idea of a September morning at home and the scenery of a favourite spot, Portsteuard, a small village on the romantic coast of Antrim, where my last autumn in Ireland was spent; perhaps I enjoyed it more from feeling it *was the last*, or rather felt its beauty more. I knew, too, that Niel was with a gay shooting-party on the opposite coast of Jura. . . . I returned on the 5th of May following, the day of my marriage. We took up our abode in a small cottage near the Causeway, to explore it at our

leisure. Happy, happy hours, that glided away as a dream of the morning.

There is one spot eternally fixed on my remembrance. . . . The sea-gulls were skimming the water and darting to the sky like creatures of air, and at a great distance a large American ship, with all sail spread, was entering Lough Foyle. This sight led both our thoughts to the same subject, though no word was spoken; I felt my eyes fill with tears, which Niel perceived, and said :

'The sacrifice we must make is great, but while you, dearest Bessie, are near, the world is the same; I can be happy if you can feel content. Let us hope one day to come again and sit here.' I could not speak.

. . . Alas! Is it of myself I speak? Was I ever so blessed, who am now so desolate? I felt like Mirza where he turned from the Genie to gaze again on the Islands of the Blessed, and saw only the long hollow valley of Bagdad. Not less was the change when some one entering aroused me from this dream, to find myself alone, in the most painful sense of the word. At that instant the solitude of my own room would have been comparative comfort, for I did not wish to expose the agitation I felt to the crowd of servants about the room. I took the paper and seemed to read till George departed to his tent and Frank to his kutcherry. Then I turned to my dressing-room but found no rest there, the bearers and ayah were folding and dusting, and had it in utter confusion, so my only refuge was Mrs. G., where I sat for some time and tried to engage my attention by making a frock for Bessie until one o'clock, when the kitmutgar brought tiffin; mine is generally pummelo and bread. . . .

The heat was terrible, a thunder-shower was impending but still kept off, and it was scarcely possible to breathe. Quite

exhausted I again sought my own room, which now was quiet and abandoned by my tormentors. I bathed again and having put on my dressing-gown prepared to remain and read until dinner, when my bearer presented himself at my door with two letters—and one of them from England. They had been sent all the way to Agra to Mrs. Campbell of the 21st, and now returned by the up-country Dak. How long have I been deprived of them, but no matter, I could never have received them at a more acceptable time. My dear Catherine's is dated the 9th of March, and in reply to one I wrote at sea. With what anguish I read over her anxious anticipation of a future meeting. . . . How well I remember the 9th of March, I had been invited to a ball and was very ill of fever. Catherine gives confirmation to the report of Charlotte Hart's marriage with Mr. Gough, and though I regret, I regret deeply, that such is her choice, because I think her heart was differently bestowed, since it is so, I rejoice at the hope of once more meeting one so truly dear since earliest childhood. Catherine added that she was to sail for Calcutta in May, so that in another month I may look for her arrival. Lovely and beloved Charlotte! Now shall I count the hours till we meet.

Before my letters were finished the bearer came to announce khaunna. I hurried on my clothes without feeling it was hot. I was even in charity with my ayah. I went out to drive with very different feelings from those with which I had risen from breakfast. . . . We met Mrs. Grant's landau, or rather were overtaken by it. George introduced me, and kept up a long conversation with her and two other ladies. She seems the picture of ease and happiness, very fat, very fair, and very high spirits. She had all, of her carriage stowed with curly-headed, pretty children, save the space occupied by herself and friends.

We found Frank and Mrs. G. sitting outside the door and our bearers brought our chairs also. The moon was then rising and it is now shining down on my paper. . . . Why do we not follow the example of the French and devote the day to rest, the night to activity? Before the moon rose the brilliancy of the fireflies, actually in millions on the grass, over the shrubs, and especially beneath the mangoes, was not to be told, and it was beautiful to see their glow diminish, waxing fainter as the lamp of night ascended her silent path.

As I sat writing yesterday in my dressing-room I was attracted by the conversation of a visitor to Frank, who was proceeding Dak to Benares. He was recounting to George the circumstances of his delay at Rajemahl. He had been obliged to lend his personal aid in procuring interment among the ruins of the castle for the body of a lady. She was coming up the river with her husband and taken ill; she died at that spot. Her husband was too much stunned by the sudden event to make any exertion, and no native servant on such an occasion will even touch the body. He also spoke of the frightful death of Colonel Chalmers of the 41st regiment and his wife, of cholera. They were returning, I believe, to Bangalore with their daughter, a young girl, from a visit to a distant station. Both were taken ill together; only conceive such a picture of human suffering as that of Miss Chalmers, left alone in a tent with the dead bodies of her parents, far removed from all human *sympathy*, human aid being unavailing. George related another tale of woe almost as striking. Travelling to some place in the Madras Presidency through a remote country, he came up with a palkee, on the ground, without bearers. He got out and drew back the door, where a young man lay dead!

I lost part of the conversation and had not courage to resume it again with George, though I wished to know the sequel, at least if he had discovered his name or condition.

I cannot relinquish the belief that a secret prescience is often felt of approaching events. How frequently have I heard my beloved Niel, when in full enjoyment of life and health, say he felt a conviction he should die in a foreign country, that he should not find a grave where his brothers and father lay.

On Sunday the 22nd of April he had been on duty, and returned fatigued to rest where I had lain down; he resumed the subject and said he felt he was to die in India: but that his chief consolation was the knowledge that James would supply his care to me and be a father to his child: that it was natural to suppose I should marry again and might find a *better* but never a more attached husband. Who can tell what influence was *then* operating on his mind or how much he *might* have told me?

You, my dear friend, may recollect that all my life I have had a fixed belief in supernatural agency, without any dread of what has ever seemed to me a thing more to be wished than feared. Now I confess my confidence in that opinion has diminished, for well I know if the dead were permitted to return, he I loved so well in life would not depart voluntarily after death. He would revisit the one he clung to life for—and oh! could I now, when all living things have left me, even for one moment look upon him, I should be no more alone. Could that voice whose last accent was my name once more address me, how would it soften the dreariness of separation. But *this* I fear is not permitted.

I said I would tell you what I thought and *did* in one day, but I find I have related what I thought and felt. Another morning is almost come, yet still I linger and would do so longer, only that my light is glimmering. Little heart I have to sleep, yet must say farewell. Heaven grant the departed day may have passed more happily with you, but this I am little likely to hear, and perhaps on the calm current of your life the 23rd of September may have left no trace.

*26th Sept.*—I had yesterday to endure the misery of a station party as it is termed, that is, all the good people of the neighbourhood collected on the same day; indeed all seemed as if they came to suffer. How relieved I should have been could I have spent the day alone, but not wishing to become particular I had no alternative but to occupy one seat on a couch, which I think was my contribution to the general entertainment. I had a little conversation with Mr. Grant, who is a mild and pleasing man, with much information. . . . Mrs. G. seems a happy soul. The beauty of her complexion after twenty years residence here is really astonishing. Mrs. Lamb is, or has been, a pretty woman, perhaps with more mind. She is an elegant, musical, and very well educated woman, as well as an accomplished one, with a nice family to whom she devotes herself. There were two other ladies, one an inmate in Mrs. Grant's family, a Miss Dickson, a very fine-looking woman indeed, past the meridian of life. Being a single woman and still so handsome is not a little strange; I could just gather from Mrs. Gouldsbury's recital that by some reverse of fortune she was obliged to remain behind the rest of her family in India; she is in no way related to the Grants, but they show her the utmost attention and kindness. She is Irish, but happily for herself and hearers retains nothing of the justly reviled brogue. There was another female of the

same party, a *protégée* of Mrs. G.'s, whose position in society it would not be easy to determine. I asked her name and was told Miss Jean, but beyond this baptismal appellation could learn nothing, nor was I much taken with her aspect. The other lady, whose name I forgot the same moment I heard it, was just like the thousand and one ladies you meet every day, but though her name did not impress me her necklace did; it was a range of small gold elephants in exact order walking round her neck; the association of ideas with a troop of elephants round a fair lady's neck was to me so absurd I could with difficulty refrain from laughing.

Much to my happiness, after dinner driving was proposed, and I manœuvred myself into the carriage with the children.

. . . . .  
*1st October.*—Mrs. Gouldsbury has decided on leaving this on the 10th. I am glad of it, the place is to me dreary beyond measure. I think too the air of the river may be of use to me. I only fear there may be delay in obtaining boats which they have delayed so long in securing. They ought to be the best judges, but lest any accident should occur I have ordered a country boat to be matted and prepared for myself.

*3rd October.*—Night is the time I generally open this letter. I suppose it is the cool air which relieves my head then. It weans my heart a little, too, from sorrowful musing, and though you may not find the interest you expect in what I write, yet the belief that it has been of relief to me will compensate to your kind heart. ¶ The persecution of the insects is one disadvantage; my paper, my hair, my neck is thick with them. Huge grasshoppers, three inches long, of so beautiful a green they look like delicate leaves, fluttering on my paper—with crickets of all sorts; then an enormous creature called an elephant beetle comes full flight against my candle, ex-

tinguishes it, and gives me the trouble of climbing up to relight it at the wall shade. This monster is able to walk about the table with a dessert plate and spoon laid on its back.]

I mentioned that there is a considerable manufacture of silk here; I wonder what the people of Manchester would think of the process of weaving. I was much amused, as we drove slowly by one of the villages this evening, to observe their operations. It was in the very depth of a mango tope, double rows of bamboo placed upright in the ground formed their loom, and they were in the act of walking round to let the silk thread run off on this wretched construction. Further on, there were beautiful pieces of shaded crimson silk finished and put to dry, between the stems of the coca trees. Some very old men were weaving a coarse kind of muslin under the shade of a banyan. Many of those wicker huts were so completely covered with creepers and melon blossoms, they resembled a mass of leaves and flowers. A low, and very neat bamboo paling formed an enclosure where the herds of buffalo, cows, and goats were assembled to be milked. Infant children lay on the mats at the threshold of the door sleeping with the kids. The women returning from the tank with lotus-shaped pots of water on their heads, wrapped in their peculiar drapery, their curiosity to see, and unwillingness to be seen,—all formed an interesting picture of simplicity, and excited your compassion for fellow-men even though debased.

I mused over these ideas while we drove slowly on, until two natives accosted my cousin in Hindoostanee, which for my benefit he translated. The words of the mild Hindoo were to this effect, ‘Sahib, I am the man who killed my wife, I killed her with a sword.’ I may spare you the further

particulars, recounted as they were with the most thorough indifference.

George speaks now of wishing to go off to Madras to effect an exchange in his station; he wishes to go to Cuddalore, which he thinks would be better for my health, and proposes my remaining in Bengal until his return. . . . If he does go off, I may as well reconcile myself to the idea of remaining all the cold season in Calcutta, but as Charlotte Hart (I cannot call her Gough) will have arrived even before I reach the presidency, I shall have the consolation of her society.

*10th October.*—Another week gone and no chance of boats, not one at Moorshedabad, and the only remaining hope is to borrow one from a friend of Frank's. A messenger has gone off, but this is such an uncertainty, as we do not even know if he is at home. . . .

*13th October.*—I think I shall now dread letters more than wish for them. I have now received all those I expected after they had gone to Muttra; these are in reply to the first I wrote on my arrival in Calcutta full of hope and happiness.

*22nd October.*—Still at Maldah where I am likely to remain, as Mrs. Gouldsbury's plan of proceeding to Calcutta is quite given up; indeed, latterly I despaired of it, as the means resorted to were so little likely to produce the effect required. George says he must go, Mrs. G. still intends to visit her sister after her confinement, so here I must continue for a time.

The cold has set in in the evenings and early morning, but still the heat of the day is undiminished. Cold never gave me the same sensation at home; it is a cold damp atmosphere; if you close the doors you feel almost suffocated, if they are open, you meet the moist current of air all round. You can

hardly fancy anything more comfortless than returning from your drive by the dim light into a room like a barn, for however lofty and expensively furnished, the want of drapery gives a cold, bare appearance. The mats, too, badly supply the pre-existing idea of comfort connected with an English carpet and graceful folds of curtains.

I felt much interested in two young people who stopped a day or two here on their way to a remote station towards the Nepaul country. He is an officer in the Company's service and she a pretty elegant English girl. He about twenty-three, she nineteen, I should guess. . . . There was more character in her than you generally find in the very young. There was also some similarity in our situations. She had married one she had long loved and they seemed so very, very happy, so wrapped up in each other, and even more attached by the recent loss of their infant, that you could not help feeling interested in them. They came up the river in a country boat, and though obviously brought up in that rank of life which commands convenience and luxuries, I felt quite pleased with the spirit and gaiety with which she disregarded the inconvenience and deprivations she was subjected to.

As I sat at dinner opposite to her, I forgot what was the subject of conversation, but something was said which evidently touched her feelings. He looked at her and her eyes kindled with such a beautiful lustre, and her cheek, generally pale, glowed like vermillion. Oh! how well I understood that look, its mute eloquence. I felt my eyes fill with tears when I remembered how soon her happy countenance might be changed to sorrow. It is extraordinary how soon a corresponding chord of feeling produces intimacy. I felt better acquainted with her in three days than I should have been with many others in a year, and so sorry to see her go off.

27th October.—Another English letter and another sorrow: the death of my dear affectionate friend Mrs. Hart. Catherine had mentioned her illness, but not in a way to prepare me for this sad event. Poor Charlotte little knows the intelligence that awaits her. When I think of her, I ought not to consider my own loss, great though it is. . . . How unfortunate does Charlotte's absence seem at this crisis. If I had been at home I should have gone to these dear helpless girls and know not anything would have been more gratifying to my heart than the endeavour to repay to them any part of her care of myself.

Oh! if the high-minded Eliza had been spared—but this is disputing the wisdom of the Almighty; I must believe that the faithful devotion of their mother, her piety and virtue will obtain for their helpless infancy, the aid and protection of Our Father which art in Heaven. Who says, so justly; ‘Man’s necessity is God’s opportunity’? Poor Charlotte! I now dread our approaching meeting.

28th October.—I felt so truly afflicted after the intelligence of yesterday, I was unfit for society. Though George knew Mrs. Hart as a boy, it was only as such, and he felt nothing of the distress I experienced.

2nd November.—I have been very busy the last few days. Mrs. Gouldsbury is the happy mother of a fine boy, very unexpectedly . . .

Next morning [30th October], George went off by daylight. I cannot possibly express the sensation I had when he left the room at night and I felt I was utterly friendless. Ten thousand times more lonely and heart-sick than at the first moment of my bereavement; then I had many affectionate friends, but there was something in the gloom and loneliness

about here that I could not bear up against . . . I lay on the couch listening to the only sound, the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece, I believe for hours. How I envied George's calm and passionless temperament, he just bid me good-night as usual and was gone. It was near morning before I went to bed; I sleep now in Mrs. G.'s dressing-room, wishing to be near her at night, and I felt so chilled I could not sleep.

All the next day and the present, I have been very uncomfortable, with pain in my limbs and shivering. This I am not surprised at, as the women are all night going through the room, and nothing will induce them to shut a door after them, so I lie with the cold air from the verandah on me. The expected nurse-tender arrived to-day, and as she will enter on the duties of her office, mine cease, and I expect soon to get back to my apartment, which Frank now occupies. What curious people these women are, and oh! what tongues! Being in such demand here, they carry about the news and scandal of a whole district. I should not like this lady to have anything in her power to say of me.

I really felt so miserable all day I knew not what to do. Having no apartment to go to, I got the bearer to bring me a bottle of hot water, and rolled myself up in shawls on the couch in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Lamb, like a good kind creature, came and sat with me for a long time. I had been so unaccustomed to hear anything like friendly conversation, and at this moment was so nervous, that I could not help bitterly weeping. She sent Dr. Lamb to see me, who ordered me some calomel and to go to bed and keep myself very warm lest a return of ague should visit me. This was no easy matter, but I did go to bed and waited long for the nurse to have an interval of leisure, to get me some warm

drink. I asked all the servants in vain; they either did not, or would not, understand me. I then called my own bearer, and he alas! brought in a lighted candle. My only resource was to send for Frank, who was in the next room, who, when he understood my difficulties, made me a tumbler of wine and water hot, also some sherbet, and after doing all he could by telling the nurse to come occasionally to me, returned to Mrs. G.'s room.

Next morning according to Dr. Lamb's advice I lay in bed, and Mrs. Lamb came and sat with me. The more I saw of her my regret increased that I had not known her sooner, as she was to go off in a few days to Calcutta. I could not refrain from expressing it to her, adding that I knew not how I should pass the time until Mrs. G. went to Calcutta. I was even further pleased by Mrs. Lamb's candour. She said: 'As we have conversed confidentially, allow me to say you are to blame for not receiving the acquaintance of Mrs. Grant; she is a most warm-hearted, benevolent woman, and has made many advances which you have rejected. Do not be offended if I say, that we have all a place to fill in society and you are neglecting yours. I can easily believe that it is more agreeable to you to separate yourself from the pursuits of others and dwell on your own thoughts. If I lost my dear husband, I should feel as you do, but would not think myself justified in acting so. You must soon leave this retired station, and be placed where you will feel it necessary to conform to the habits of others; would it not be wise in you to begin here, that use may lessen your reluctance?'

I felt every word she spoke to be truth and felt heartily obliged, assuring her the first use I should make of my recovery was to go and return Mrs. Grant's visit, but that

really in addition to the habit of staying alone that had grown upon me, a prejudice against Mrs. Grant had been impressed on my mind; I had been led to think she was not amiable. Mrs. Lamb took up her cause warmly, saying she well knew how this idea had originated, therefore she almost insisted I should go and judge with my own eyes. That very evening I got up, and was dressing to come and sit in Mrs. Gouldsbury's room, when the ayah said, Mrs. Grant's tonjin was coming through the compound. Hitherto I had always made an escape into my own room on such intimation, but resolving to benefit by Mrs. Lamb's lecture I went into the room. They both seemed rather surprised to see me, but in a visit of that kind you soon become familiar. She expressed regret to see me looking so ill, and said the constant confinement to the house was enough, in such a climate, to destroy my constitution. I made the best apology I could, and said I meant to go out more frequently. To-morrow if I am able I will go and see her.

*7th November.*—According to my resolve I went to call at Mrs. Grant's and found her busy working, which few ladies in India ever think of. After sitting a long time, I went to see Mrs. Lamb, who goes off in a few days, to show her I had profited by her counsel. She seemed the picture of grief, everything almost was packed up and the pretty bungalow in confusion, but yet she strove to be cheerful. What a trial to leave her husband for two years!—poor soul, I do feel for her.

In the evening, which was cool and delightful, Mrs. Grant drove to the door to see Mrs. G., and finding me sitting alone in the hall, low enough, she insisted that I should go out and drive with her, to which I consented, and afterwards went to her house to drink tea. I felt extremely pleased

with Mr. Grant's conversation. He was preparing to visit the Nepaul hills, for a little cold weather recreation, and to take sketches. . . . What a pity that he and Frank do not meet oftener, he is the sort of person whose society must be an advantage. Mrs. G. and himself express much regard for Frank, and desire to be intimate; they seem less partial to her. Mrs. Grant in speaking of Mrs. Lamb's excellent qualities added, '*She* never speaks ill of the absent,' with an emphasis implying there was some one else who did.

Among other interesting views Mr. G. had some of the ruined city of Gour. . . . It is seven miles off, but the bund or ditch enclosing it extends to this station, and I believe the space that bund surrounds must be many miles. It was once the chief city in Bengal, the regal residence, and has been abandoned seven hundred years from its unhealthiness; and two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era it flourished in splendour. . . . All traces of its early days are gone, for it was probably verging to decay while the inhabitants of Britain were yet wandering in forests, celebrating the unholy rites of Druidical superstition. How marvellous it is to turn back on the ravages of time. The same idea struck me almost on my arrival on viewing the island of Sagur, now thick with forest and impenetrable jungle, the most to be dreaded of any place in India from the number and ferocity of the tigers. A small settlement had been attempted on it, and in clearing away the matted brushwood and forest trees, they were found rooted on brick foundations. Where these extend, or when it rose from the waters in the pomp of an eastern city, are facts which alike place conjecture at defiance. It now forms an asylum for natives who have lost caste and congregated in villages on the shore. The interior is quite unknown, except as the haunt of birds and

beasts of prey ; still (there is an annual fair held, where vast numbers of Hindoos assemble to offer sacrifice, sometimes of a child, though every exertion has been made by Government, even to retaining a party of Sepoys there to prevent it.) I am strongly impressed by the idea of the world being very much older than we date its duration. When we must look so far back for the period of this city's rise and decay, how distant must be the day of its foundation ; a much earlier period than the erection of the pyramids or that of Thebes.

How I envy Mr. Grant his tour to the Nepaul hills ; the climate there is quite cold, and it is amusing to see a person in India trying to prepare a wardrobe for cold weather. Mrs. Grant is contriving a most responsible dressing gown, silk wadded with cotton, which has all the warmth and less weight than cloth ; the remaining difficulty is a pair of warm gloves, and I am going to try if I can recollect how I used to knit them for the children at home, on a hook, and have promised to take my work and dine with Mrs. Grant. I really begin to feel pleasure in his conversation. Oh ! how many and great are the advantages of a cultivated mind, what a light taste sheds on every object, and what an advantage to a man with a family. Yet in this country much of its benefit is lost,—the climate compels you to part from your children. Mrs. Grant is now preparing to send her eldest girl home with Miss Dickson. Three of her daughters and their eldest son are already there. The girls come out here next year, which event is ardently anticipated by their parents. I found that the Grants were intimately acquainted with a sister of Sir Charles D'Oyly, himself and many members of the family. One of Mrs. Grant's girls is called after her, and she

lived with them a long time after coming to the country, and estimates the whole party highly, so I felt quite at home, and delighted to converse with any one who knew and valued those beloved friends. Mrs. Grant told me many circumstances before unknown of them, particularly of the first Lady D'Oyly.

13th November.—I received some very kind letters from Muttra, from my cousins the Campbells and George Lawrence; the latter I sincerely love next to James, and his affection for me seems little inferior. Mrs. C. is very anxious I should go to Agra to see them, particularly as my journey to Madras is deferred. When I went to live at Patna, they most warmly invited me to make their house my home, which from Niel's regard for his cousin I might have done if I had not gone to Lady D'Oyly. They now renew their invitation and George seems to like them so much and wishes me to come, I almost regret that I have made other arrangements,—especially as George points out that from Agra I could much easier meet James hereafter than from Madras, and *this* is beyond a question my ultimate object. Every day adds proofs that only with him I can hope for comfort; certainly if anything delays George's [*i.e.* her brother's] return I will go to Agra, in the meantime my wisest plan is to go to Calcutta. Here I am out of the way of everything, and when the river subsides the difficulty of leaving will be considerable. I can stay with Charlotte until I determine on my future arrangements.

Mrs. Gouldsbury is quite well and able to go about. She speaks of going to Calcutta at the time Mrs. Grant does. I received letters from George enclosing others from James, who was then on his way from the Nilgherry Hills and, thank God, quite recovered. . . . George was staying with Jane Allan, who very warmly invited me to return to her, and had also visited Mrs. Mill at Bishop's College, who gave a similar

invitation which George recommended me to accept, as the situation of Bishop's College and the retirement of a clergyman's family in itself was desirable; in which opinion I concurred, supposing that I reach Calcutta before Charlotte Gough; for however kind Jane was, their house was ever a round of company, and there I could not expect the mode of life most proper and most desirable.

*23rd November.*—I feel almost miserable, I quite despair of leaving this place, and it is so gloomy and comfortless my heart sinks. Mrs. G. is the whole day in her own room, I scarcely ever see her and there is something strange in her manners and habits. If I go to her room I find the door bolted, which seems like an intimation not to intrude. They had settled to go off on the 28th and ordered boats, then changed their intentions and countermanded them. I long since engaged a country boat to prevent disappointment, which lies at the ghaut. Mrs. Grant goes off on the 1st and in ten days longer the river will be too low for boats. I am absolutely miserable here and suffer so much from the cold and damp; were you but to see me you would really pity me. Mrs. G. never leaves her room, where she sits with the nurses and children, having a good charcoal fire. I generally cover myself up in my fur tippet and shawl in the evening and read, write, or walk about the rooms. Such an evening *as I spend every night, you never spent in your life.* Mrs. G.'s ayah generally comes for her tea, and I sit alone in a large room at a large table surrounded by servants. Not one in the house speaks English, as George took my kitmutgar to Calcutta, promising to send him back immediately, and he was my only medium of communication with all the others. My ayah was discovered to be a thief, so she was sent off, and if I wished for another here I could not get one. I have suffered such

violent attacks of spasms, at night particularly—I suppose from the cold—I did certainly fancy myself dying, and not a soul within my reach but my old bearer; the sitting-rooms are in the centre of the house, the bedrooms form wings. I occupy one side, Mrs. G. the other, and to add to my distress the lamps do not burn, the cold congeals the oil, and pain, solitude and darkness are my sole companions, not counting the musk rats which come in such numbers when the light goes out; they actually run in troops over me in bed and make me so nervous, I frequently cry half the night.

26th November.—When Mrs. Grant came here this evening I was regularly in bed to keep myself warm; she seemed much amused at finding me so. She urged me much to go to Calcutta at the time she does, which I begin to think is really my best plan. We shall be about fifteen or eighteen days on the river and before that time the *Warren Hastings* will have arrived to a certainty. It is quite folly to depend my movements on the Gouldsburys, who vacillate every hour. The Dak just arrived brings me three letters from Dinapore and my heart reproached me on seeing my dear, kind Blackwell's hand, for I have so long neglected to write, I did not deserve a letter. But in my last I begged Lady D'Oyly to tell him that I suffered so much lately, I had been unable to write. What an effect on the feelings an affectionate letter sometimes will have. He seems so amazed at George leaving me behind, and enters so warmly into my feelings about being with James. He tells me of his studies and entreats me to rouse myself and direct my mind to any pursuit or acquirement as an occupation for my thoughts. Asks me if the spirit of poetry is gone for ever! and if I will write for him anything, saying—'It will enable you to forget the past, which you must at least try to do.'

What a contrary effect his letter had, bringing to my mind the happiness of the days in which we were first associated, our pleasant evening drives, and all the sympathy and kindness he watched me with during my residence at Patna. It was late before these letters arrived, and his in particular excited my feelings so much that I could not sleep, so I began to write to him, but felt haunted by those two lines of poor Byron—

‘Oh thou that tell’st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet’

Finding I could not write a letter, I began on another sheet of paper the following lines:—

‘Oh thou, that tell’st me to forget,  
It cannot be, it is not yet  
That cold forgetfulness can bless  
My wounded spirit’s bitterness ;  
For what can stem the tide of woe  
Of tears that wait not leave to flow ?  
What charm can bind the gushing eye  
Or lull the heart’s deep agony ?’ . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Formerly I could express my feelings better in verse than in prose, now I can hardly write two lines clearly. And this often beguiled many hours of illness and solitude—sleepless nights in particular. It was at all events a very harmless amusement, if the mind was weary of the world, though not a very profitable one—at least, so I have tried to convince myself when half ashamed of the propensity.

## VI

DECEMBER 1ST—15TH, 1827

*1st December.—On the Maldah River.*—I went to sleep on board my bamboo boat last night previous to my voyage, for I can call it nothing less. . . . I had to embark in a country boat so small I could hardly stand upright—indeed, I could not; but go I must, even in this boat, rather than wait. Besides my earnest desire to get to Calcutta, the inducement of Mrs. Grant being on the river at the same time was a great one; to have any recourse in case of sickness or accident, I regarded as a most fortunate circumstance, being still dreadfully at a loss for the man George took with him to Calcutta.

I think I never before felt so low and heartsick as last night when I took possession of my floating habitation, for the first time in my life utterly alone, without a living soul who could understand one word I spoke. It was not in human nature to repress the sad remembrance and contrast of situation *then* with the time on "hich I first embarked on the Ganges, accompanied by Niel and surrounded by every comfort.

The only servant I could bear near me was his old bearer, and, apathetic as they usually are, this poor creature seemed so careful about me, it almost appeared he understood what was passing in my mind. He had been at work all the

evening removing my things and arranging them the best way he could imagine. To give you an idea of such a boat, can you fancy one divided in the centre, the stern-part roofed and covered with matting, exactly like a little hut in a boat? Some of the servants sleep on the top, others on the deck with the dandies, but my old man had separated by mats a little spot at the door (which door is a mat) of my apartment to sleep on, that he might be near me, and there he sat beside my bed, with his knees up to his mouth, his arms embracing them. It was severely cold, a frosty wind. He had spread on my sheets an old Indian shawl to keep me warm; he had a kettle of water boiling on deck, and immediately brought a bottle of hot water to place at my feet. A box of river stores which had accompanied me from Dinapore, of wine, brandy, etc., of which I had thought no more, he had laid by at Maldah, and I silently watched him searching until he laid hold of a little bottle of port wine, which he carried off, and presently returned with my little silver jug with some warmed wine and water made very nice with ginger and nutmeg, as he used to see Niel prepare it for me at night on the river. He then folded my things which I had left on the floor in recklessness, and pointing to his lair near me, with many salaams departed to it, where I soon heard him enjoying his hookah.

All this poor creature's attentions rendered my spirits more low. Though I repeatedly said, 'I will not think, I must not think!' my tears fell faster and faster, until I laid my head on the table and sobbed and wept myself into a state of exhaustion. At last, seeing it was near one o'clock, I rose up and lifted the mat at the side which served the purpose and place of a window-blind, and *felt*, as I *ever do*, the bright, untroubled face of nature calm my feelings.

An Indian village, though simple in the extreme, is always pretty in effect from its close adherence to nature, which may be rude but is ever graceful. I looked again over these lowly habitations and thought that each was a home within whose precincts the blessed affections and relationships of life might find exercise. There slept parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, living too, perhaps, beneath the same trees where their parents were born. All these had *hopes*, *fears*, and *excitements*, while for me there were *none*; hope was no more! my solitude was entire! Then I thought of England, of friends *there*, of childhood, and how inexplicable seemed the mystery of life! One hour bursts the bonds of love, the glittering hopes that have been our object vanish. The fond heart, the trusting bosom is cold, and we call it death. . . . This world is but a part of His work. How much may remain that we want faculties to comprehend! Perhaps the soul after death may enjoy renewed powers and more lofty perceptions. Strange, wondrous names—Eternity, Infinity! when the very changes of *this* life, the vicissitudes of this world, are so incomprehensible. *Here on this spot once* a splendid city extended herself, and the varied riches of India were combined at the will of one man. Here again is the peasant's hut, whose hand weaves the cloth that covers him, and whose simple husbandry rears the rice or gourds that feed him; when *he too* is gone hence, *what* will succeed in the chain of events?

I read one chapter in Isaiah, whose lofty imagery was suited to the tone of my feelings, and looking once on the beautiful sketch of Niel's grave, which Sir Charles D'Oyly did for me and I placed in my Bible, I undressed and slept undisturbed till near daylight, when the motion of the boat told me we were sailing onward. I first thought, 'I will take a last look at Maldah;' again I said, 'Wherfore should I?'

'No fond remembrance claims me here :  
These walls no lingering hopes endear.'

Yet I thought of dear Frank and prayed God to bless *him* and *his*, although regretful that he had not made a different marriage, and that I could not sincerely extend my love and respect to her. But why give separate names to the same sentiment ? for when did love exist without respect, its very essence ?

Before seven o'clock the old bearer came to my matted door and informed me that Mrs. Grant 'sent her best compliments, and that breakfast would be ready at eight'; further, he added, that she would be in much pain if I did not come to her boat, as she would stop for me at a certain ghaut. As it yet wants half an hour of the time, I am sitting on the floor endeavouring to write on a trunk. However, having yet my hair to dress, I will bid you farewell until to-morrow.

*2nd December.*—I found Mr. Grant waiting on the bank at the appointed place with a chatta to conduct me to their budgerow. How much at ease old residents are in their movements. Though their boat contained a large party, four little beds in each corner of the first room, yet all was so arranged you saw no more confusion than in a sitting-room on shore. Breakfast was ready, and Mrs. Grant said she made it a rule her visitors *must* eat; but this was rather agreeable than otherwise from the keen air of the river. Afterwards the bearers each took charge of their respective children, either to play with them or put them to sleep, and Mrs. Grant and Miss Dickson commenced their needlework, the tailors first having received their orders. Mr. Grant resumed a drawing he was finishing, and I was the only one unemployed. It was such a time since I had been in the society of ladies, I almost

forgot work, so I begged for some employment, and chose to mend some fine lace, intended for a dress of Mrs. G.'s.

I soon got deep in Celtic lore with Mr. Grant. . . . I learned from him that there is almost an uninterrupted jungle up the river until terminating in a tremendous forest which skirts the Nepaul hills, and only passable at certain seasons and for a very limited period; the air is deadly to European life at other times. The inhabitants differ in every respect from those of the plains; they are a brave and energetic people, eating the cow and drinking wine (if it comes in their way), and they dress in a woollen plaid, exactly like that worn by the Grampian shepherds.

The morning passed pleasantly away, and I found that, unlike most Indian ladies, Mrs. Grant never lay down to sleep. After dinner at an early hour, the evening being cool and refreshing, we went to the top of the boat and enjoyed the sunset. Soon after tea I returned with Mr. Grant to my own boat, having promised Mrs. G. to be with her again in the morning. She added: 'It is a treat for Mr. G. to find any one to talk to him of the Highlands, and of his favourite Gaelic songs.'

I found my old bearer, like a dog keeping watch for my return. He had arranged my toilet, and in his wisdom and sympathy laid a book by my hairbrushes, but as this was only a lithographic map of the river I felt it would not animate me much to trace my former progress. I dismissed him and again took my seat on the morah by my couch, thinking over the past day. It recalled to me an observation, of Shenstone's I believe, that he never looked at a map of the world and remembered that even the smallest speck contained noble and cultivated minds that he could never meet or hear of, without regret. . . .

When Mr. Grant walked to my boat with me, he said the place we were then at was infested with tigers. He had seen four killed in the same morning there. While I was undressing the frightful cries of the jackals were quite depressing, and rats without number were running above, below and through my room. While I have light I don't mind them, but in the dark I really become so nervous at the idea of their getting into my bed, I cannot rest, so I made the bearer light an additional lamp for fear of accidents. After being asleep some time, I was wakened by a loud and horrible roar *in the boat*; my heart ceased to beat. Infinitely was I relieved to find it was only a jackal, which had followed the scent of some mess of the dandies, got entangled in the ropes and matting of the boat, and uttered this dire cry on the mangie approaching with a light. After this alarm I could not again compose myself, and about an hour after my horror was renewed by low and distant growling, which I well knew must be a tiger. They seemed to be traversing the banks, as sometimes it sounded close to the boat, again at a distance. I heard the dandies busy in kindling a large fire, which I believe they generally do to keep them off, and shuddered at the idea of the frail defence afforded by the *matting* of my boat, which was so close to the bank a man could spring into it. I thought as I lay trembling there what a helpless creature woman was, yet I know not what the most resolute man could have done in my situation. I tried to fortify myself with the remembrance that the eye of Omnipotence was upon me. . . . I slept no more that night, and was well pleased when morning light restored some degree of security, and gladly departed to Mrs. Grant's boat.

4th December.—When I went to her budgerow I did not need to tell of my alarms, for I looked so pale and ill she

kindly made me lie down on her bed, where I amused myself with one of her sweet little boys, a lovely creature, reminding me so much of the dear children at home. He had such a head as painters assign to Cupids and angels, such exquisite curling yellow hair, tinged with gold in the light. I could not resist taking off one of those Orient curls to place along with those of my pets. He quite attached himself to me and called me his 'Aunty Bessie.' I could not repress the thought of what a blessing would such a tie have been to me, and how aggravated was my double loss.

*5th December.*—We entered the great river to-day. Here the dandies always come to ask for money to make an offering to their god, to ensure safety on the voyage.

I well remembered the spot, but would not look from the window, lest I should see anything I had witnessed before under happier circumstances: and resolving not to intrude my feelings on those who seemed anxious to make me comfortable, I resolved if possible to govern them.

*8th and 9th December.*—The wind has been against us for the last two days. . . . Last night Mrs. G. was taken suddenly and violently ill. . . . I sat with Miss Dickson in her room until she was composed to sleep and ease. As we sat together she made some observation on the earlier events of her life; while Mrs. G.'s ayah was combing my hair, she said hers had turned suddenly before she was twenty-five. How various and unlooked for are the vicissitudes of life from the cradle to the grave with *some*, while others pursue a calm and untroubled path. She was remarkably cheerful, and when I learned *what* her trials had been, her strength of mind seemed equally surprising.

She was the daughter of a clergyman and brought up in independent circumstances—I before mentioned her appearance, she must have been beautiful when a girl—the eldest of three daughters. She was engaged to be married and the day fixed, when the death of the gentleman changed bridal festivity into mourning. This event was shortly followed by the death of her mother, by which the charge of her younger sisters devolved on her. Her only brother went to India, and next her father died. Her brother then wished his sisters to come out, and though the eldest had, since the death of her destined husband, avoided society, it seemed necessary she should sacrifice her private feelings and take charge of her sisters. They arrived in India, and her brother had connected himself with a mercantile house there into which her fortune was placed. Her younger sisters married, and one of them soon returned home.

She lived with the other, and often and often might have been well married, but seemed determined never to form a second engagement. After living about seven years in India, the house in which her brother was a partner failed, and she lost everything she possessed. Her brother-in-law became so ill they were obliged to go off to Europe, and really had not the means of taking her along with them. It was at this time she became acquainted with Mrs. Grant.

Not one person in a thousand could have resisted the accumulated distress she experienced during her residence with her sister. She had returned once to England with a child of hers and made the voyage to India again alone, and many, many times had to go up and down the Ganges to her sisters as they required her assistance. But notwithstanding all these trials I never once heard her complain ; it ought to be a lesson to me !

Our position last night was in a beautiful spot; my little boat was secured to the trunk of an immense banyan tree which appeared almost to grow out of the water. As I passed from Mrs. Grant's budgerow to it under a high bank the moon was shining full, and the scene of our little fleet was very interesting. The dandies had finished their repast, but sat round their little fires enjoying their hookah, or singing with the appearance of excitement and fun, very rare among natives, but these are certainly the happiest caste or tribe in India. I hardly ever saw one of the others laugh. They do work very hard, and at this season, after being up to the middle in water in the morning, how they bear the intense heat of the day is wondrous; but they are always animated and ready for anything. They are reported to be excellent thieves, which their itinerant life gives full scope for. The morning rarely finds them on the scene of last night's depredation. My crew will not rob my boat, but they will Mrs. Grant's without hesitation.

11th December.—*Kishnagar*.—As I sat at the window this morning I was surprised to see my kitmutgar come on board and present, with many salaams, a parcel of letters; he was on his way to Maldah, and seeing our boats found mine out.

I surely am peculiarly unfortunate, every reed on which I lean for support pierces my soul. But who could have looked for *this* intelligence, or can I really believe she is gone,—my dear, lovely Charlotte? The long-hoped-for *Warren Hastings* has at length arrived. She died at sea in August. I feel almost stupefied, and repeat to myself, 'Dead! Dead!' Death seems to have taken possession of the world,

of mine at least; only three months after her mother! But oh! what was the cause of this tragedy? Who had she near her, and is there not even a trace of where she lies? My dearest Charlotte! For what *now* am I going to Calcutta, or *to whom?*

Here are letters from George, but I cannot read them or any others, nor can I even write. Oh! can I ever hope, believe, or trust again? Everything seems a dream about me. I may as well arrest the shadow of the departing sun or call the hues of the rainbow permanent, as anchor any hope on the shifting sands of human expectation.

*12th December.*—Nothing can exceed the kindness and sympathy of Mrs. Grant on this sad occasion. I am truly sensible of it, and try to bear it as firmly as I can. I now feel myself indeed alone, and fear anything which, by affecting my health, may increase my difficulties. What to do I know not. If I had remained with Lady D'Oyly I might easily have gone to Agra, and there James, on a short leave, might have met me.

George's plans seem more undecided than ever; I need not depend mine on him. Mrs. Grant had a long conversation with me to-night; she expressed herself as deeply feeling for a young woman, so unprotected. I cannot express the pang that touched me when she said: 'You cannot remain unmarried in India, without a home and protector. You may consider me unfeeling for pressing it on you, but as a single woman you must be miserable; whereas as a married one if you were not happy, you might be tranquil. The protection of your brothers is, from their profession, uncertain, and unless you can make up your mind to follow the advice I offer, you ought to return at once to England.' Heaven knows! the latter is the preferable alternative, and if the

*Royal George* has not sailed I shall gladly go home with Captain Reynolds, who is well known to my family. If anything can afford me comfort now it is the affection of Catherine and her children. Here my existence is a blank.

'With every ray of hope destroyed,  
Without a *wish* to gild the gloom.'

In one of George's letters he said he had settled I should go to Bishop's College on arriving, as Mrs. Allan's house was full of company. This is certainly additionally annoying, for the misery of going among strangers is indescribable with my present feelings.

We arrived at Chinsurah on the evening of the 12th. . . . Mrs. Grant went on shore to see Mrs. Lamb, who was staying there with her brother or Mrs. Sieveright. I felt it was more than I could bear, however I might like to meet Mrs. Lamb again. I remained alone waiting her return from that very spot so lately endeared by the happiest circumstances. *There* were the high trees we had so often loitered under; the house and garden of Colonel Tidy, *now* inhabited by some other commandant: the parade-ground which I so often watched to catch the first view of his figure returning; the quickened step, if he saw me waiting—all returned like the changes of a dream. How glad I felt now to be alone, to think, to weep without restraint.

Everything announces here the vicinity of Calcutta. Baggage-boats on the river, hackneys and coolies on the bank, the pretty country-house of the Governor at Barrackpore, told me I was soon to encounter again the strife of a large society. Alas! under what circumstances. We reached the Champaul ghaut where I had embarked one year since except a few

days. My bearer had all in readiness, so I had nothing to do. I sat gazing at the very stage on which I had seen Niel stand last, his dress, his very attitude before me. At length I felt I must rouse myself, on receiving a message from Mrs. Grant begging to speak with me. She told me I must not leave her that day, but spend it at the house of a friend where she was engaged; next morning I could drive to the College and let my boat and servants go on. This I assented to: my heart sunk at the idea of encountering strangers just then. I hoped a night's rest might compose my feelings, which were so agitated.

Mrs. G. was to occupy the house of a Highland friend, a Captain Forbes, who would take up *his* residence with a bachelor companion. He came on board and, after the ceremony of introduction, proposed Mrs. G. going off to the house as his carriage was waiting, and the rest of the party to follow with Miss Dickson at leisure. So we three went away, and Captain Forbes, after conducting Mrs. G. over the house, of which he reserved but one room for his books and drawings, said, as he might be in our way, he would go off and return in the evening to conduct us to the house where he was to live with Mr. Gordon, who, I believe, is one of the partners in the house of Mackintosh and Co. This young man was an early acquaintance of Mrs. G. and very prepossessing indeed. He was in the Engineers and seemed, as they generally are, very highly educated and clever.

There was only a small party at the house of Mr. Gordon. During dinner, my bearer returned from Bishop's College with a note from Mrs. Mill, saying she would send her carriage for me next morning, bringing me also letters from Dinapore which had been lying there some days; among these were

European letters, and I know not how many pages, closely written, from Fenton, deplored my insensibility and so forth. He seems determined to write me into compassion ; if he, or any other, could but see my heart and believe that the very name of marrying again turns my blood cold, he or they would cease to increase my real unhappiness. But this is one of the prominent miseries of my unprotected situation. After dinner, when Mrs. Grant was sitting by me in the drawing-room, she said : ‘Mr. —— is quite captivated by you, and has been making a thousand inquiries where you are going and when I will see you again.’ ‘Oh !’ I said, ‘in charity don’t speak of any more suitors, but help me to get quit of those who beset me elsewhere.’

As I have mentioned before, the evening is very brief here : dinner is concluded about nine, and after the ladies have left the room about a quarter of an hour, the parties break up. I felt very tired and thankfully went to bed, where I had at least bodily rest, though little sleep. By gunfire little Charlie was by my bed insisting on coming in to his ‘Aunty Bessie.’

Mrs. Grant promised to come and see me as soon as possible, and begged me often and kindly to support my spirits and let her know what I had decided on doing. She had met Mrs. Mill and believed her to be clever and well-informed, but knew nothing more. At all events she requested, whenever it was possible, I w·uld come to her, adding, ‘I require your assistance in various matters.’ I could not help shedding tears afresh when Mrs. Mill’s carriage was announced, and another moment saw me on the road to Garden Reach.

## VII

DECEMBER 16TH, 1827—APRIL 2ND, 1828

THE first glance at the lady of the house made me even more sad, from the indescribable influence of first impressions. She was many years older than Mrs. Gouldsbury, and as many shades darker, yet she was well bred and conversable, and seemed very affectionate to her sister. On reaching the drawing-room I saw a lady, a Mrs. Rose, one of the passengers by the *Warren Hastings*. She was a guest there until her marriage with a Mr. Rhind, brother of the lady who preceded me at Maldah. This was to me very interesting, as I might thereby obtain some information relative to my beloved Charlotte. Mrs. Rose was certainly no beauty, but had a fine figure and some manner. My unuttered thought was—‘I wonder why people marry after thirty-five.’ As Mrs. Mill conducted me to my room she gave me this information, and I believe I expressed something of the kind. She said it was an old attachment, and this altered the case.

At dinner I met Mr. Mill. He seemed very unlike my beau ideal of a genius, or even a man of high attainments; his figure and physiognomy were alike unprepossessing. I thought—‘All my preformed ideas are at fault if you are indeed a man of noble and enlarged mind.’ When dinner was concluded some little bustle in the verandah announced an arrival, and the name of Dr. Rhind excited my attention.

I felt interested to see one who had been loved in spite of time and change; but when I turned, my astonishment was extreme. The figure who entered was really more like Caliban than anything I had ever before laid mine eyes on. It would be vain to attempt any description—the swain being deaf, blind of one eye, and about five feet high. However, the parties seeming delighted with each other, I accepted Mrs. Mill's invitation to stroll on the bank of the river, and left them. She observed my surprise at his ‘outward man,’ and began some apologetic account of all his good qualities, and also mentioned his sister. The ladies, it appeared, were rather at variance, and it was a feud of many years' standing. Miss Rhind, however, was coming to Calcutta to be present at the wedding. I told Mrs. Mill of the aversion her sister seemed to have taken to her, and rather commiserated Mrs. Rose with such a relative and inmate. Mrs. M. defended her, and I, knowing nought of either, was quite content to forget them all.

On my return to the drawing-room we found Dr. Rhind gone and his place filled by some of the gentlemen of the Institution. There was also an additional lady, the wife of one of the professors, second in place to Mr. Mill and Mr. Homes; also three others, but of what grade I know not, one being quite as black as my satin slipper, the other rather equivocal in complexion; there was a Dane and a young English—*boy* I *should* have said, only he seemed to expect consideration as a *man*. I have not room for the others here; and on Mrs. Rose making room on a couch near her I sat down, and we commenced some of the preliminary commonplaces. Her manner was very frank and conversation lively and unrestrained, though 'she seemed ill at ease from some cause; and after questioning me how *I* liked India began a hearty condemnation of everything connected therewith,

making comparisons to the advantage of the West Indies where she had passed several years; and these I had heard often made before. Of course she knew not the language and had not an earthly friend, the gentleman residing in Calcutta and unable to remove any of the difficulties which strangers suffer so severely from, and which old residents entirely forget. She was of course under the guidance of Mrs. Mill, who was a complete Indian, both in nature and practice, and quite a stranger to English feelings, though she had been at school there. Mrs. Rose so pitifully bewailed her torment with ayahs and mosquitoes that I could not help laughing, while I admitted how real the evil was.

I told her it was in her own power to free herself from one of her miseries by banishing the ayahs, and that after a few fevers the mosquitoes might take a disrelish to her, but in the meantime I recommended her endurance 'of all things,' as it was quite vain to convince any one who had lost the perception of these grievances, how much those suffered to whom they were new. Mrs. Mill could no more exist without an ayah and her attendants than she could become a bird or fish! and I have observed it is seldom prudent to depart from the general beaten track *openly*; it seems like drawing a line between ourselves and others. It is quite enough to *feel* the difference, if it exists, without producing it to observation.

Mr. and Mrs. Mill are very musical: she plays delightfully, he sings. Also Mr. Somebody, the Dane, sang some beautiful national airs; the English youth wanted to be sentimental, but neither Mrs. Rose nor myself felt any inclination to indulge him in it. I was glad when time and opportunity favoured my retreat, and feeling no inclination to sleep I have spent this half hour in converse with you. Farewell. Good night. I wonder how I shall get over to-morrow.

18th December. *Bishop's College*.—I cannot yet feel at home here, nor think I ever shall. The whole party are so opposite in habits and feeling. Mrs. Rose is the best among them, and I really feel for her and think the sooner she is in a home of her own the better. Still I do not comprehend how she ever could bring herself to marry such a man, though I do think he is very amiable and seems beyond measure devoted to her. He was not, I believe, in days of yore what he is now in appearance, having become deaf from fever, and lost his eye by an accident.

'From Indus to the Pole' things move, I believe, on the same principle. Ladies are jealous, sisters-in-law quarrel. As I sat writing the morning after my arrival I heard Mrs. R. and Mrs. M. in conversation in the same room, and as the dialogue was carried on aloud I had no reason to suppose it was not intended for me; though I did not wish to be disturbed at the moment, snatches of the subject would intrude while I was mending my pen or otherwise disengaged. Mrs. R. was detailing her ancient wrongs from Mr. R.'s sisters, all they had *said*, had *done*, had *intended*! And it did seem they had been rather bitter; why, I did not see, for certainly she was superior to anything he had a right to hope for in a wife.

Afterwards she introduced the subject to me, and said nothing could have induced her to come out to him if she had not understood his sister was married, or to be married immediately. I tried to comfort her by telling her that by what I had heard the young lady was not single from choice, and would doubtless soon bless some happy person with her hand and amiable qualifications. I sit with her most of my time, it often leads my mind from my own miseries, besides that she has given me much and painful information relative

to my poor Charlotte's death, although unable to tell what was the immediate cause; she appeared to sink daily without any, and to suffer from the most hopeless depression of spirits; some unseen grief was evidently consuming her. *This detail did not surprise me.* . . . The account she gave of Mr. Gough's whole conduct was shocking; she said openly, Charlotte seemed additionally wretched when he was near her and shunned all society. He seemed careless of everything but his own amusement or personal gratification.

There is a good library here, which is to me an unspeakable relief. . . . Mr. Mill I rarely meet but in the evening, and he is so absent in his manners as to be almost a Dominie Sampson. He is said to possess a highly cultivated mind, and to be an excellent classical scholar; indeed, he could not be in his present situation unless he were such. On the whole I don't think scholars agreeable companions generally, or perhaps I am not suited to them; be that as it may, I observe the happiness of life depends much more on the qualities of the heart than the head; I would never place them in comparison. I like to see the *effect* of learning, but hardly care for the display of the thing itself, and doubt if books can enlarge all minds, or bestow that decision and consistency, that humanising liberality which alone makes one man superior to another. To my taste, learning sits easier on a soldier than any other, the habits and changes of his life leave no time for the rust of pedantry to collect and divest his manners of the polish of good society. He leads a life of action not of speculation. The most accomplished men I have ever met are those whose cultivated minds were directed to render the ordinary tenor of domestic life happy, its relationships blessedness in their exercise and fulfilment.

I have often thought if a person entirely abstracted from the occupations and interests of life, individually, were merely to observe the variety of pursuits, divisions, and projects, which agitate the society such a person moved in, what a curious picture of human life it would afford. Such a case is very nearly *mine*. *My world has passed from me*; I have for myself neither hope nor fear. I cannot be worse, nor greatly better. The sorrow, the suspense, the hope, the happiness of past existence is only to me here as a tale that was told.

Some writer says, ‘The sure method to obtain the favour of all persons is by being a patient listener.’ I am a listener from necessity, but very far from a *patient* one. I am a *silent* one, because I see the folly of endeavouring to combat prejudice, and indeed with common minds you run the risk of doing more harm than good, by offering advice. Were I capable of assuming the office, the one to whom I should offer counsel would stand high indeed in my opinion. Yet the strong require aid as certainly as the weak, for the firmest mind is subject to occasional lapses, from the influence of the feelings bearing too keenly on particular points. We all know that we distinguish more clearly an object a little removed, than when just before one’s eyes. So says Bacon in his little volume of *Essays*, a work equally replete with beauty and truth.

There is at present a most dreadful warfare going on in this quiet-looking habitation, the merits of which I am ignorant of, having only heard one side of the story. The late Bishop Heber, who requires no eulogium I can offer, brought as Chaplain from Bombay a Mr. Robinson, who is, I am told, a most elegant scholar as well as agreeable man, and there were few better judges on these points than the excel-

lent and amiable Bishop. Mr. Robinson was living here for some time I believe, assisting in translating the Bible into some Oriental tongue not generally known; also during the illness of Mr. Mill he performed his duties, and both families, for a time, resided together. But there arose some terrible and unappeasable quarrel between the ladies, some point of precedence,—in fact I know not what, only that Mrs. Robinson was an Englishwoman and not inclined to give the lead to Mrs. Mill, whose birth was a disadvantage her fair antagonist failed not to make the most of. Whatever was the origin of the quarrel between the gentlemen, the enmity of the ladies kept it alive, and the most unchristian and excessive dislike separates them. I don't know how Doctors of Divinity give each other the lie and then meekly go into the pulpit to preach of charity 'suffering long and being kind.' Mr. Mill has no command of temper, and it makes me really nervous to listen to what is here the prevalent topic, at breakfast, at dinner, and the Vesper song.

Well! I am told Mr. Robinson never speaks about the matter, neither justifies himself or accuses his adversary. But I understand the subject is to be referred to Bishop James on his arrival, as it seems impossible to close the breach or reconcile the parties. Sometimes when I feel quite bewildered with listening to this theme, I escape into my room, and by and by Mrs. Rose knocks at the door and she commences the story of *her* wrongs and all her dismal forebodings. But I can *laugh* with her, which with the others is impossible.

The lives of most ladies in India appear to a stranger most unprofitable and frivolous (I say *appear*, for none can tell what a lady's *thoughts* may be, when she is lying on her couch), at least during the day. There are, however, some busy moments;

the arrangement and choice of dress fill up many, and it is canvassed as if life and death were at issue, especially among country-born ladies, whose dirzees have certainly no sinecure. Poor patient things! they sit on their mats, with such a mournful aspect, too often beholding the wreck of their industry. I do assure you I saw a lady whose gown was shorter in the waist than it should have been, tear it off in fragments, throw them at the culprit, and order *him* to provide new muslin for another, otherwise he should be dismissed without his two months arrears being discharged.

It sometimes makes me laugh, what I listen to and what I see. A poor excellent lady, I suppose her to be such, after days of deliberation had fixed on a dress for going to Government House in. I assisted her to the best of my judgment, aided by recollections of Regent Street, to select a trimming which was put in her hands. Unfortunately she went to Calcutta, and learning there of the arrival of a young lady at the house of an acquaintance, she drove six miles in the burning noon, on the chance of finding her at home, and obtaining some more novel pattern. The ladies were not at home, so she wrote at the house a petition expressive of her wants, and returned, agitated by many hopes and fears. Next evening a chupprassy arrived with a volume of the *Ladies' Magazine* containing models of the latest trimmings. You really must have pitied me; every soul in the house was taken into council; she pursued me from room to room. 'My dearest Mrs. Campbell, here is the very thing, what a lovely flounce, what a sweet trimming!' Then the next moment it would be, 'Oh, Mrs. Campbell, here is another more beautiful!'

The result of all this was—none was decided on, and finally, the dirzee forced to complete an inferior one in such haste it had to be half stitched, half pinned on her gown at the last

moment, during which you may fancy the lady's temper. I was lying on my couch in my dressing-gown reading, not being of this or any other party, when the ayah came crying to the door, giving me Mem Sahib's salaam, so I proceeded to her room and such a scene there! All the dirzees of all the ladies at this unhappy gown, and, to make matters worse, the arrangement of her hair was unfortunate. The ayah through fear had failed, and my assistance was the last hope. Poor thing, if she had but believed that no soul would ever think about it, or perhaps look at her, she might have spared a world of woe. We tried flowers, then gauze, curls, everything that might remedy the evil, with little success, for the difficulty lay in the scantiness of the lady's hair, and she wished it to have the same effect of Miss — just arrived from Ireland in the blossom of youth and beauty, fair seventeen, and with luxuriant hair; and *what art* could effect her wishes? After trying to adjust some refractory tresses she suddenly exclaimed, 'How *you* are to be envied!' I stared at her; she then explained it was my hair she coveted. You may fancy how infinitely I was relieved when the whole party, servants and all, were gone off, and I left to enjoy the perusal of *The Epicurean*, which I had just opened when summoned to this conference.

The other evening I heard Mrs. Heber's name frequently repeated, and rather with some terms bordering on censure. I was much surprised; from all I had ever learned, I believed her to be a most amiable and talented woman, in short such a wife as we expect to meet with *such* a man. There was something she had done which they were discussing, and pronounced it 'not consistent with strict propriety.' I was considerably relieved to find it was some particular trimming omitted on her bonnet.

20th December.—I was not a little disappointed to-day to have my letter to Captain Reynolds returned from Kedgeree, the *Royal George* having sailed. I could have gone home with him with much comfort, as Mrs. R. was on board, and I might have been sure of more attention in case of illness than I could otherwise expect. But this is past, and no remedy that I can see. I most anxiously expect letters from George or James; if they knew how uncomfortable I feel here, I am sure they could not wish me to remain.

22nd December.—How strange I felt it to be at a wedding and dressed in bridal finery. . . . Mrs. Rose requested I would go with her. The ceremony was to take place in the cathedral at 10 o'clock, and there was quite an undertaking to get across the river and assemble in due time. I really did feel for her, she seemed to feel herself so friendless. I forgot to notice the arrival of Miss Rhind, and how particularly disagreeable, ugly, and audacious she was; nevertheless she and Mrs. Mill appear sworn allies. I could see that everything Mrs. R. did was an opening for censure and comment. What a formidable business it was; a very large party had assembled before us, most of them strangers to Mrs. R. as well as myself, and some did me the honour of supposing *me* to be the bride.

There is something to me very sorrowful in the ceremonial of a wedding; even where the happiest circumstances combine, it affects the feelings. Mrs. R. was past that time of life when youth and inexperience appeals to the heart, but I felt for her, though she must be more comfortable in the freedom of her own house than she has been, beset with the cuckoo song of, ‘You must do this and must have that.’

Some of the wedding party reassembled at the college at a

late tiffin or early dinner. I was wearied to death and hardly heard anything that was passing till Colonel — of the artillery said, 'Is there any one here interested in the arrivals at Madras?' Several voices said 'No!' I waited to know the worst, recollecting that no account of George had yet reached me. He went on: 'There has been a dreadful gale or hurricane, vast loss among the shipping, and many vessels driven out to sea not yet heard of.' I then, as calmly as I could, inquired if he knew the names of any which had been lost, and, my face betraying my alarm, he seemed much concerned at having mentioned it, offering to send me from Calcutta the paper containing the detail. But I was too anxious to wait, and sent off my bearer to Mr. Allan, begging he would let me know what had happened. He sent me the papers, accompanied by an assurance that the ship George sailed in must have arrived long before the gale, and certainly was not among those that had suffered either wreck or injury. He also mentioned Jane's earnest wish to see me, which her approaching confinement prevented her attempting, and renewed their request that whenever their guest Mrs. Paxton sailed for Penang I would visit and remain with them while in Calcutta. This was very kindly meant, and I felt I must exert myself and call on her. I was thankful they had changed their residence, for I could hardly have borne to return to Ballygunge.

Before I received this letter I had mentioned to Mrs. M. that I felt anxious, and that, if she would excuse my leaving her drawing-room, being unsuited for society, I would walk along the bank of the river until my bearer returned, and departed. Feeling increased reluctance to return, I took the path to the Botanic Garden, which is so close as to almost be a part of the compound. . . . It was comparative felicity to

be there alone, to escape from a crowd of strangers. . . . The shaded walk resembled a row of English elms; I hardly recollect where I was till the slender palmira and coca trees proclaimed another region of earth, and one at this moment beautiful indeed to both eye and imagination. The broad river was a perfect mirror, the boats on its surface, the elegant houses on the opposite bank, the palm trees and huts were all reflected with unerring fidelity. I stood for many minutes, fixed in attention, before I could turn from so sweet a scene even to enter the garden, in itself so attractive.

The last botanic garden I had seen was that of Glasgow, where I went with Niel and Mrs. Lang and her daughter; the tropical plants, the pomegranate, the plaintain and datura, were carefully secured by glass. Here they grew in native luxuriance on a spot which seemed borrowed from the jungle, the background being composed of ancient trees. It is most advantageously laid out with a happy adherence to nature, some parts allotted to shrubs, others to spice trees, again to flowers of which the scent was exquisite although the names unknown. But one year since how delighted I should have been here, even now the sadness it inspired was not pain but melancholy. The evening began to close and the waters took a deeper shade. When I say waters I mean the tanks, bordered with tall and drooping palm and date trees, the grass smooth as velvet sloping down to the water, which at intervals showed the long, pendulous leaves stirring, as a sigh of the evening breeze stole among them and wafted the delicious odour of the chumpa or white-blossomed magnolia. . . . I sat until I recollect ed the necessity of returning, to prevent any observations on my absence.

I mentioned to Mrs. Mill that night that I was very anxious to visit a friend who could not call on me, if she would let me

have her boat the first day it was disengaged. . . . On arriving in Fairley Place I sent for Mr. A., not wishing to make my appearance to her unannounced. Putting any sympathy with me out of the question, it was natural she should feel the loss of her cousin. Mr. Allan accordingly went to her dressing-room where I shortly followed him. She seemed very affectionate and much affected, and I did strive all in my power to recover myself. After sitting some hours, during which she again made me promise to come to her, she spoke with much feeling of the pitiable situation of Mrs. Paxton, then daily expecting to quit them. Her husband was an assistant-surgeon, stationed at Benares, I believe, and being rather delicate was recommended change of air, to get to the coast if possible. They came down the Ganges without any apprehension, nor did he consider himself worse, until they reached Chinsurah, when his malady underwent a sudden and alarming change. He felt himself dying, and, I believe, was unable to do more than express a wish to see Allan, whom she sent for half distracted; he had hardly reached the budgerow when the scene closed, and the poor young woman was left there a widow, without relative or even acquaintance save Allan, who removed her with her delicate infant to his house. Jane expressed the shock she received to have been terrible, having no suspicion of the case. The first thing she saw was her husband bringing in this poor young creature.

*25th December.—Christmas day*, the second I have seen in India. . . . With what a heart-sinking feel I came to breakfast. . . . At that moment one word of kindness would have made the tears gush, but the apathy of all there made me struggle to repress them. I joined the party going to the college chapel; I recollect for what purpose the observance

of that day was enjoined, and felt it indeed a privilege to call God my Father, and implore His direction and aid under whatever lot He was pleased to assign me.

Yet my heart bled at the remembrance of home, I could not restrain my tears all the time I knelt. I believe the traces were very visible during the conclusion of the service, when the heat obliged me to throw up the only covering on my head, a white veil. I frequently met Lady Ryan's eyes fixed on me, not with an intrusive scrutiny, but an expression of sensibility very intelligible to me; she is, I believe, a most amiable, domestic woman; her sister Miss Whitmore is, too, a very fine young woman, with a countenance like Hebe. They came to pay a visit after service, but I did not go into the room, my heart felt too much oppressed. I sat at my window trying to compose myself; the more I strove my tears came faster. I sat with the Bible on my knee, but could not distinguish a line. At dinner there were several persons in addition to the party, and all seemed very merry, and some I thought very cruel. It was evident, from various indications, they had been talking of *me*, and some observations were made for *me to hear*, of ladies making a display of their feelings to attract *admiration*. As soon as dinner was over, I felt I could not conceal my disgust and went to my room, intending to go to the garden when the air was cool. My bearer came to my door with a number of up-country letters: one from my dear Lady D'Oyly, which at that moment was a salutary communication and nerved me against the want of courtesy, not to speak of unkindness, of those about me. A very kind letter from Dr. Patterson, full of kind inquiries, and one from Fenton, who is determined never to cease from writing, though it be to little purpose.

These letters engaged me until the air was cool, and then

I took my favourite path to the gardens, through that long shaded walk. It was then, what rarely occurs, a calm and clouded evening, something peculiarly European. The river reflected a darkened sky, not the glare of blue generally visible. There was not a leaf stirring, and the boats glided on with the mere impulse of the stream, like Time, bearing on our frail bark to the gulf of Eternity. I could not then help tracing the changes brought by each anniversary of that day.

On Christmas 1826 I was at Calcutta, gay, happy, and unthinking of change or sorrow. We dined on that day with Mrs. Bruce, an Armenian lady; well I recollect my spirits in dressing and Niel watching and approving,—our walk home at night and conversation on all that had passed. In 1825 I spent Christmas day at Kilderry, and it was a sad one. Charlotte was in Bath, John in London, Henry at Bombay, George at sea, and dear Mrs. Hart was so wretched about him, she was unable to leave her bed, I spent many hours at her bedside trying to support her spirits. How well I remember going to dinner alone with the General, the wind howling so mournfully through the old trees by the window; I vainly attempted to converse with him. . . . But who would have prophesied *then* that the same vacancy caused by absence should soon be rendered permanent by death? That he who then sat in melancholy abstraction before me was destined to be the desolate survivor of wife and children, that we were both destined to lament for all that made life desirable? . . . Still further back I might have traced each annual change, but twilight rapidly obscured the way and I returned towards the house. I tried to say and *feel* ‘Thy will be done,’ and to convince myself that the inscrutable ways of God were *one* day to be cleared of doubt and mystery. Yet with this feeling

returned a sad conviction that, however I may have suffered and been chastened, still the blessed fruits of repentance, faith, and hope in God were far from my heart; I have not yet been brought to see God in the storm, though well knowing that before the breath of His displeasure my whole fabric of earthly happiness has been scattered like dust in the whirlwind. I *see* the wreck of my ‘House built upon the sand,’ but alas! am yet far from the Rock of Ages, which alone can shelter and defend.

*30th December, Sunday.*—I woke this morning feeling very sad and ill too, commencing it as I had ended yesterday by shedding bitter tears, knowing that there was another struggle of twelve hours to commence. I was too unwell to go to church, but hastened to dress and join the breakfast-party, making it a point to give as little trouble as I can and not to absent myself without cause. I often sit for hours endeavouring to catch some conversation in which I may take a part, lest silence should be misconstrued into ill-humour.

My whole mind is filled with astonishment and disgust on listening to the terrible acrimony towards many whom I know not only to be blameless but exemplary. I absolutely could not have believed that a circle of persons existed so wholly devoid of liberality and feeling as these with whom the dark thread of my destiny has entwined me. I had often been told that half-castes had no sympathy with Europeans, but I rejected it as an illiberal sentence on a whole race. Now I do believe, for I *see* and *hear* it.

I sometimes ask myself if this misery can ever pass away, if I am indeed indissolubly united to grief and disappointment. My residence with Eliza D’Oyly in one respect has been a disadvantage; accustomed to her large and elegant mind, her taste, her sensibility, all others seem as beings of an inferior

order. How sad to remember her smile, her voice, the touch of her dear hand. If I were less miserable I could smile at the importance attached to dress and etiquette. . . . Perhaps it is that those whose pretensions and place in society are not fully established attach that import to observances and omissions which persons who *feel* themselves in their proper sphere never question or remember, and either adopt or reject at pleasure.

I have been revolving again the impossibility of continuing here and almost determine I will go to Agra. I cannot wait any longer for George's either approval or dissent, for my position here is intolerable, and I am compelled to meet rudeness which I ought not to submit to. I must go, but the length of the journey and my delicate health makes it an undertaking of much difficulty. To go alone is nearly impossible. I will write to Eliza D'Oyly about it, and as Mrs. Grant has so many acquaintances perhaps she may find some one going up the country with whom I could travel. Having made this resolve I joined the company at dinner and passed the evening (for I was too ill to go out) listening to abuse of Mr. Robinson and the Archdeacon Corrie, relieved with occasional wrangling about schools and religious dogmas.

If *these* are the effects of learning and reform I think the Hindoos are better off in their present unenlightened state. *These* preceptors should commence with the reformation of their own tempers and hearts. But *this* change can only be effected by the grace of God; there is no effort of natural reason can do it.

After going into my room, my bearer, whom I had sent to the post-office, returned and presented at my door a large packet of letters from England. Oh! if I could but express to you the joy I felt at the sight, just when I pronounced

my heart so desolate. Among others one from dear Catherine contained some beautiful pencilled sketches of the scenes around Dungiven, those dear and favourite spots she knew I could not forget, and this little act of remembrance 'fell on my heart like dew on withered flowers.' I had never before felt what it was to be treated with open incivility, and the pledge which this offered that there were still left those who loved and whose love could not fail, was indeed a consolation.

I found an addition to the party this morning in Mr. Elphinston. He is a gentlemanlike man and seems fond of Mrs. Mill, more so than Mrs. Gouldsbury. Indeed, though not partial to either, I think she is the best of the two, and if she had been born and educated in England, might have been very different. There is one point I think decidedly *amiable* in her: she speaks of Mrs. Elphinston with so much more kindness than her sister did, and she had more cause to feel the father's marriage, having been so many years mistress of his family.

I had a visit from the surgeon of the *Warren Hastings*, who seems a very pleasing young man, though much encumbered with *mauvaise honte*. He gave me the most melancholy detail of poor Charlotte's death, which made my heart bleed. Poor girl! he said it was almost impossible to say what was the original cause of her death, he was not called in till her case was beyond remedy; . . . she seemed a prey to grief, never slept, and scarcely ceased to weep; was evidently unhappy with her husband, and seemed averse to his being in her sight. She lamented after her mother incessantly. Dr. Graham said he sincerely believed that if

they had met a homeward-bound ship in which she might have returned, she would have lived; that if any one ever died of distress of mind she was the one; and joined with me in lamenting that one so beautiful and talented should have been thus cut off, almost without cause. . . . I could not but coincide with his opinion—indeed, I had reasons for believing it too well founded, that he was ignorant of. He offered to convey to Ireland anything I might wish to send, and expressed a wish to obtain an introduction to some of her family, thinking it very probable misrepresentations would be given. Indeed I believe she had requested him to do this. Poor thing! she little thought the fond mother she lamented for was already beyond the reach of sorrow.

2nd January 1828.—

'Another year, it cannot be  
Such as the last has been to me.'

The waters cannot flow *back* to the fountain, nor can my happiness be renewed, but I may be restored to the consolations of friendship and humanity. Oh! may it please the Almighty to mitigate the real evils I do now suffer, to lead me into a less thorny path.

A large party assembled here this morning for the avowed purpose of visiting the Botanic Garden. There were a number of girls just arrived from England, and this party was made partly for them. There were four of one family, who even in England would have been considered very handsome; the eldest was quite beautiful, and consequently there attended a train of gentlemen and admirers. The mamma herself was a very fine woman, not past the meridian of life, and evidently

felt all a mother's delight at the acknowledged loveliness of her daughters. As the visit to the gardens was of necessity deferred till sunset, there was to be a three o'clock dinner and music to pass the morning. I admired this elegant girl even more from her evident unwillingness to be shown off; in fact at all these parties there is such a glaring want of the refinement of English habits, a girl must in self-defence surmount her feelings and perform the part assigned in the pageant. *She*, however, was too recently arrived to be perfect in this part, and her visible wish to retreat from the admiration her voice and beauty excited rendered her doubly attractive.

I saw none else who interested me; . . . my mind was out of tune, and I gradually retreated into a little apartment, a kind of library, at one end of the building. . . . I generally write there, and, from the manner in which doors lie open, sometimes listen to curious dialogues in the general reception-room next to it; I don't mean private conversation, as such must compel me to announce my vicinity. To listen in this way without seeing the speaker, has the same effect with closing your ears and seeing people dance.

There was a beautiful Indiaman, I believe the *Ganges*, lying with all sail spread, preparing to depart for England, and I took possession of a couch where this fine and interesting object occupied all my attention,—a little world on the waters, —and what variety of human hope and fear, anticipation and regret, might it contain! I could not look without a sigh on what might so soon restore me to home and kindred. I hardly observed that a gentleman had taken his position at the other window, till he spoke, being enough acquainted for that intercourse, and I perceived him also led there by the same desire of being alone, though we frustrated each other's purpose. I found his conversation very agreeable, and very unlike the

rest of the party. He spoke as if he *thought*. We compared our ideas of India; his formed after twenty-four years' residence, mine after one, and it was curious to observe on some points the coincidence. He was then just preparing to revisit England, and the workings of a sensitive mind were visible in the foreboding he seemed to have, more of what he should *miss* than what he should meet. He had lately left Agra, and knew my cousins the Campbells there. It seemed too as if my name was not unknown to him. We conversed much on the vicissitudes of life there, and the probable revolutions even one year might produce, among the youthful and happy faces round us. I told him I suspected him to be the 'Old Bengalee,' whose writings, in one of the Calcutta papers, almost equal the 'Subaltern.'

After a few languid hours, the business of eating superseded the charms of music, however wisely the siren might have charmed, and I was well pleased that my afore-mentioned acquaintance maintained his position by my side, as he was the only conversable person I had met for a long time. I have often told you what especial pleasure I take in the society of an old soldier. . . . Though I ought not to fix on Major — the appellation of 'old soldier,' for he is not in reality such, but twenty-four years in India anticipates time. He looks, I dare say, that number of years older than what he really is, and I should hope that he may yet have many years of enjoyment to come, although I have been so sadly instructed of the teaching of hope, whose vanishing illusions the heart blindly clings to. I feel sadly convinced of the disappointment that must await *him*, and all returning with the vain hope of finding home as it was, when they left it.

Alas! How can we dream that the spring of life may be renewed, when we carry in our own hearts the germ of pain?

*There* are the graves of lost happiness and hope. What fellow mortal, be his lot ever so fair,

'After long years spent in the stormy world,'

can look back without emotion to the vivid feelings with which he set out on the journey? Suppose that worldly advancement was his object, and that he *has* attained it, where are those for whom perhaps he toiled, watched, and endured long years of exile from his native land, from all the ties of youth and affection? How few of those he left may now remain to meet him, and fewer still unchanged by time. . . . It is not *here* that he can find what he seeks, some being to feel *with* and *for* him. He cannot form friendships with the young, and advanced life has but small share of enthusiasm. *How could it?* when our daily progress and practice all tend to dispel this, and every delusion of which our dream of happiness is composed, and thus the poor Bengalee is left to feel

'That life's enchanted cup but sparkles at the brim,'

when the trials arising from overwrought feeling and exhausted health do more demand the solace of domestic affection. . . .

How many feelings of this nature were filling my heart at the moment I was trying to converse, where all around me were gay, gay and youthful faces, gay dresses, among which mine was the only one of mourning. Husbandless, fatherless, friendless I sat there, as isolated as if I had belonged to another race of beings; the only creature who seemed to have a heart was the stranger who sat at my side.

About four o'clock we went off to the gardens, with which the girls just arrived were delighted. . . . I believe the greatest wonder to all present, as it had been long before to myself, was a magnificent-banyan tree. How little had any written description ever conveyed to me a just idea of its extent, nor do

I know how to find any that might express it to you, however desirous you should have some conception of such a sublime object. Imagine one mighty trunk, or rather an assemblage of stems grown together; from the wide extended lateral branches, roots descend and take root, increasing in thickness till they too assume the appearance of pillars, perfectly straight, smooth and polished. When this form is perfect, from the spot where the root first descended, other branches shoot out, extending in regular distances and forming another and a wider circle; they throw down roots which form another family of pillars outside the first; if there was space, how far this extension might progress is beyond calculation. Already the tree seems to have stood for centuries, strengthened by its own reproduction. The eye is relieved and delighted by the variety of luxuriant creepers, twining round these pillars, clothing them in wreaths of the most glowing hues and glossy foliage; the roots of these seeming like monstrous cables on the ground, where they had precisely the same twisted, rope-like appearance. I had never heard of this tree, and came on it accidentally one evening; I stood and gazed for minutes without moving, almost without breathing. . . . The only object to which it afforded any degree of comparison was a mighty cathedral, as I stood by the trunk and saw each circle of pillars and arches extend and diminish in beautiful perspective. On one side the last branches drooped into the river, and a faint breeze from the water at intervals put the leaves and flowers of the light creepers into quivering motion, and a stream of moonlight, clear as day, in many places falling on them, produced an effect I never can forget. There was but one poet who could have described it justly, he

'Who stood within the Coliseum's walls  
'Mid the chief relics of almighty Rome.'

For me, I could only gaze, and again adore the wonder-working hand, which had permitted such an object to arise in the trackless desert.

Twilight now reminded the young and old alike to separate, as they had to cross the river and return to their homes to dress for dinner, and recommence their search after happiness. For some of the party this was all fair and natural; while the youthful and buoyant spirit animates them in its pursuit, wherefore should they not seek for that which *few* can find, but *none retain*? I saw one by one descend to the ghaut, and as they glided off strange thoughts passed over my mind, as if *they* were but visionary forms, and the whole pageant a dream. . . . All were gone! those gay and beautiful girls just launched into a new era of existence. Before another year what changes will have taken place; they will all have married, few fine-looking girls remain single longer; and *then* who will predict their future destiny?

I felt rejoiced that accident separated me from the rest who were returning to the college, some were much in advance, others as much in the rear. Every day increases my dislike and discomfort, to be among these amiable reformers of the faults and follies of mankind. All the wisdom of the Egyptians cannot counterbalance a bad temper and weak mind. Then vanity walking abroad in the cloak of religion is worse than in any other guise. I forbear to ask the most trifling question about the establishment, lest I should get into some scrape with these merciless people, but it evidently is going on very badly. It wants respectability, which it never will acquire while a half-caste is mistress, for no ladies of influence will take an active interest in its support. His irritability keeps the better part of the clergy aloof altogether. If people in England could just see what I see, and hear

what I hear, they would apply their money and time to better purpose.

*4th January.*—I have been so ill these two days I really am wretched beyond expression. . . . I had asked Mrs. Mill to let her woman bring me a bottle of hot water, which she did bring, and *left on the floor without a cork*; consequently I could make no use of it. Oh! how bitterly I cried over the idea of all the love and tenderness so lately lavished on me. I have lain on my couch the most of the day shivering with cold, though wrapped in two Indian shawls.

Mrs. Mill has had a busy evening preparing for a ball at Government House. She asked me to assist her with some part of her hairdressing, in short, to arrange it like my own. This was quite impossible, for it is the quantity of mine which produces the effect I cannot make in hers, but I did my very best on the occasion, and oh, what a business dressing without youth, grace, or beauty is! Miss Rhind spent the day with her, and I had the pleasure of being left *tête-à-tête* with this lady, towards whom I have a perfect aversion. After tea she began to speak of Mrs. M. and Mrs. Gouldsbury, evidently to induce me to communicate my opinions, which design I saw and resolved to frustrate. I therefore changed the conversation, but again and again she renewed it, with observations on half-castes and European ladies, and very much of the same style. I lost all patience, and called my bearer for my writing-box, saying I had some letters to send by the *Warren Hastings*, and I could perceive that the lady was much disappointed that I would not commit myself.

*7th January.*—We went yesterday to visit Mrs. Rhind, who begged, beseeched me to come and stay with her for a little, which I would readily do, were it not for my horror of being in the house with her sister-in-law. She has got a superb

house indeed, and the little doctor seems so enraptured with her, it is quite amusing; poor soul! she requires it all.

10th January.—While walking by the river, almost dark, a messenger arrived with the intelligence of Bishop James being at Kedgeree; you cannot fancy anything like the commotion here; the preparation made by Mill to go off and meet him with packets of charges and complaints against Mr. Robinson, to lose no time in fixing on the Bishop's mind an unfavourable impression. Often did I sigh over poor human nature as I looked and listened. A few days will determine the effect of this measure; I should think it would impress the Bishop with a feeling very contrary to what they intend. I quietly went on my way rejoicing that they were too much engaged to miss me, and presently found myself in my usual seat in the Botanic Garden.

That garden, I never, never shall forget it; how have I watched for the hour I might hide in it, though in my soreness of heart I believe I have fancied the innocent trees half-castes or Cambridge divines, decorated with fiery tongues, instead of glowing blossoms; I feared they would stride out of the ground and pursue me. . . . A little plantation of coffee skirted by mahogany trees is one of my favourite resorts; nor can I walk through it without remembering the eager curiosity with which in childhood I turned the pages of my botanical history to copy its leaves and berries, or recalling the vision of a winter night at home—my father reading, my sweet mother and Catherine working, George and James drawing—James, his blue eyes and shining fair hair, the open forehead tinged by the transparent veins, the quick and intelligent glance, my dear brother! . . . What was it to me to see the clustering blossoms of the chumpa, or the snowy flowers of the magnolia, when I thought of the spreading branches of

the sycamore under which we used to spread our tiny hay-cocks, and remember that *he*, like myself, was wasting in mind and health in this pernicious climate. . . . If tears did wither flowers these could not last long, for many a tear *I shed over them.*

When too late longer to ruminate among the flowers, I must turn my steps towards 'that gloomy pile where sadness never dies,' said poor Mary, and though I am not a queen, as a woman and an unhappy one, the case admits of a parallel. My shortened path is through that line of teak-trees, whose roots, strewn with withered leaves, rustle and display beneath the revolting object of skulls without number dragged by the voracious jackals from the river. These cross my path so fearlessly, it makes me often shudder, combined with the effect of their wild, dire cry.

When I returned with these excited feelings I found the whole party in solemn Divan, and perceived that something terrible had taken place. I assumed my wonted seat, and would not even read, lest it might be supposed a failure in politeness, so waited with resignation till the tale did itself unfold. It was even this,—a select party at Government House, to which they were not invited, though Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were, who had also been at the last. I could hardly have credited the importance attached to this circumstance, and can only account for it by the precarious position half-castes hold in society.

I have never before been so long without letters from James. He is, I believe, on his return to Jaulnah, and supposes I am with George. This is miserable, indeed, and

makes me still more anxious to go to Agra, where I am sure of finding in George Lawrence an affectionate friend. He seems quite delighted at the idea of my being near him there.

Next day there was such a bustle; the bishop wished to see the college and chapel, and a large party, in addition to his own family, were to come to breakfast. They did come, and the appearance of the bishop was very prepossessing. He was not young, but there was something very interesting in his mild and dignified aspect. His wife was a very fine-looking young woman about twenty-four. . . . They were a very gay, happy party, and seemed to be pleased with themselves and the whole world.

Next morning I received from Mr. Allan a note mentioning the birth of his son, also that Mrs. Paxton had left them, and Jane was most anxious to see me, and much more to this effect. I have accordingly decided on going from hence in a day or two, for let my further motions be what they may, there is no necessity for my remaining here to be miserable.

*Fairley Place, 24th January.*—Another long interval, though I can hardly tell the cause, unless a continual occupation of my time in little matters. . . . Thank heaven, I am much more comfortable than when I last laid down my pen, though my health is far from good,—indeed I suffer very much, but this is easily borne in comparison. I find Jane extremely kind and affectionate, and pass much of every day with Mrs. Grant, and she is such a light-hearted, happy being, there is no such thing as being dull near her. It is remarkable how essentially a woman's character is operated on by the motives and excitements she may have. Nothing could once have made me believe that Jane could ever be what she now is; from a

thoughtless, extravagant girl she is changed into an affectionate, prudent mother, devoted to her child, regardless of every personal exertion or inconvenience. There is one part of her change which grieves me to observe, that of her health. She at times has that beautiful hectic glow which too surely indicates lurking disease. It is a great pity she could not nurse her boy, who is a fine strong creature, and she is obliged to resign to another, and a native woman, the pleasure of nursing him. I never saw a mother who did not nurse so fond of the child. . . . These nurses are actual pests; they know they cannot be dispensed with. She very wisely trusts nothing to them, and has all the toil of a nurse herself. To relieve her a little I insist on her going to bed at nine, and I sit in the room and watch the child till about one o'clock. She has perfect confidence in me, knowing I love children, and have been much with them, and this is one reason why I have not written since my arrival, the hour I used to appropriate to that purpose being no more my own.

The heat is much greater here than at Garden Reach, and I feel this month much hotter than last year; perhaps it is my strength is reduced. My appetite is quite gone; every exertion is a labour to me; I feel a listlessness I cannot conquer. Added to these uncomfortable sensations I really am very unhappy at never having received a line from James or George, and I see no prospect of being able to go to Agra. If I cannot get there before the hot winds commence, I need not attempt it after.

✓ I never saw anything like Mrs. Grant's activity, I do think she is over the most of Calcutta every day. She calls on me after breakfast, and as fast as horses can drive we go from bazaar to bazaar. . . . After all this bustle during the morning

she generally drives out, having so many friends in town, and Miss Dickson at home to take care of the children. I frequently return to Fairley Place so tired that I go to my bed without dining. But generally Jane insists on my going to the Course, as, whether you are ill or well, to drive in the evening is considered a thing of necessity. They have a nice carriage which duly attends me. Yet no part of the day is so melancholy to me as this drive, the solitude of being alone in a crowd is here manifested. There are a few I know, but the bow of a passing acquaintance is such a cold and heartless thing. I drive almost unconsciously to and fro, and see very many seeming as comfortless as myself, while a few of the young and gay render the contrast more striking. Almost all whom I had known as new arrivals have gone up the country.

This evening while I was writing a letter, Jane and Mrs. Bruce (an Armenian lady) came into my dressing-room and asked me to look at some silks and ribbands they were choosing from a box-wallah outside. As it was too hot for writing, I laid my pen aside and went with them into the lobby. I believe my indifference provoked the ladies who were consulting me, and a display of dress always makes me melancholy from its contrast with my own. In fact I had no opinion, or was too languid to give one; pink satin was just pink satin, no more to me than sackcloth. Mrs. Bruce was determined I should speak and think, for she came up with a beautiful white scarf in her hand, and, drawing her chair close, addressed me thus, 'Mrs. Campbell, you not be angry what I say?' I assured her of my indulgence of everything she thought proper to mention. She resumed, 'You going to marry one doctor?' The abruptness of the question, notwithstanding its melancholy associations, made me smile, and

she proceeded. ‘Pon my honour you need not laugh, for I know it all truth.’ I then begged to know the particulars, and after some time, finding she became no wiser, her discourse assumed the form of advice. ‘I am very sorry you say you no marry the doctor; you know I have many daughter myself, and my heart feel sore when I see you pretty young woman go about alone. No friend, no one to care or comfort you and you very delicate. Every one turn and look when young woman sit here alone. If you no marry, then you must go home.’

Strangely as the discourse was worded it made my heart full. I really could not speak in reply, which she observed, and affectionately taking my hand, said, ‘My dear Mrs. Campbell, I am in much sorrow that you have not happy heart.’ In the course of the evening’s drive how often did her expression, ‘A happy heart,’ echo in my fancy and recall the time I did indeed experience all its blessedness.

26th January.—My bearer came to my room this morning to say a gentleman waited to see me in the drawing-room. Not expecting any visitor who would interest me I did not attend very quickly. When I entered, what a start of pain was awakened by the appearance of Campbell of the 47th. I knew not he was even in India: we parted on board the *Cornwall*, where he had remained with us till the last moment. I stood and looked at him without the power of speech. But he well understood my silence; it was some time before we could converse, except in that forced way where each party in the effort to control their feelings relapse into involuntary abstraction. At length the entrance of Jane produced something like general conversation, and he gave me many interesting particulars of my home and family.

However trite may be the observation of the pleasure of meeting even acquaintances in a foreign country, to me it was a new and unexpected feeling. The present was barren and hopeless, the past was my only source of enjoyment. Campbell became our daily visitor, the very sound of his name was a pleasure, though a mournful one, and I felt really sorry when his departure for Berhampore restored the monotony of my existence.

Mrs. Grant has now settled the time of her return to Maldah; as the river will soon be impassable, she wishes me to accompany her and to make that my way to Patna, but having said in my last letters to James I would remain at Calcutta until I received his answer, I do not like to change my arrangement; in fact, I really know not what to do. The heat becomes intolerable, and every day my strength seems ebbing away. Sometimes when I drive home from the Course by the English burying-ground my heart swells with thoughts and wishes to join those who were weary and are at rest.

## VIII

APRIL 3RD—MAY 10TH, 1828

20th May, 1828.—I hope by this time some of the many letters sent you during the last four months will have reached you, and from them you will have learned all the circumstances connected with my marriage, or rather the events which led to it. It is useless to dwell here on them, and some are too painful to recur to willingly. I must try to forget *some part* of my existence, its *separate* portions and situations can hardly be reconciled. I think I wrote to you by the *Herald* and told you I was shortly to marry Fenton, but was too weak then to enter more fully on the subject. It were wise to touch as lightly on the past as possible, yet to be intelligible to you I must retrace something of it.

When Fenton arrived in Calcutta in April, I was sufficiently recovered to walk from my bedroom to the couch in my dressing-room and very imperfectly recollect the occurrences of my long illness. I hardly remember its commencement, I believe from the period I discontinued writing as usual; I can recall to mind, the day after, sitting down and attempting to write, and the paper seeming to me covered with spots of blood; that I went out in the carriage in the evening, and could not distinguish one face from another; the next day sent for Dr. Martin, and after some days his visits were dis-

continued; he was himself attacked with the same fever. Almost every practitioner in Calcutta of eminence was in attendance on Lady Sarah Amherst, whose life was then despaired of. I remember an accidental visit from a Dr. Lovell, who was going to join a corps in one of the higher Provinces. I had offered him letters to some friends there some time before, and, calling to receive them, my bearer on hearing the appellation of doctor, wisely concluded his visit was professional, and ushered him into my bedroom, to our mutual astonishment. When I had explained enough of my illness to enable him to advise, he immediately set off to have some prescriptions made up, referring their propriety to Dr. Martin's decision, which reference I could not agree to, knowing from experience that calomel and quinine must be safe and beneficial. After a little time Dr. Martin came out to see me, and as the attacks of ague and fever returned at regular intervals, and the heat was daily increasing, he said I must be sent to sea. I might go to China or the Isle of France, only that the hurricane months were at hand.

I remember my own thoughts then: my life is at stake; a few more returns of this fever possibly will end it, and they must come unless I seize the first interval to get off; but how am I to leave this couch and go to sea alone, in such a state of weakness, putting all feelings of solitude and helplessness out of the question? Dr. Martin recommended, until I could decide, that I should go on the river, any place out of Calcutta, and while a budgerow was preparing and a European attendant seeking for, my motions were suspended by the movements proposed and, commenced by Fenton and Lady D'Oyly. I was too worn in strength and spirit to care what became of me, or object to any arrangement they made. Fenton came off as quickly as his leave could be obtained,

and as I before told you I was able to walk about the room when he arrived.

I am sure, my dearest friend, I need not to your feeling heart enlarge on the state of my mind, the effort necessary to support myself under such trying circumstances, without one living soul to whom I could or ought to turn for confidence and assurance. Then Fenton could do nothing to compose or support me. The bitterness of my heart was all my own, the more I thought of marrying in such a state of health and in such indecorous haste, the more I revolted from the idea; but the time for hesitating was past, and all I had then to do was to get through my part as firmly as I might; thought and memory would claim their own hour hereafter.

Being among strangers I was, of course, thrown entirely on the kindness and consideration of Fenton, who did all that was within his power. . . . If I had a thousand years to exist I cannot forget the anguish of my feelings, all I felt for myself and also for Fenton; his hopes were not blighted, his feelings unscathed by the experience of mine, and yet he was willing to place his happiness on such an unstable foundation, and I pitied him.

The season was then unfavourable for travelling in almost any direction. Dr. Martin's advice was to go to the sand-heads and try the effect of that change before we made any other arrangement. To further this I must make the attempt to go out, and indeed there was one place where, as a matter of necessity, I must go—with Fenton to the Supreme Court, to make oath I was of age and at liberty from all other engagements, which is an exceedingly unpleasant part of the ceremonial of marriage here, as it is a very public place and there seems all over the world a spirit of curiosity about any one going to marry. It seldom excites any interest to be told

of a burial, but call it a marriage and some comment is sure to be made. So we proceeded there, and for the first time I changed my dress to white and surveyed myself with a feeling of discomfort, like that expressed by the prisoner of Chillon on regaining liberty :—

‘The Prison walls to me had grown  
A Hermitage—and all my own !  
My very chains appeared my friends  
So much a long communion tends  
To make us what we are : and I  
Regain’d my freedom with a sigh’

I did particularly request Mrs. Allan and Fenton to invite as few persons as possible, *but even those who seemed indispensable to include*, formed a large party. Mrs. Cleland was of the number, and whatever she might have thought she was very kind and affectionate at the time, and seemed much pleased with Fenton. She cordially invited us to her house at any time we liked to change water for shore.

The hour of eight was appointed, but even then the oppression of the air was insupportable, notwithstanding a lofty cathedral and punkahs in motion. There is in this country, from the climate and habits imposed thereby, a want of all the little elegancies of life which on these occasions divide the attention, though in my case I doubt if such would have made any difference.

After the conclusion of the ceremony we were obliged to wait at least an hour for the clerk in whose possession the books were left where we must register our names. At last we regained the house, and had to undergo the misery of a burra hazree (or great breakfast) with the thermometer

above 90°. But as all evils must end, the dispersion of the company afforded me the luxury of rest and relief from my fine lace gown and the couch of my dressing-room. Fenton went off to have all requisite preparations complete in our pinnace, in which we were to proceed down the river after sunset. . . . It seemed so unlike preparation for a bridal party, bottles of medicine and other accompaniments of an invalid, but I almost required quinine to support my life; sometimes the taper light of my existence seemed trembling and faint. But when once afloat and proceeding softly down with the tide, having got below the noisy and heated bazaars skirting the town, I experienced sensible relief, and when we reached Diamond Harbour the sea breeze brought me comparative strength. I am sure no one of any mind ever forgot Diamond Harbour and the feeling of looking for the first time on the new and beautiful world around them. How fresh were all my first sensations after the lapse of two years and a half as I gazed on it again. The same yet not the same! How had all external objects changed their aspects and meaning since that time, even as much as had my own views and prospects in life—life, that mutable dream, which I then dreamt was to be enjoyed, but *now* feel must be endured, and requiring all our sense of the duty of resignation and our hopes of a future and a better, to enable us to perform our part.

At this season the Nor'west gales are usually felt, and they had set in with such violence we found it impossible to venture down lower; indeed I felt so much better I began to hope no other change might be necessary. Every evening we went on shore for a little variety, but in truth there is not much to vary an Indian landscape and it loses much of its interest because it is impossible to identify yourself in any

way with the inhabitants; you must not even pollute their threshold by passing over it, and if they give you a drink of water they must break the dish or cup which held it.

I cannot say if it is the weariness of my own heart pursuing me, but when I am out, the burning sand or parched earth beneath my feet dispels every illusion of fancy or imagination. The palm trees no longer offer an inviting shade; I am weary of the self-created forest of the banyan; we sit for hours on the banks of the river because I hope the cool air may be beneficial, but it is all in vain; I cannot restore the healthy spring of my soul. Oh! what can freshen the wasted fountain of the heart's hope and pleasures?

One evening the Nor'west gale blew so heavily, I felt sick with the motion, and we left the pinnace and took refuge for the night at the little inn of Fulta, where boats going to Calcutta frequently stop. What a wretched place it was; there was scarcely anything to eat, and with respect to accommodation I could not get a basin of water to wash my hands at night; a wretched night we spent, almost devoured by insects and stung with mosquitoes; so in the morning, in defiance of the storm, we resolved to return to the water, and met my bearer coming on shore to detail the disasters of the night. We found almost everything upset, glasses, basins, bottles broken, all the pretty little appendages of a lady's dressing-table destroyed. After all it was better than Fulta, so we reconciled ourselves to our diminished conveniences and proceeded higher up the river, where the effect of the sea breeze did not extend with the same violence. But what we gained in one respect we lost in another; with the distance from the sea, so did the heat increase. Still I think a person in England would fancy a life of so much uniformity and restraint more wearying than it actually is, and I have often

been at a loss to understand why time seems to move so rapidly in this country.

Having got our pinnace into safe mooring at Budge Budge (a pretty name enough if I could tell the meaning) we went, after my early dinner, on shore, and for the first time saw an European habitation, after wandering for some time seated ourselves on the bank to rest and watch the gathering shades of night, when rather suddenly a tonjin approached containing a lady and infant; a gentleman walked by them and a train of bearers with an elder child. He very politely accosted us and begged our acceptance of seats, where their own were already placed on the bank, after contriving to tell us his name was Fitzgerald by introducing his wife as Mrs. F. They both pressed us so much to go to their house, where dinner waited, that, feeling the invitation was given in the spirit of good will, we consented, and moved towards the bungalow, where, after a few minutes devoted to the arrangement of my hair, and seeing the babies consigned to bed, we met at dinner.

We spent rather a pleasant evening, and promised to come on shore again next evening, and saw them every day until we varied our position, which the weather rendered necessary, as it was sometimes tremendous. . . .

As we were not sufficiently epicurean to remain at Budge Budge merely to eat the delicious mango fish, though very many old residents come down the river for this sole object, we moved up to Garden Reach to visit Mrs. Cleland, and if possible to come to some determination as to our future plans —a point not easily settled, as the elements both on land and sea were against our progress. We made a trip up to Calcutta, to get the newspapers and hear what was going

on. The heat there was so intolerable, that after a few hours we left it and stationed our pinnace opposite Mrs. Cleland's house and a little below Bishop's College. We went on shore every morning at eight to join them at breakfast; Jane Allan and her child were also there and it formed an agreeable variety. There was every night a large dinner party, and as we were sufficiently intimate to do as we liked we sometimes came and sometimes stayed away. It was for that reason a very pleasant house to visit in. Yet I wish it were possible for me to impart to you a just idea of the oft-eulogised luxuries of an Indian residence at *this* season.

Let me attempt it. This is a beautiful house, and possesses every advantage, just on the bank of the river, in an extensive lawn sprinkled with cedar, teak, and mango-trees. Your first impression would be, that the house is uninhabited, as every door and window-blind is closed, and living things move not about the mansion. Even the huge kites and adjutants perch motionless on the top, the few goats and cows have hidden themselves under the shade of the banyan thickets. However as I know it is past eight, and hope and believe the bearer lies in the hall within, I venture without a chatta from the ghaut, and in despite of being half broiled, persist in my determination to be heard and admitted by the dormant bearer. At length, being inside, you take the survey of a long apartment, a table containing hats, parasols, old newspapers, and other miscellaneous articles; at each end you see a handsome sitting-room, and one side of the hall opens to the dining-room and staircase. One of these end rooms is furnished and supposed to be a library, but the most part of the books lie on the floor waiting the bearer's pleasure to dust them, which perhaps he will not please to do for a month, or until his mistress is able to come downstairs, and in the interval the

ants will have completed their destruction. Throughout the mansion is darkness visible, save that in the further drawing-room, where Miss —— thinks she is working, there falls one partial ray of light on the table. Mrs C. is still confined to her dressing-room, Jane Allan is in hers with her child, whose ayah pretends to be sick and will not nurse it. So to pass the sultry noon I possess myself of one of the vacant couches, and try with the aid of *Cyril Thornton* to beguile time. When Gray declared his idea of Paradise was to 'lie on a couch with a new novel' he evidently never tried it in India. I did feel extremely interested, until all at once I find myself almost suffocated, on looking up perceive that Miss —— has left the room, and her bearer, who thinks he has no right to benefit me in her absence, is fast asleep. As there would be no use in scolding him in his oblivious state, I find my best way is to retreat upstairs; it may be better and cannot be worse, so leaving Fenton to his fate, I proceed to Mrs. Cleland's apartment, musing as I slowly ascend the stairs, on the habits and nature of Indians, of which none who has not experienced the climate and endured the association with, can form a remote idea of. (They are indolent to excess, and from habit and constitutional temperament careless of engagements or promises, besides embarrassed by idle superstition and powerful antipathies. They present a mass of obstinate inertness; there exists not in the heart of these degraded beings any spirit of emulation or self-respect to supply the place of bodily energy.)

Mrs. C. was suffering more than myself, for she was unable to rise, and her ayah, either sick or sulky, lay in a distant room, and as there was no one within her call, she had waited for a drink until her patience was nearly lost. Having sent a bearer for her, I took off my clothes, and fortifying myself

with a book and hand-punkah spent the hours until tiffin assembled us in the parlour, and there, conversation having a little revived, we sat, lounged, or walked until five o'clock dismissed us to dress, then drive. And what a delightful feel it is here where you go out in full dress, the fresh air blowing on your neck and arms—it was no jest, though I turned it into one, when an old lady I knew in Ireland used to enumerate among the chief luxuries of India appearing thus uncovered; there is something quite intolerable in having long sleeves.

When seven o'clock again finds us in the drawing-room there is a considerable augmentation of our numbers, it is in fact a burra kaunna. Here comes the family of — ; he holds a judicial situation of some importance, and carries some of the manner thereof in his domestic association. His wife is a ladylike, quiescent personage. His only unmarried daughter seems undetermined which to be, a wit or a beauty, or passing more prudently between both extremes and dangers. There were some other strangers, but none of them impressed me beyond the moment of introduction. The appearance of the khaunsamah at the door with clasped hands and profound salaam, put us into solemn procession towards the dining-room, all with due attention to place and precedence.

I generally dine when others are at tiffin, and weary beyond measure of a state dinner, especially when the grand object is one I must not partake in; (I neither eat hot dishes nor drink champagne, my beverage being one glass of ale and water, with perhaps some curry or macaroni. Then at this season the intolerable heat, the number of servants, the ceremony of a large dinner, which the natives take such time to get through —often to sit up is all I can accomplish.) On this occasion I got into a discussion with the high man of law, which amused me in retrospect, as he evidently was so much accustomed to

lay down the law, he was wholly unused to find difference of opinion among the ladies of his own family. Some mention having been made of the literature of India, I brought the authority of Sir William Jones to support my opinion, and was somewhat piqued at the small respect with which he of the law treated the worth and talents of my paragon, and we said many bitter things with all possible good breeding. After quitting the table, Miss —— said, ‘You and my papa seemed in very animated dispute, a privilege he seldom permits us ladies the benefit of.’

Although I have nearly entered a protest against either reading or writing of moonlight scenery, as you may never have an opportunity of looking on such a night, I wish I could impart to you the feelings excited by every visible object. The dark waters of the Ganges reflecting the woody banks, even the smallest leaf found its faithful delineation, and the glittering pagodas on the opposite side just surmounted the highest branches. . . . About the house the shadows of the palm and coca-trees quivered over the grass as a faint breeze from the water now and then uplifted them. The fragrance of some nigh-blowing shrubs was exquisite; perhaps nearer they might have been too powerful. The bright and everlasting stars seemed also looking with admiration on the inferior creation of the earth.

‘Beautiful orbs of light, how many generations of men have lived and passed away since your bright rays first were reflected on this mighty river? But if you must wax old as a garment, what then am I in the scale of creation?’

I need not tell you how long, how intently I gazed on them, as thoughts and memory of other days fitted by me in sad and faithful detail.

Next evening we went off early and crossed the river, landing under my long-loved banyan-tree. I regretted the necessity of making my visit short, for although these gardens could only recall hours of grief and suffering, it is impossible to return to any place once the scene of powerful emotion uninterested. Next day being Sunday, I wished to go to church, where indeed I had seldom of late been. I almost determined I never would go at that season again. I could not catch one word the preacher said, and the dreadful heat almost reduced me to fainting. Altogether, by the time I got again into my pinnace, I was quite ill with the heat, and we began seriously to consider what our plans for the future ought to be. The river was now as hot as the land, and the Lower Provinces on the whole worse than Dinapore. We thought if we could reach it before the rains it would be better to be settled within doors, and yet the thought of returning was attended with many a pang deep and irrepressible, although I might there indulge my heart's intense desire again to visit *his* last resting-place, again and often! and once more should I meet my beloved friend Lady D'Oyly, and enjoy her society. With these thoughts I occupied my mind on our return to Calcutta, while preparing for our journey Dak to Patna.

One dreadful morning Fenton interrupted my packing and arranging, to say friends of his, Major and Mrs. Cust of the 59th, were waiting to see me. To apologise for some delay, I mentioned how I had been employed, and they both exclaimed at the madness of a person in my state of health attempting such a journey then. Major C., who seemed a particularly friendly, agreeable man, declared if Fenton took me off it must be with the design of killing me. They both pointed out Chinsurah as a good resting-place until the rains, when

we could join some detachment going by water, and make a safe and pleasant trip, especially as Fenton was not limited in time.

So my boxes were unpacked, and Fenton sent off to Havelock, a brother officer who had been appointed Adjutant to the dépôt, to inquire if any accommodation was to be obtained there. Havelock I had seen on my arrival at Dinapore; he was just quitting it, but I knew him well from Blackwell's account. They had lived together. The former was very well informed, and had written a work on the Burman Campaign, which had been very favourably spoken of; indeed it was supposed that its dedication to General Cotton had obtained for him the appointment he now held. His first appearance had not impressed me in his favour, and Blackwell often combated what he called my prejudice. We shortly received his reply and assurance that there was choice of accommodation, with offers of service on the occasion, which having considered, we thought it best at once to proceed there and judge for ourselves. So behold me once more on my way to reside at Chinsurah, the spot where I spent so many happy days.

. . . . .

## IX

MAY 10TH—SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1828

10th May.—*Chinsurah.*—I sit again in my old position, anchored below the Commandant's House. I must try not to think of once before arriving at this well-known spot—

‘For truth itself has come to be  
More strange than fiction unto me.’

We went to breakfast with Colonel Kelly, an extremely kind, gentlemanlike Irishman, considerably taller than Fenton and more robust. He has had some remains of illness brought on during the Burman war, which cramps his spirits a little; but he is on the whole what I should term a fine gallant-looking fellow. He showed me some chains he had got wrought for his daughters, and spoke of them and his little wife as if we were old friends. I thought him quite delightful. At breakfast we met Captain Enderby of the — Lancers, who was his guest during the day. He was, like ourselves, waiting for the rains to enable him to proceed to Meerut with his family, which family consisted of a little pale, gentle-looking infant girl, of whom he seemed extremely fond, and brought in his arms to be petted and admired. This baby and her nurse lived in a bungalow in the good Colonel's compound, and as she was but nine months old, and no appearance of mourning to denote its mother's death, I could not help wondering where she could be apart from so young an infant.

I think I now see the picture of my future life. I am too proud, if I can call it pride, to let others know I suffer, and most of my time will pass thus in flying from myself. . . .

This is my birthday! what a different sound the word had in my youthful ear; in good truth I forget how old I am to-day by the measurement of days and months; if I were to guess by feeling, the computation would be a century.

*May 13th.*—We have taken up our residence in a cottage which has the reputation of being tolerably cool, and have had a number of visitors. . . . There is a great change here since I left it; the establishment of the dépôt has consequently enlarged society. In addition to Captain Enderby of whom I spoke, there is a Captain and Mrs. White, with a large family, waiting until the river is accessible. She is rather good-looking, but quite the manner of one long out of England. I was very glad after I left her room I had not four noisy boys quarrelling about me. They did not seem to disturb her much, as she consigns them all to their respective bearers and ayahs. I still see a good deal of Colonel Kelly, and I like him even more. . . . I much regret that it seems to be necessary he should go to some place for change of air, as his society to me is a great relief from the indifference I feel towards my general acquaintances; indeed, in the apathy of the world any one who seems to have feeling is a *rara avis* to me. I do think Colonel Kelly is more attached to a great and loving bulldog called Rasp, than many men to their wives and children. He has one son, and with such exultation he spoke of his love for his mother, and that the first money he had saved in India was devoted to purchase some little elegancy he wished her to have. This dear son had been so unfortunate as to receive a *coup de soleil*, and was on his way

to England. Colonel Kelly knew my brother George very well; he was Commandant of the station he had medical charge of, and spoke of him most kindly. The smallest tie of acquaintance where persons are predisposed produces intimacy, and I felt more at home with him in ten days than I could do with others in years.

I received from my friend Campbell of the 47th a long letter, I suppose I may term it of congratulation. He inquires if I have given up my desire of visiting New South Wales. He and I used to converse for hours about that colony. He had been sent with a detachment in charge of a convict ship there, and remained some months. . . . His comparison of the climate and account of the country had often interested me highly, and I used to say, half jesting, I should certainly go there.

. . . . .  
*5th June.*—Colonel Kelly is gone up the river on three months' leave, and Fenton has been appointed Commandant in his room pro temporary. The chief advantage we derive from the arrangement is the use of a spacious and airy house, of which at present I have but little benefit, as Captain and Mrs. White have established themselves in the lower part, and seem likely to remain; when the rains set in, as she was expecting to go off in a few days, and her bungalow was damp and cold, I asked them to come to my house till the boats were ready, which they did next day, since when I have never heard of boat or departure, and as she is to have an addition to her family, I begin to think she intends to remain until her confinement. It is very inconvenient, as there are persons in Calcutta to whom I am obliged, that I wished to invite here, and all my spare accommodation is occupied; besides the uproar of so many unruly children is really oppressive to one not interested in them, with bad health and weak nerves.

And I really believe they think it condescension of cavalry people to become domesticated with infantry, and their servants and mine are at war, and I am wearied to death among them. The other day, passing through my drawing-room, I found one of the boys amusing himself cutting holes in my handsome satin couches with Fenton's penknife.

Enderby, who is a professed chess player, comes daily to encounter Fenton, who is more than his match, and his sweet little girl and a nice woman who takes care of her pay me many visits; I now know why she is motherless; her parents have separated. I know not the merits of the case, but Mrs. Wilson defends her mistress; what admirable care she takes of the infant, almost bestows on it a mother's love. It displays bad taste and want of feeling in his talking of the business as I am told he does. Thus am I situated within doors; without my circle is not extensive. There is a very nice couple, Dr. and Mrs. Craigie; she is very pretty and animated, sings delightfully, and he is highly prepossessing in manner and appearance, besides being very well informed.

These were certainly the most agreeable people at the station, and I felt much inclined to know them better, but unfortunately the delicacy of my health almost unfits me for my part in society. Since the rains set in I have been continually ill, perpetual headache and feverish irritation. There is something unaccountable in the effect the return of moonlight has on me, a continual pain in my head and loss of sleep. . . . There are some large trees which skirt our compound. In these the bulbul takes his station—

‘For me the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen, though not remote;  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houri strings  
Its long enchanting note.’

But its pre-eminent charm for me is its resemblance to the long tremulous note of the blackbird, such as I used to listen to with delight in the twilight evenings of May, from the hawthorn hedges at home.

There is one particular direction I love to drive in, afar from all passers-by and the noise of bazaars, only because the pomegranate trees are peopled by these birds, and that I can let my thoughts pursue the association without restraint. As I thus thought and listened, I heard one of those songs the dandies amuse themselves with to pass the night hours; the wild Hindoo words and wilder tones,—presently a large boat stole along and anchored at our ghaut. How vividly it recalled to me the first time we selected that spot to stop on our route to Dinapore. The romance of real life is indeed far beyond our speculation. Who would then have been credited if they told me in one year and a half I was to occupy that house with one I only knew by name, with different views, different feelings, a different name, and different nature? I was then in better health than I had known for years; if any had asked me if I had an ungratified wish, the only one of my heart unfulfilled was to meet my brothers. I recalled my beloved Niel's oft-repeated question: 'Are there any two on earth so happy as ourselves?'

'Nor dreamt of coming hours when I  
Should call on him without reply,  
On lands beyond the Orient wave  
He only reached to find a grave.'

May not a stamp of agony be left on the heart beyond the power of Time to remove or patience mitigate. . . . It is in no wise strange that such thoughts should arise, but it is the unanticipated sources from whence they spring that is

unaccountable,—why at times and in places wholly without reference, a group of imagery, persons, places, things, start forward with a fidelity we cannot command at other times, when most disposed to commune with them; and in as much as we cannot summon, so can we not dismiss these spectres, that no exorcism can bind. And alas! with the departed often return faint and fitful gleams of the hopes, the feelings, and excitements we once shared in concert with them. . . . There is no control, no argument for such sensations, they cannot be subdued or even softened by reasoning.

Heaven knows if I am ever likely to revisit home, and if I did, would it be for my happiness or otherwise to look upon familiar objects? Where could I go, whom could I see that would not recall the past and the beloved name for ever blotted from the Book of Life? To leave India would also divide me from the one on earth most closely drawn to my heart by kindred feeling and perception; one who thinks my own thoughts and sees with my eyes, my dear James. Independent of my natural affection for him, the regard which existed between him and Campbell is another source of deep and mournful sympathy. . . . I never knew Niel express the same for any other creature, not even myself, for his love for me was told by actions, by something more convincing than words, that tender approbation of my conduct and opinion, even a community with failings and prejudices which by becoming a source of amusement in some degree lost their ascendancy. In short he was a part of myself, away from him my heart lost its buoyancy, my hopes their elasticity. And into my love for James he entered with so much earnestness, many a long hour we passed away in talking of him, in anticipating a future meeting.

But it is evident, if life is prolonged, that this country cannot be our home. My only objection to leave it for any other would be leaving him behind, for there is something in the very idea of being canopied by the same sky which to one deeply attached has influence. He, poor fellow, had much cause to wish for any change, from the bad effect of the climate. . . . I told him, half in jest, we had better both go to New South Wales, and he tells me he has long been seriously thinking of it. . . . I have given him all the information I could obtain from my friend Campbell, and say that if he will join us Fenton and I will determine on it. I do not myself think there is much chance of the scheme being practicable, but it amuses for the time to write about and think of; it is something to keep in view.

Fenton talks about returning to the dépôt in England, to which I am certainly not inclined. I could hardly put up with the annoyance of a military life at home. I fancy now I would be happier amid the untrodden wilds of Australia than pursuing the monotonous path of ordinary existence, among persons, however well meaning, still unsuited to my tastes and habits. I frequently reproach myself, and ask, Why should I differ or fancy myself different from other persons? then I muse over the caprice and inequalities of my own nature, and wonder what I *am* fitted for.

There is something in the still small voice telling of time and capacities misspent and unemployed that weighs upon my heart. Every morning I feel I am the unprofitable fig-tree, and every night that 'I have lost a day.' Yet withal I know not how to direct myself otherwise, I verily and absolutely have not a single thing to do. I have no wants to supply, no hopes to be agitated by. Life is to me as a dead calm under the equinoctial line. I cannot do any-

thing to serve or benefit another. . . . I cannot, like a happy and contemned old maid, sit working a hearthrug with my feet on the fender, my novel and my cat before me. I have no gown to make nor solicitude about my appearance in it, for I have more than I want, and am utterly careless which I look, ill or well. It is entirely impossible for any one even to fancy, at home, the lassitude and subduing effect of this climate; everything, from the hot wind to the black ant, seems congregated to annoy and molest you; it might divert you to detail accurately the life of an idle lady for a whole day, commencing at four in the morning.

It is the 21st of June, to-night all your hills will be illuminated by the ancient Bale-fire. Oh! how I used to enjoy that sight, 'beneath the twilight skies of June.' . . . You can still look upon the hawthorn hedges, the beds of moss-rose, and meadows of clover. . . . How was it with me? I woke from the numbed sensation of my limbs—no great marvel, as it has rained heavily and blown through the open gilmils on my bed; my single covering, a sheet, is wet as well as my night-dress. Last night the air resembled a vapour bath, and every window was left open to admit of our breathing. I rise to change my clothes, everything feels chill and clammy with damp; but the sun is arising, and I get on the verandah off my bedroom. In half an hour the sunshine changes into rain and mist, the river rolls dark and sullenly along, too dark to reflect the opposite shore, now one line of dull and tangled jungle, with a few huts that now look comfortless and fragile, and scattered mosques black from the excessive rains. How very dreary! My kitmutgar brings in our coffee and communicates the loss of the red goat—died in the night from the cold; after vowed vengeance on the buckree wallah, I feel energy enough to get up and walk to and fro in the verandah,

and amuse myself in letting pieces of the chunam [plaster] off the wall drop in the river below.

After Fenton and I have mutually complimented one another on our taciturnity, I retreat to the couch in my dressing-room, waiting the beat of the tomtom announcing the Dak with increased anxiety, as the papers of yesterday gave notice of several English ships having arrived. No letters from England, but one from Blackwell from Dinapore, mentioning his father being appointed Governor of Tobago, and wishing him to go out to him if possible as private secretary. Oh! how fast the circle is narrowing, few indeed remain for me to love or even esteem; *for him*, 'I shall not look upon his like again,' and he, too, will most probably share the malediction that seems resting on everything I love, he will be cut off in that cruel climate. . . . After these reflections had nothing lightened my melancholy, I attempt to dress after the momentary refreshment of a cold bath, and then lie down to read *De Vere*, but am driven off my couch by the torturing of the mosquitoes, worse than ever in the rains.

'Tis eight o'clock, my breakfast appears, and a large table covered chiefly with spoons and forks; because I would not suffer my khaunsah to charge treble, he pretends there is no fish! The bread is swarming with ants, because the kitmutgar has taken off the napkin for some purpose unknown, and when I insist on it being produced, it appears as black as ink.

It is hardly possible to express the ways and means these servants have of tormenting and imposing on you, thus alike attacking your patience and your purse. The servants of all Europeans combine and fix a price at which only you can purchase; strive as you will, you cannot counteract this evil;

there is a host against you, and lest you should detect it, your durwan (or doorkeeper) receives a certain duty from them for excluding any but those *they* will countenance. . . . I made this discovery first from finding that the regular price of some Santipore ~~muslin~~ was seventeen rupees, whereas I had been giving twenty-one; on observing it to the sircar, he told me the additional four went in duty to my servants, the merchant actually receiving only seventeen. . . . When I first arrived, Captain Macdonald and my kind and faithful woman gave me memorandums of the general rate of things, and I got on very well for some time; until in an evil hour Mrs. White's servants gave mine some specimens of their system, which mightily enlightened them. She was both by nature and habit too indolent to make any exertion, and just let them charge as they liked; mine thought it becoming to show me the fashion in the cavalry, but did not find me quite so good a subject to practise on.

Some visitors appeared before we had left the breakfast table. . . . While some of these were sitting, there gathered a tremendous thunderstorm, sweeping across the river. Doors fly open, windows clap, for the bearers are at their khaunna, except the one who pulls the punkah. I then recollect having spread a box of ribbands on the table in my dressing-room, and when my visitants are gone hasten thither; but where are my ribbands, feathers, and gloves? The greater portion out in the compound, the rest twisted in the gilmils. On my writing-table lay a half-written letter beside *this* illustrious production. The gust of wind carried my letter fairly out of the window, and into the river; there I stood watching it sailing off, and vainly trying to recall its contents, but this I never can, for I generally write so entirely in the impulse of the moment, I cannot arrest my own ideas for reflection.

This incident did not at all tranquillise my nerves. I walked up and down trying to bring to mind who I had written of, and repenting I could not adopt Fenton's plan never to speak of any one. He presently came in to say some of the strangers I saw at breakfast were coming to dine. . . . I felt inclined to say I am very sorry, I dread the fatigue of sitting through a long dinner, to receive utter strangers; but there being no remedy, I undressed and lay under the punkah to rest until the hour of driving.

. . . . . There was seated next me at dinner a gentleman whose first appearance it was at the dépôt, having come up with a detachment without stopping at Calcutta. By way of conversation I addressed to him the usual interrogation of how he liked India, and he very naturally replied he had not yet time or opportunity to judge, but some of the customs appeared to him very strange and unbecoming. For instance on leaving the parade ground, he said, he observed a lady in conversation with some of the officers at the gate; she was driving out in the same style of dress she would have worn at a ball, her neck and arms quite uncovered, and seeming indifferent to the number of spectators. I could not repress a smile at the very honest opinion this good youth expressed of *me* unwittingly; but the rest who heard the conversation laughed so immoderately, he was completely discomposed, and all my efforts to convince him I was not offended went for nothing. He would not or could not speak again, nor did he venture even to pay a morning visit. They were a stupid, well-behaved party, and I got dreadfully weary, more especially as on looking behind the row of chairs I saw Havelock, who had retreated a little, fast asleep. This, however, was his general practice; I wonder how Blackwell could like any

one so unlike himself in temperament, and that dry sententious manner which often reminds me of George; by-the-bye, they, too, were great friends in Burmah, and he calls him a first-rate linguist.

And now this dull day is almost gone, for after these dinners I never appear again, the gentlemen smoke segars on the verandah and drink brandy pawnee. I retreat to my dressing-room and attempt to read—vainly, for the bugs and mosquitoes are past endurance, compelling me to place my lamp in the bathing-room and go to bed in the dark.

And thus has one long day been spent, or rather call it misspent, for alas! when it becomes a portion of Eternity must it not bear record against me?

. . . . .  
*24th June.*—As we returned from driving I observed a budgerow near the ghaut; it had a peculiar air of disarrangement, from which I should have concluded it unoccupied, only that some kitnutgars and a dobee were smoking on the top, on which lay many articles of baggage which denoted a military inhabitant. I observed its appearance to Fenton, who hailed the mangee with the inquiry of whose boat it was: how calmly he replied, 'Dundas Sahib, he died yesterday near Santipore.' This information quite chilled my blood, as it was evident the unfortunate inmate must have left this troubled world alone and unfriended, perhaps neglected, when care might have saved him. Fenton gave the reins to the syce, and went on board the boat. The statement was correct; a Lieutenant Dundas left Berhampore on sick leave, intending to proceed to Europe, and died! After giving the necessary orders respecting his interment and the sale of such property as remained, Fenton returned to me, and as we proceeded I cannot describe the sickness of heart that oppressed me. I

was glad it was dark, for really in spite of every effort the tears gushed from my eyes. Although the person was utterly unknown, the idea of what he may have suffered on that deserted death-bed haunted me, besides that he may have been the object of tender affection to some heart now left desolate.

But here the character of everything is gloomy, gloomy without the imposing effect produced by the mighty relics of art, or the sublime changes of nature. We frequently pass the dwellings of rich natives, large ruinous-looking houses, looking like Mrs. Radcliffe's romances; the window frames half decayed, the walls black with damp, no pretty garden or clump of trees and shrubs, but a formal range of mango or tamarind-trees; nothing to excite the imagination. The materials are so perishable, it cannot be otherwise; these flimsy edifices are erected with brick, mud, or stucco; no dark granite walls, eloquent of the past, defying time and circumstances.

I am fully convinced our impressions of Oriental splendour are utterly deceptive. That there is beauty and costliness is very certain, but there it rests. I have seen something now of this side of India, and from what I can learn from those who have travelled much on the other, it is in essential points the same. Let any one dreaming of Persia read Forester's account of Khorasan, Ispahan, and Tiflis, all in perfect unison with what the most superficial observer may see here.

Can it be because we view even the sorrows of past time with indulgence from their belonging to years gone by, that most persons returning from this country enlarge on its beauties and attractions, but suppress its evils and heavy deprivations? In fact there are few, who, while

here, either think or compare facts { the governing feeling is either to attain some hard-won step of rank, or to amass so many sicca rupees to enable the clime-worn exile to return to England and spend them at Cheltenham or Bath in the vain pursuit of renovation. } There is an infinity more I might enlarge on, were it not that you will find it so much better told in the words and works of many travellers of discernment. I aim at nothing beyond enabling you to compare the familiar circumstances of life in India with life in England.

*June 29th.*—I had an unexpected meeting with an old friend yesterday. I was lying on my couch at one end of the drawing-room, which is so large, different parties might occupy different ends without either being disturbed. As I read the papers and hoped from the position of a screen I was unseen, the voice of a gentleman in conversation with Fenton fell on my ear as one I had heard before. I turned again and often, but his features were unknown, or not clearly remembered. He left the room shortly, and I asked Fenton his name; he told me—Colonel Cameron of the Buffs, on his way to Dangspore. I felt disappointed, and said I fancied it was some one I had known. Fenton said, ‘Sit here until he returns from the barrack, and I will introduce you, and you can find out’; while we spoke, he re-entered, but as I had not just bluntness enough to say, ‘Pray, who are you?’ we conversed a little about heat and flies and boats. Still every time I looked on him perplexed me. At length on his saying something of many years spent in the army, I ventured to say, ‘Were you ever in Ireland?’ ‘Yes, for years, last in Armagh in the 83rd.’ ‘Then we are old friends, but can *you* remember me?’ ‘I know I have seen and heard you speak—you are not Miss Knox?’ ‘Certainly not, but I was!’ Well did I recollect Major Cameron and his wife. We had spent many days together, it

was with much interest I heard *she* was then in Chinsurah. I commissioned the Colonel to say I would go next morning to see her. How I did regret the Whites were in occupation of the house, I should so much have liked to invite them during their detention here. She was a Cape of Good Hope lady, I believe her parents were Dutch. There was something very mild and amiable, though nothing pretty, in her appearance; they had a numerous family.

*30th June.*—To visit Mrs. C. I accordingly set out after breakfast. There is a kind of hotel of a very second-rate order here, seldom or never frequented by ladies, a sort of lounge for billiard players; and there the whole detachment had taken up their quarters. It quite disturbed my nerves to enter the general sitting-room, disorder, litter, dust, and heat reigned. . . . The room was filled with idle young men, and the aggregate to me horrible. After some delay we found a servant to announce our visit to the Colonel, who, I believe, had gone to bed in despair, and Mrs. C. presently came, who seemed quite delighted to meet me, also introducing her daughter, a fine young woman of sixteen, whom I recollect only as a child, and for whose sake I felt doubly annoyed I could not offer them accommodation. Mrs. Cameron said gently she was miserably uncomfortable, and I repeated my regret at being unable to take them away, but begged she would spend as much of the day with me as possible, as they would find the quietness of mine (my house) a relief, and begged if I could render her any assistance a stranger always requires she would call upon me for it, as I had nothing to do and though never well, was seldom regularly confined to bed.

*3rd July.*—I have been making some arrangements for the

reception of Jane Allan, who has been so very ill that she has been obliged to leave Calcutta, and unless she benefits extremely by the change of air off the river here, must, I believe, go home. I must convert a small sitting-room into a sleeping apartment for ourselves, as *mine* is delightfully cool, and I wish her to have all its benefit. I begin to think Mrs. White intends to remain here while I do myself, and it is truly annoying. I had a letter from Patterson yesterday, saying that Aitkin is coming here to receive his sister who is to come in the *Juliana*. Fenton wished me to ask her to stay with me; he and Aitkin when I first knew both were not on speak-terms, from some quarrel about straws. I had been intimate with both, and often was uncomfortable at their meeting on these terms in my house. I believe Patterson, when Fenton was leaving Dinapore to be married to me, persuaded them to lay aside this babyhouse quarrel and shake hands.

12th July.—I have had little leisure for some time for my own concerns, few as they are. My time and thoughts have been engrossed by Jane. She is very, very ill, I think, with every indication of consumption, and that no time should be lost in sending her to sea. . . . Her child grows a fine, strong creature, and if she must part from her husband, will be a great comfort to her solitary voyage.

I am very far from well, and almost daily feel more languid and exhausted. I suffer much from pain in my side, I fancy it is what is termed spleen, though what that is I really know not. I can see I look very ill, and frequently can hardly stand to dress.

17th July.—Poor James, I find, has been ill again. I do feel exceedingly alarmed at the continuation of his illness; though

he makes light of it to me, I greatly fear it is too serious, and George seems also to think so. His letter has brought back the idea of New South Wales. Oh, that we were there together ! for I am persuaded that I could be happy anywhere where he was. I might be ever sure of possessing a companion and friend. Society and solitude are but comparative expressions, there is no vacuum like that of being friendless in crowds. Fenton also seems very unwell, suffering also from pain in his side ; can *this* be called living ?

I had a large party to dine yesterday, invited to meet the Camerons, with whom I went to drive after dinner (at this season we dine more early). Fenton took Miss C. with him, and I went with her parents. After being out a quarter of an hour I was seized with such acute spasms in my side and stomach, I really thought it was an attack of cholera. The pain at intervals was so great that I had to grasp the lining of the carriage to support myself. I did not wish to say anything to alarm the Camerons, who could not *see* me from the shade of the evening. The Colonel, however, was very loud in abuse of India, so I had only to listen, or say Yes or No, while the cold moisture as of death stood on my forehead. By the time we reached my house I felt a little easier, and knowing that if I went to bed it would break up the party and produce confusion and uneasiness, I only said my head ached. Strange phrase, which means so *much* and so *little*. I found that Captain Enderby, with the idea of contributing to our amusement, had sent for some of the musicians of the dépôt, who were to sing duettes and glees ; this also was a relief, as it transferred to them the task of entertaining my guests. So, only telling Mrs. Cameron what I was enduring, I laid myself on the couch, where she sat and talked to me.

This station is quite in a bustle with the fleet of detachments proceeding up to Meerut and Cawnpore. I do wish them safely off, for I have not one moment's rest at home; even my evening drive, almost my sole enjoyment, has been interrupted by the demands on Fenton's time and attention. I waited for him, sitting in the buggy near the old Dutch fort (now an English barrack) this evening, till my patience was quite gone. And as I waited I watched the arrival of three budgerows at our ghaut. They contained the family of Bishop James whom I met at the College. If I were to do as I ought, I should ask them to come on shore to my house and rest; then I thought how much more agreeable it will be to pass the evening in reading the second volume of *Virian Grey*, which Dr. Craigie gave me in passing.

. . . . .  
21st July.—One of my favourite drives is to Chaundernagore about five miles off. The road is very pretty, for the most part along the bank of the river, and the town displays that neat and gay appearance which characterises all the French settlements. . . There is something which never fails to interest me in even watching those who pass the carriage. Everything, the veriest trifles, all bespeak a race of beings so different from ourselves; some loaded with immense gourds, others with pineapples or plantains, and other articles of food abounding in every bazaar; those bazaars in themselves so unlike anything we know; how often I have wished to ransack them; . . . the curious toys for children of *all ages*, the grotesque representations of all the gods and animals that ever did or are supposed to exist; the stands with their dreadful sweet-meats, whose effluvia almost makes me faint; the naked wretch crouching over his hoard of pice and cowries spread on a handkerchief. Sometimes in the country it is more primitive

and pastoral; the herd of buffalo lying in repose, or the sacred Brahmini Bull, walking about as if conscious of his importance in bearing away the sins of some 'rude forefather of the Indian hamlet'; the little black, shining infants, sharing the same mat with the goats, quite as much the children of nature.) However, the whole forms something which lulls me into a kind of dream, a mood of reverie which, strange to say, often elicits my fondest and freshest thoughts of home and absent friends: when we stop at the door, my heart is far from India.

I received this day a letter from Mrs. Grant, giving me an account of the death of my sweet little cousin Elizabeth Gouldsbury. Dear creature, she was so interesting to me during that melancholy visit. . . . There has been some epidemic fever, most prevalent and fatal among children. In every family which I know some have been the victims.

*28th July.*—I returned last night from Calcutta by the road. . . . I felt sad, yet not sorrowful, having bid farewell to poor Jane and her child, who were to embark in a day two for China and England; she looked so very ill, I am certain a few months more would terminate her course *here*. It is happy that on such occasions the active business, the hurry of preparation blunt the keen edge of thought, and we imperceptibly are led to the brink of that gulf, separation, ignorant that the dreary waters of absence may be destined eternally to keep apart those who now say farewell in good hope of soon being reunited. Who can calmly speculate on the change of two years anywhere, but especially in India? I almost despair of beholding again any one once lost sight of.

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*1st August.*—I received to-day many English letters returned from Madras. I wonder when my letters will cease to go this round, or when my own family will know where and what I

am. Among others I got one from Colin Campbell and his sister, with whom I felt so much pleased at Craig; nor have I since seen many to equal either. Their letter informs me of their grandmother's intention of removing from that residence, by the united wish of all her family. The determination appears to me a wise one; it must be to her indeed a sorrowful abode, surviving those who made life joyful. At this moment how fresh in my memory is the last look of the scene and the party we just bid farewell to, as they slowly retraced that path we had quitted for ever. How well do I remember Mrs. Campbell taking me out with her to see a lilac-tree in full blossom that Niel had brought from a distance and planted when a boy, before his departure to the West Indies.

. . . . .  
There is something deeply affecting in the image of the aged and sorrow-stricken parent, quitting at sixty the abode to which she came at sixteen—surviving husband, children, and happiness. What a deep and solemn mystery is life, and our lengthened experience of its hopes and vicissitudes only shows the riddle more intricate. If with enlarged faculties we are hereafter permitted to view that *whole* of which the *separate* parts appear so strange and contradictory, how wonderful will be the revelation. I often think, ‘Shall we then regard our present trials and disappointments as we now remember the tears and passions of our infancy?’ I try to think steadily on this, and cease to disquiet myself in vain, feeling little interest in either the present or the future. Yet this too is a wretched state of mind. . . . Though I am not yet white-haired, I feel the blight of the heart more than many do at sixty, so many dear to me have been cut off since I left home; in the wandering of my mind I often retain the consciousness of a loss, a *void*, without recollecting the exact

extent and object. The loss of an early friend is irreparable, for though better and wiser may be found, the mystic tie of early association is wanting; as such I feel the loss of Mrs. Hart and Charlotte. I think of their being no more with sensations of the most poignant grief, they were alike the friends of my youth, and though a mother and daughter, equally companionable.

*7th August.*—The rains become here actually terrific. We went last night to drive, or to attempt it, for it poured just as a waterspout. Even getting from the carriage to the verandah wet me through (it penetrates through the roofs and destroys your furniture and clothes). It was too soon to dine, and too dark to read or attempt any employment. The Ganges now overflows its banks and covers part of the compound. I begin to fear it will find its way into the house, as it once did before and undermined the foundations. Yet, notwithstanding the excessive wet, the heat is unabated, and raining as it was we sat in the verandah. The only change of visible objects was now and then, on the dark and troubled mass of waters, the scattered remains of huts, straw, and trees floating by, and this was not inspiring. In defiance of the rain, Enderby came over and dined. He and Fenton spent the evening playing chess, while I tried to divert myself with an old file of Calcutta papers of about seven years old. How many names I read there mentioned as new arrivals whom I now occasionally met as wives, widows or married again and again.

Enderby made a piteous lamentation about the state of his bungalow. The rain, he said, was pouring into the baby's apartment. I felt it impossible to avoid asking him to send the nurse and child to me until the weather moderated, which he very thankfully agreed to do next morning. The nurse is such a very respectable woman, I should well like to have

such a person for myself if it were possible to meet with one.

A day or two ago as I lay on my couch the bearer came to say 'one beebee' wanted me. A soldier's wife sort of woman came into the room and announced herself to be a native of Coleraine in Ireland, and hearing by means of some passer-by from the 13th whom I had been, said she could not resist the desire she had felt of seeing a lady from her own country; the feeling was so natural, I could easily enter into it, and had a long conversation, or rather replied to many questions she put about families formerly residing there.

I will venture to say no one ever understood the full meaning of solitude unless they have felt it in India, where no familiar objects preserve a mute companionship with us, recalling the pastimes of infancy or the more fugitive pleasures and anticipations of youth. Fenton left me this morning to attend a court of inquiry on Major Greville at Calcutta. I have not remained from choice, but from feeling too unwell to keep up without being an encumbrance to him while there. He went off after an early dinner, the rain has increased the darkness of the afternoon, rain and mist *without*, dark and spacious rooms *within*, without one human face to be seen but my old bearer who sleeps on his mat without the door. I have no female servants, and as Fenton is gone, and my dinner over, my kitmutgars have begged for a holiday, which as they are only in my way I readily assented to.

There is a frame of mind in which you cannot read, when your very thoughts seem disjointed and astray! such has been mine since I saw Fenton embark at the ghaut. I have retraced the rooms in succession, then returned to that window overlooking the river, the while unconscious of what I was

gazing at, unless it was the fast stream of rain pouring off the pendant leaves of a large palm tree and forming pools beneath. At length, tired of walking, feeling faint and sick I threw myself on the couch while the gleam of twilight deepened and my bearer in the silence of the house slept too soundly to recollect it was time to light the lamps. I could not help giving way to that nervous sinking of spirits which made me weep without a cause, except the indefinable weight that oppressed me.

The evening gun just fires announcing nine o'clock and the bugle gives corresponding notice of the hour. Time changes and all things change with it, but some impressions remain with a strange and unaccountable tenacity. In how many different situations have I listened to the bugle sounding the retreat, but one impression still governs the rest; at *this* moment, in *distant India*, away from every familiar sight and sound, that lengthened note brings a whole picture in the most vivid colours before my mind—a winter's night in the home where we were all children together; it strikes on my ear with the same impression it did when I was seven years old; it gave me *then* a feeling of deep sadness. I never listened to that lengthened winding note but it imaged death and melancholy, nor was the prophetic feeling wrong; it returned in after years, realising all the undefined horrors of my infant mind, sternly true at Dinapore. I heard that lament of the bugle thrill in every fibre of my frame, when all mortal agony seemed wrought to its highest. I remembered then my childish feeling, the home from which we were all scattered, my mother's features and James's fair and delicate face, and when this momentary illusion passed and the truth of *what* and *where* I was returned, and I looked on the faces of strangers, utter strangers, I

repressed the bitter anguish that crushed my very soul and seemed calm, that I might be left only with the affectionate Eliza. I believe she then feared I was fainting, for she threw her arms round me and watched me with visible fear and anxiety; though generally her manner was most distantly respectful, *then* suffering human nature placed us on an equality.

17th August. Chinsurah.—I find on looking back on these idle ruminations that on this day twelvemonth I was on the river with George near Monghir in equally wretched health and spirits. How little then I dreamed of my present situation, as much as I now do of flying, fancying *then* Madras was to be my future residence. You long ere this know why it *was not*, and perchance remember the many arguments I used to have with you on the doctrine of free agency. Every event of my life since has confirmed the belief that we are not the fashioners of our own destiny, but are compelled by circumstances into a certain track, unthought of and involuntary, which we cannot quit if we would. *Where* shall I be in a year from this day? I cannot even conjecture. It recalls to my mind one summer night at Kilderry; I sat with John and Charlotte Hart, indulging as we were wont in wild dreams and reveries; it was in 1818; we at last came to this point of deliberation, ‘where shall we three be in ten years from this 28th of June?’ and we eagerly agreed that if separated nothing should prevent our writing to each other on that day. But alas! one year before the expiration of that period not one of a numerous family then together remained. . . . For myself, I had lived to suffer many deaths in all those above detailed, was married a second time, a resident in India.

But it does not require years to work much and fearful

change. Here especially, days, even hours, are sufficient; I cannot express the concern I felt last night. I was undressing when Captain Enderby sent to beg to speak with me and communicated the death of Colonel Kelly, an event which justly impresses every one who knew him with deep regret. He lately received information of the death of that only and beloved son at sea and never recovered the shock. . . . These dreadful lessons of the perils of India make me now seriously resolve to go while the power is left, but then my dearest James! if he must remain, what is safety to me?

. . . . .  
18th August.—I spent last night with Dr. and Mrs. Craigie; in defiance of the rain they made their way up to me, saying how much they had regretted not being able to see me during Fenton's absence, Dr. C. having been engaged in attending some patients at Chaudernagore, and she had no conveyance in his absence. They would not leave the house without me, and both seemed so attentive and kind, it repaid me for the exertion of sitting up, which actually I am now unable to do. They very cordially joined in the deep and general regret for our kind friend. . . . Dr. C. suggested to me that Fenton ought to apply for two years' leave on account of his health, which seemed to him far from satisfactory, and I then told him that we were really thinking of going to settle in New South Wales providing we got an encouraging account of it. . . . Fenton unexpectedly came in at night, the court having adjourned, and complained very much of his side. We resumed the conversation on Australia; Fenton seemed well disposed to apply for leave, while we were so far on the way. As Colonel Kelly had settled to return to England with Lord Combermere, the command of the dépôt had been promised to Colonel Everard of the 13th, who I suppose will now assume

the duties. It will be a great relief, for the additional emolument by no means counterbalanced the trouble and annoyance, to me especially, of living almost in public.

*27th August.*—Fenton returned again to Calcutta to attend this tedious court of inquiry; Dr. Craigie went with him and I promised to pass the evening with her. During the morning Mrs. Clark of the 47th who lives just beside us, within a call, came to see me. She seemed quite shocked to know I was alone in such a delicate state, but said that from my appearance when she met me during our evening drive she had supposed me in perfect health. This is very true, for I have always a higher colour than usual when ill, before an attack of fever particularly; indeed it makes me quite nervous to be told I look well. Mrs. Grant and I were always conspicuous by our complexion in the cold season, which I dare say would have been supposed artificial if rouge was generally worn; I don't think it would be possible, from the moisture of the climate, to keep it on; a fine complexion, being rare, is infinitely more striking than at home. I believe it was mine which made Lady Ryan speak of me as 'The pretty Mrs. Campbell' at Bishop's College and drew on me increased ill-will from my tawny companions. . . . Mrs. Clark, who is really a well-meaning woman, begged if I felt at any time inclined to see her I would send without ceremony either by day or night, and seemed struck with amazement that I had courage to remain in the house alone without even a female servant. Indeed she said so much to frighten me about my own risk, that she made me promise to send for Captain Enderby's nurse and child to stay in the house until Fenton came back. I liked both so much while they stayed, I had no objection that they should repeat the visit, and it was equally agreeable to Captain Enderby, who wished to go to Calcutta.

**29th August.**—As I went to lie down yesterday about one o'clock in passing through the baby's room she was running about in high spirits with a kid the bearer had brought in. I lay reading till four and then returning to my sitting-room I saw the baby on the nurse's knee, flushed and every indication of high fever; the nurse was in the most dreadful distress, saying she feared it to be the epidemic so fatal among children and entreated her papa should be sent for. I first sent off the palanquin for Dr. Craigie, who confirmed the fact and apprehended imminent danger. I think he put fourteen leeches on her chest and gave ten grains of calomel. Oh! how it bled and yet the infant's pulse did not change and no favourable symptom appeared. I know not how many changes of clothes were steeped in blood till at last the poor nurse, whose grief seemed without limit, said she would torment it no more, but let it die in peace, for no other conclusion seemed probable. Enderby returned about three o'clock in the morning and we all sat watching its inanimate form in that state of excitement and suspense which passes description. . . . The critical period and morning returned, when to the surprise of Dr. Craigie life still lingered. . . . Alas! too well I knew the sensations of those whose very soul seems to hang upon the event, what even a doubt which implies hope can produce. I was at that moment thankful I was not a mother. Most wonderfully the infant seemed to struggle all the following day, and all that could be said at night was that she was alive, if stupor can be called life. During the night she as it were awoke, knew her nurse and took some milk, but oh! so weak, so fragile. Now I really think she will recover.

Her nurse seems like a person whose reason was bewildered, she is quite hysterical and wandering. I brought her some wine hoping to compose her, and begged she would give me

the baby even while she changed her clothes, but to no purpose; she told me with bitter tears she had pledged her word to its unhappy mother to be a mother to it, and called it a judgment of God on the father for taking it from the mother, whose innocence she solemnly upholds—she, a confidential servant, *ought* to know. How could a woman of depraved mind cherish the love for her child she evidently did? As Mrs. Wilson justly said, Captain E. ought to have shunned any one who could cast aspersions on his wife they could not substantiate.

What I have observed of this woman confirms my idea that you seldom meet mediocrity among the Irish; they are generally very good or very bad; but if I had a child, I never saw any person to whom I would so readily entrust it as to her.

*3rd September.*—We have received many interesting letters from James on the subject of Australia. He earnestly urges and advises our getting out of this country and declares it his fixed purpose to accompany or join us as soon as possible. This point settled, I have no further anxiety. I understand Colonel Everard is on his way here and this will place us at liberty.

I received this morning a note from Mr. Gough, the husband of my poor dear Charlotte, saying if agreeable he would call on me in the course of the day. How my heart throbbed at the name, indeed I should have willingly avoided the meeting. I had met him about five years before but quite forgot his appearance, it was altogether so unlike the person with whom she ought to have been united. He is what would be called good-looking, but oh! how unlike Captain F.—.

Colonel Everard arrived here this morning and this must

bring our plans to a crisis. If I wished to forget the past I could not; every day awakens something of it. The last time I saw Colonel Everard was at Monghir; he evidently had not forgotten it, and for some time I could not compose myself. He brought me a parcel from my dear George Lawrence, which had been lying at Dinapore, a pretty Agra scarf.

What a melancholy piece of intelligence I have just heard, —the death of Captain Hemming of the 44th, very suddenly at Gazeepore. Poor, poor girl! what will become of her, utterly friendless. They lived expensively and beyond their means; I greatly fear, with every other trial, she has that of pecuniary difficulty to encounter. With an infant boy! How I wish I were settled in some place and could invite her to stay with me! The situation of these native-born young women is often most pitiable under *such* circumstances, they are alike discarded by their father and their husband's family, and being left without an independent provision, I can hardly fancy a more dreadful situation, especially if they go to England, for what can they do there, generally unsuited by their birth and education to retain a place in their husband's class of life? These marriages are unfortunate for both parties and seldom turn out otherwise. I felt absolutely shocked the other day when Dr. Craigie pointed out to me a brother of Charlotte Gouldsbury's almost as black as my bearer; he is what is called a Kranee, or native writer. Poor Frank, if anything befalls him, which may heaven forbid, what an associate for his elegant mother would she be!

*7th September.*—I have been so busy for some days past, writing letters about Australia, I have done little else; indeed every day the necessity for getting out of this country seems more imperative. I have hardly strength to sit up an hour

in the day and am suffering such cruel sickness, my life is truly a burden to me. I am quite certain if I do not get away from India before my confinement, I shall die, and where to go I know not, unless it be to New South Wales and make the Isle of France our route, where if it were a matter of necessity, I could remain till after my confinement, and where James could meet us if he can now accomplish obtaining leave. Besides the state of my own health, the difficulty of bringing up children here is so great, any other place or situation would be preferable.

The Governor and Lady Bentinck visited the dépôt yesterday morning. He is a very plain-looking old man; her appearance is more dignified. It is said he is sent here to retrench; if it is so, they will not be popular. I believe as private characters they are very amiable and religious; it would be something new here to make religion fashionable.

*15th September.*—We have settled to remove to Fort William until we come to some fixed plan for future movements. When Fenton was in Calcutta, Captain Bruce made him promise to pay them a visit, which we can do while our quarters in the Fort are getting ready, and the season is now at hand when it is really pleasant, as far as any place or season can be pleasant to me, suffering as I do.

## X

SEPTEMBER 22ND—DECEMBER 13TH, 1828

22nd September.—*Ballygunge.*—It is about two years since first I saw this place, then the residence of Jane Allan. . . . In the present weak state of my health and irritability of my nerves I ought not to have come here, and would give anything to be gone; everything I see recalls some painful story.

Captain Bruce goes off to Calcutta after breakfast and Fenton generally with him. Mrs. B. like all ladies of her country is never visible until evening, so I wander about listlessly for hours, hardly conscious of anything around me. There is a young English lady here, a pleasing person, but she too seems depressed and silent, and we are too much strangers to be any relief to each other; besides, the source of my unhappiness is one which will not bear communication with a stranger. She sees I am ill, and is courteous and attentive, then she goes to her dressing-room and I to mine.

As I lie on my bed I can see the windows of the room we formerly inhabited, if I look over the compound I retrace those walks that at daylight we used to tread together. Oh! with what elastic spirits, at the earliest dawn, I used to hurry on my clothes, to enjoy the splendour of an Eastern sunrise, where everything was matter of curiosity and interest . . . I have sung there from perfect lightness of heart, and though Niel's spirits were never high he was ever cheerful and shared

the slightest excitement on my part. How well I remember our very words of mirth and his attempts to restrain my spirits, lest they should exhaust my strength. The very tree and branch still bends there, from which he once pulled the crimson blossoms to dress my hair at night. Yonder lies a spot of rough and marshy ground over which he *would* carry me, lest the damp should reach my feet.

It is in a well-assorted marriage that love is found in its best and most exalted form. The zeal for another's happiness that subdues selfishness and inspires disinterestedness, brings its finest impulse into action and elicits all the better feelings of our nature. Can *I* now look back without emotion on the memory of a man whose soul was one passion for me, absorbed by the sole desire to render me happy, from the day of our marriage to that of his death? I cannot call to mind one difference of opinion, the similarity of our sentiments and perceptions ever made me feel as if we had grown up together. Vain as all such recollections *now are*, at present they come unbidden, and you, I know, will regard them with pity and indulgence. . . . Had this loss been sustained at an *earlier* period when my feelings were more elastic, they might have been imperceptibly directed into another channel, even though the pain of separation had been as vehemently felt at first. Now it is too late, the wreck of my own mind has been completed, I sigh over the past and exclaim with stern Belfour:

‘Yes, God and man might now approve me  
If thou hadst lived and lived to love me.’

It is indeed true that grief makes us selfish, else would I not, even knowing your forbearance, trespass thus far on it.

Let me try to divert my own mind and yours by some mention of the persons whose guest I now am, which I can

do without infringement of the right of hospitality, as there is very much to like in both. Though politeness would present the lady first, I begin with Captain Bruce, whose story is by much the most strange and various of any, the facts of which I *know* to be true. He was born in India; his mother, I believe, was of native extraction. I fancy his first career was in the navy, but not being accurately informed of the succession of events, must briefly narrate, that his perils may justly bear comparison with those of Saint Paul; in peril at sea, on land, in peril of robbers, of travel in the desert, in weariness and hunger, with imprisonment among the Arabs; after all these miseries being the possessor of power and wealth, holding for a long time the situation of resident at Bushire. I have made great way in his good graces and he promises to let me see a journal of this part of his life. . . . He is a man of extensive reading and very accurate observation; has contrived during one or two visits to England to form an acquaintance with some of the distinguished characters of the day; Sir Walter Scott for instance, I understand, has seen and much admired the journal in question.

Now for the lady, who was born at Shiraze, a place celebrated by the poet Hafiz in his amatory and anacreontic verses. I might have acquired a practical knowledge of the excellence of the wine he celebrates, as Bruce piques himself on having it genuine, only that just now I have an aversion to wines of all kinds and colours. Mrs. B. was born of Armenian parents, by whom you are aware Christianity is professed. She was at twelve years old a beauty according to the Persian taste, and Captain Bruce repeatedly offered to marry her. The proposal, however, was disapproved by her parents until the fame of her charms reached the Prince of Shiraze, who sent his Vizier to intimate that he meant to

admit her to the honour of his harem, and requiring her to be delivered up to him. Her mother, who considered any lot preferable to her being the property of the Prince, shaved her hair, and eyebrows, blacked her face and packed her up in a basket, sent her off to a friend at Bushire, consented to her marriage with Captain Bruce as the *least evil* of the two; then bribed the Vizier, who was a relation, with six thousand rupees, to take with him a younger girl of five years old, and present her to the Prince as her *only* daughter. Her age, however, not suiting the Prince's taste, she was returned.

It is strange that after living twenty-seven years with a very well-informed man Mrs. B.'s mind should remain a blank page, though naturally gifted with intelligence. I am not sure if she reads English, nor can I discover how her time is appropriated; all I know is, she appears about four o'clock, very well, and often richly dressed, is extremely kind and attentive, and steps into her carriage to take her evening drive. On returning, our chairs are placed before the door, where we sit till dinner is announced, at which she seems most anxious for the comfort of her guests, and during the evening is very conversable and lively, sometimes contributing to the general amusement by singing 'Taze bu Taze' or some other national song, and certainly to me her originality is infinitely amusing.

28th September. *North Building, Fort William*.—I am now very comfortably settled in pleasant apartments here, and should be well pleased to stay all the cold season. It is, I suppose, one of the finest forts in the world, a little military city, the barracks forming squares, the centre grass kept in such perfect order, there is not a weed or a straw to be seen,

not even a goat or a dog, nothing save the gigantic adjutant, who seems Commandant of the ground.

There is, as you may suppose, at all times abundance of society to be found here. I do not meet any others I like so much as Major and Mrs. Cust. The first day I came here they had previously engaged we should spend with them, and there I also met Mrs. Hemming, towards whom they evinced the utmost feeling and attention. It was indeed a trying meeting to us both, but she bore it best . . . seeming unconscious, too, of the disadvantage of the perceptible trace of native origin, both in herself and her child. I understand she has a brother, or half-brother somewhere in India, an indigo planter, who asked her to come to live with him, and this she refused ; if I dare do it, I would earnestly advise her remaining in India.

*7th October.*—What have I been doing for the last two days ? I hardly know. A considerable part of the time has been engaged with Mrs. H., whose quarters are near mine. Most deeply do I feel for her, but alas ! what is unavailing pity in her case ? The weather is now very delightful and admits of going out with comfort, but I do not feel any alleviation of my own miserable sickness and depression ; my only moment of relief is during my evening drive; I think I am the first who crosses the drawbridge and among the last to return, not that there is a human soul to interest me, but the change of air and objects divert the sombre current of my ideas. I cannot attempt a drive, in the morning; the most I can accomplish is to put on my dressing-gown and go to sit on the top of the house, which seems a favourite promenade with many others as well as myself. I sit with my book, and Fenton walks about eating oranges, which are one of

the best fruits here, though much inferior to those we get in England. Captain Aitkin is also living here and a daily visitor.

As we were at tiffin a few days ago I heard a well-known voice inquire for Fenton, and presently my old friend Mr. Phison entered; I had not seen him since we parted at Ballygunge. His long intimacy and friendship for Niel, by whom I was first introduced to him, as well as his regard for my brothers and the affectionate interest he felt for me, all united to agitate me beyond the power of subduing its expression. I could not remain at the table, but after striving to become calm in my dressing-room, I sent to say I wished to see him there; when he took my hand the agitation of his own made the half-dried tears gush again, and his voice faltered when he attempted to offer some word of consolation; 'Your loss has been mine,' was all he could articulate, and though he sat with me long, neither, I believe, spoke two sentences. Poor fellow! how changed he was also; I thought of the handsome, spirited young man that used to visit me at Kilderry, and bring to me many a letter from Niel. How I thought of dear Eliza Hart, who thought and believed his interest in me arose from personal affection and would not be convinced to the contrary; and how she admired his manner and appearance. He left me, promising to return to breakfast next day, as he had much to tell me of James, with whom he had spent a long time at the Nilgherry hills.

Fenton has been appointed Brigade-Major of Fort William in the room of Major Greville, who is suspended. Even if the situation were permanent it would not induce me to remain in India beyond the cold season or indeed beyond February. We have now finally determined on going to New

South Wales, and also that Fenton will sell out. There is no prospect now of promotion, and to wander about the dépôts of country towns of England with a family would not suit me. James is so fully resolved to join us that we think an application for leave is but waste of time; if we go at all it ought to be done at once. My situation is certainly a serious difficulty; I cannot venture on the direct voyage there, so must of necessity take the first favourable opportunity of going to the Isle of France. It is a place I have long desired to see, and may be termed classic ground consecrated by the genius of St. Pierre; who hears it named without also thinking of the mountain cottages, the Valley of the Tomb, the fatal Isle of Amber? What interesting descriptions my friend Colonel Edwards used to give of it; . . . he was one of the gifted few, who view every scene with the eye of taste.

I paid Mrs. Cust a long morning visit and almost coveted her lovely babe of two months old. I told the Major we were going to leave India for Australia, and could not for a long time convince him it was true, but when we did he very cordially entered into our projects and almost inclined to follow our example. . . . It is truly amusing the astonishment which people express when they hear our intention; certainly if I were going off in a balloon to visit the stars they could not deem it more extraordinary; if I was to be laughed out of anything it would be of this, as it is a standing jest with our visitors, Aitkin especially, and every one who knew Fenton, as he was considered such a determined military man, that he could only exist in a red jacket. It is quite amusing to see the faces of some when we speak of it, and yet every one agrees he or she would wish to leave India.

. . . . .  
15th October.—I sat on the top of the house all this even-

ing—Fenton being absent—and witnessed that most sad of all sights, a military funeral conducted with all that mournful pomp particularly bestowed on those of its higher rank. It was a spectacle that from my very infancy I never could support, and surely it must be these are feelings of prescience rooted in us of which we know little, even while under their dominion. The solemn pageantry of martial music and procession is at all times imposing, but especially *there*. We see the end of honour, courage, fame, ambition, idols to which the soul bows in homage, all trampled under foot together. I know not if the actual ceremony of interment affect other minds as it does mine, or is it a peculiar weakness? I cannot support it.

24th October.— . . . Miss Aitkin has made her appearance; she is a fine girl, at least in India; she has a fine colour and is youthful and animated, with agreeable manners. Being in the next house to mine she is very much with me; in short between visitors at home and going out I have very little time for you or myself, although there is little of interest to communicate.

I went to call on Mrs. Bogle at Hourah, where she is staying with some relations. She was so much loved by Lady D'Oyly that I felt anxious to pay her the attention of calling, though I saw so little of her when we were almost living together. Her husband is a very nice young man—they seem truly happy! Now is their time!

Like many other Europeans I had a violent curiosity to see a Nautch. These native assemblies are much frequented about Calcutta, but I am told the true Hindoostanee nautch, as it is exhibited in the higher provinces, is such as no lady

could witness. To *this* Fenton was extremely unwilling I should go, but all his assurances that I should be both disgusted and disappointed, failed to convince Jemima Aitkin and myself; go we must and did. I fixed a night when I understood many English ladies were invited. The party dined with me, and one of the gentlemen undertook to be our guide, but unfortunately the potency of the bumpers of champagne he despatched so bewildered his memory on our way to the house of Roupe Loll Mullock—which was supposed to be three miles off and through lanes and dilapidated streets difficult of access even by day,—that I really despaired of ever reaching the place.

I ought to remind you that it is on these occasions the natives delight to display their wealth, and they consider it a great addition to their importance to have European guests. The poor animal who exists on rice and ghee all the year, contented with the mat for his bed, here may be seen playing the liberal entertainer.

These houses are generally narrow buildings surrounding a square, which on these gala nights is canopied by scarlet curwah, so that on entering what is only an open court you might suppose it a vast and lofty apartment. Well! after driving furiously to different houses all lit up in the same style, as fast as horses could take us on, the glare of lamps, the rapid motion of the multitudes moving round us almost bewildered my brain,—I heartily wished to be set down in any place—and after much toil and loss of time we discovered the entrance to Roupe Loll Mullock's house thronged with carriages of every description.

We were either too late or too early, for very few Europeans were to be seen, the benches were filled by half-castes, and not liking to seat ourselves with them, we walked about that

room in all directions until accosted by a grim native or baboo, attired in fine Dacca muslin with a beautiful necklace of topaz. After presenting his sons, one a young man, the other a boy in trousers and vest of kinkaub, he brought forward ~~a~~ an odious specimen of Hindoostanee beauty, a dancing-woman, for my special gratification, but such a wretch,—dressed in faded blue muslin bordered with silver, put on in some fashion passing my comprehension. It appeared at least twenty yards, rolled in every direction about her, the ends brought over the shoulders and hanging down before, her hair falling wild about her face. She was dressed in good keeping for a mad woman.

The musicians then commenced a native air, merely a repetition of four notes; she advanced, retreated, swam round, the while making frightful contortions with her arms and hands, head and eyes. This was her ‘Poetry of motion’; I could not even laugh at it. Our host still persisted in his resolution to be agreeable, which was so tormenting as he had not an earthly thing to say. His little boy solemnly walked after him as if conscious that he was part of the show. I tried to converse with him, but he glanced at me as a very suspicious character through his half-shut yet magnificent black eyes. These were the only members of the family we saw, as you must not even suppose the existence of daughters or wives.

Happily some other English visitors entered, and our dark friend quitted us to make his salaam to them. There was but little to see that could please a European eye, the only object at all extraordinary was at the top of the room, raised by a flight of steps higher than our apartment, a gigantic image of his God—I forget who, Seiva or Vishna,—astride on a peacock; a jolly-looking God he was, with staring black

eyes, pink and white cheeks and a curled head and whiskers, oh! so like those wig blocks you see in the window of a tailor or hairdresser; it was with the utmost effort I resisted laughing in the very face of him, the patron of the festival. /

After we left this house we drove to another, where two young men with really very good manners received us, but the style of the thing is the same at all, though these had some undefinable appearance of being of higher caste. They were splendidly dressed, and the eldest wore in his turban a single feather, so like the plume of the heron which marks the supremacy of the Highland chieftain. They insisted in regaling me with the odours of sandal-wood and other incense, but the smell of pawn oil and scents beyond description, the glare of a double row of brass chandeliers placed on the ground, and consequently on a level with the eye, almost made me faint, and, long before we could get at our carriage, seek relief in the street; so that I drove home cured for ever of all curiosity respecting native entertainments; indeed the only agreeable impression I bore from thence with me was the voice of a Circassian girl, or as I thought an European disguised, but be she what she may, the song of 'Taze bu Taze' was very sweet.

. . . . .  
31st November.—I was much amused to-day by an accidental visitor, a Mr. K——, of the —— Regiment, going home in very bad health. . . . He came to the Brigade-Major's office about some papers and accounts . . . having left his family at some other part of the city, and as Fenton was aware of his precarious state, he wished to save him a second visit to the fort, and asked him while waiting for the papers to take tiffin, and rest in the drawing-room. He observed that as I was also an invalid he might do it with less ceremony.

I was lying on my couch when the bearer ushered him in with a chit from Fenton, saying who he was, and wherefore he sent him upstairs ; indeed this face and figure (though particularly gentlemanlike) told a tale of suffering which at once excited my interest, so I requested he would rest on the couch opposite mine until tiffin was ready ; being both invalids we should not disturb each other. I gave him the paper to read, but insensibly fell into conversation ; the regiment he belonged to I had once known well, and in mentioning different names he, among others, repeated that of a person I had in days of yore been full well acquainted with, but for some time had lost sight of. I asked where he was and why he had left the corps. He replied that he could not exactly say ; he had heard he was attached to a lady in the north of Ireland ; some said she had not treated him well ; he did not himself know the particulars, but that he seemed very much depressed lately. The lady he understood to be the daughter of a clergyman, her name was Knox ! As he proceeded in his tale I really felt my ears tingle, to be told so gravely a story about myself ; I felt vexed, and yet I could have laughed at the coincidence and how little he suspected my identity ; I was almost going to tell him, but could not manage it.

As I drove out of the fort I met my old acquaintance Captain Forbes, who had been for some months at sea for his health. I did not recollect him till he had passed, though I am sure he did me, and will very injuriously think I *meant* to cut him. I know not if it be pre-occupation of mind or delicacy of health, that renders me so forgetful of the names of persons I know perfectly well. . . . It is quite a matter of torment to me, officers coming in on business to Fenton, to whom he introduces me, and of whom I retain no recollection ; then when I meet them on the Course in the evening, I pass

without a bow, and they consider it an intentional incivility. Fenton generally serves as my prompter, and, 'Bessie, there is a gentleman you know,' keeps me tolerably straight while we are together, but if I go out alone, I try to look straight before me for fear of offending somebody.

Not long since, the Craigies came to town to make purchases and asked me to go with them, to see some articles of silver and china they were divided upon. Off we went and spent the morning in the town and bazaars. I got so tired going up and down stone steps, that just when the day was over, they having gone up to see some things in the China bazaar, I, worn out, seated myself on a morah in the entrance. As these passages are generally filled with the commonest sort of merchandise, and crowded with palkee-bearers and attendants, it is not a usual place for a lady to sit. Quite conscious of this, though compelled by fatigue to stay, I sat looking over an advertisement of sales, which had been pushed into my hand in Leyburn's auction-room. The day before as I sat with Jemima Aitkin, her brother brought in two gentlemen and introduced them to us; they remained during tiffin and we conversed for some time. Now as I sat in Mulluck's bazaar, on looking up I saw a gentleman stand looking steadily and disagreeably at me; his face was quite familiar, and it struck me that he was one of the young men I had seen the day before, which belief was strengthened by his looking as if he expected to be recognised.

The *longer* he stood and the *oftener* I looked to see if he were *yet* gone, the stronger grew my perplexity, at last he made a move to go off, and then by way of doing a *meritorious* act, expecting I might meet him again with the Aitkins, I made him a slight bow. But, to my dismay he checked his steps, advanced to where I sat, and began to talk with a familiarity

which annoyed me considerably. To get free of him I turned to Mulluck, and asked him if he had fresh pine cheese; I just recollect that we had a large party, and the khaunsamah had told me there was none. While I was paying my five rupees for it, the stranger very familiarly took hold of my purse and said, ‘What can you be buying cheese for?’ I felt my face glow a little with displeasure, but tried to be cool and answered, ‘My husband is too much engaged to come with me, and he never allows the natives to judge in this article for him.’ His next question: ‘And pray who may *your* husband be?’ convinced me I had addressed an utter stranger, who naturally thought I wished to encourage his familiarity, so I started up and forgot all my fatigue, till I joined the Craigies, w<sup>o</sup> were yet undecided between brown and green china. When we descended together the gentleman was still in waiting, yet I could not be offended justly, as *my* bow had drawn the attack.

In the evening, Captain Aitkin was riding by the carriage talking with me, when a curricle passed with two young men; one of them spoke to Aitkin, whom I recognised to be the ‘He of the bazaar.’ I said to my companion, ‘For goodness sake, do tell me who that young man is!’ and I proceeded to tell him of the meeting in Mulluck’s shop. Aitkin laughed violently and said, ‘He is a young writer, and I shall have capital sport with him.’ He rode off before I could add a word. When we met at dinner he said: ‘I went after Mr. —, and told him, the Brigade-Major was so extremely angry at his having insulted his wife, he was going to call him out. He vowed he had never spoken to Mrs. Fenton in his life, did not even know her by sight. “What! do you say you did not take her purse in Mulluck’s bazaar this very morning?” “Mrs. Fenton! was *that* Mrs. Fenton? I saw a lady who seemed

highly rouged, and who from sitting there alone I really never supposed to be any one's *wife*; besides, I thought she bowed to me. I am quite distressed, shall I go and apologise to them, or will you?" I told him you were too angry to listen to an apology, and that he had better keep out of Fenton's way. He was trying to find out your name.'

I could not help being amused, though I did not wish to carry it quite so far, especially as I saw next time he passed that he wheeled off as quick as possible; it was from seeing him constantly on the Course I fancied him an acquaintance.

*5th November.*—A grand ball at Government House was the only occurrence that I recollect out of the general routine since I wrote last; it was expected to be very well attended, as a number of English ships had landed, I suppose, a greater display of pretty and ladylike girls than had been seen before in Calcutta at once; of course the display of French and English finery was in the same proportion. A great number of these girls had just left school, and to them the ball and introduction within the mystic circle of society was a joyous event, while to us, who had before experienced the tedium of such assemblies, it was regarded more as a species of *endurance* than of *enjoyment*.

Be this as it may, the crowd was immense. Miss Aitkin, who was one of the novelties of the season and perhaps among the best, accompanied me. Dr. and Mrs. Craigie just arrived from Chinsurah, as Jemima and I had left the dining room to commence our toilet, and she had the disadvantage of dressing in haste and confusion, but looked, notwithstanding, what she must ever do, very pretty,—though not gifted with expedition on these occasions, which put Jemima's patience to a severe trial; as *her* dress was ready as it had left Regent Street, and

well became the wearer. She naturally thought delay and disappointment were inseparable, and often urged me to come off and leave Mrs. C. to her husband's escort. This, however, in my own house I could not do, and after all the vexations of a hasty toilet we set out.

The length of the verandahs and the flights of stairs almost wore me out before we reached the principal reception room. It was thronged to excess, and seeing there was little probability of making our salaam to Lady Bentinck, I gladly took possession of a vacant couch, as Jemima rather wished to look around her than to dance. {The *coup d'œil* of these rooms is indeed calculated to impress a young person with delight, particularly when filled by a brilliant assembly. The dress and splendid ornaments of most of the married women, and the elegance and fashion of that of the girls just arrived, on whom we all know their friends spare no expense, combined with the beauty of very many of those present, rendered the assembly particularly striking.]

Yet at all times of my life, my ball-room musings have been melancholy, and here particularly so, viewing so many gay happy creatures, happy in their ignorance of the future, and that indefinable delight which attends a first introduction to the novel habits of a foreign country; happy too and encouraged by the presence of admiring parents and friends. Alas! to all these what a gorgeous dream is their coming life, thus ushered in. But how many of its bright tints must wane into clouds and darkness even before one year has passed over them!

Among the throng I saw Gough! very assiduous in his attentions to a very pretty girl, looking as if poor Charlotte

had never been; there was also Frank Gouldsbury, conspicuous by his wife's appearance, as there were only two half-castes among that numerous assembly that I could see. Dear Frank looked so little like himself, so ill-assorted in being thus accompanied, it made me truly sorrowful; indeed neither of these parties could fail of awakening painful memories, one of the *dead*, the other *for the living*!

• • • • •

We dined with a Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, that had once been in the 33rd with James; he likewise left the regiment and came to India as a lawyer. He spoke with much interest of him, and although ill able, I accepted their invitation. He is a particularly pleasing, gentlemanlike young man; she is pleasing in manner but in no wise pretty. There was a large party, and I dare say I might have supposed it agreeable at any other time, but I was so overcome with sick faintness before I had sat two minutes in the room, that I repented of having made the attempt; everything swam round, wall-shades seemed whirling round the apartment, and tables dancing. Mr. Dickens stood by my couch, talking of James. Happy for me that it was *his* vocation to talk, for *Yes* and *No* were all I could articulate, and when he took me into dinner I truly could not see my way, but trusted to the guidance of his arm. Fancy the misery of being thus seated during a repast which seemed interminable, being entreated to eat, taking platefuls of everything offered, and letting it go untouched. I was thankful to accept of some iced champagne as a momentary stimulus although infinitely worse after it was taken. I said to myself, 'I cannot sit up another five minutes, if I rise up to go or if I stay and fall on the floor it will alike produce confusion. Oh! that I were at home!'

With such cogitations I was engaged until it pleased

Providence that Mrs. Dickens did bow her intimation to me to move. I actually got out of the room and to the first step of the stairs,—then lavender water and harts-horn, and ayahs, and bearers all were summoned, and by their aid, I suppose, I was transported to the couch in Mrs. D.'s apartment, where she sat most kindly striving to revive and assist me. When able to speak, I attempted to tell her what I had endured during the last two hours, and assuring that only lying down and quietness could relieve me, at length persuaded her to divide her attention with her other guests. So I lay there, ruminating on the accumulated misery of a burra khaunna, the inconvenience of my voluminous gauze dress, the pain of my head from combs and pins and bows of hair, in fine of my general suffering, and the agony of my small satin shoes, knowing that if I took them off they must remain off, the swelling of my feet being so distressing. At last when 'our hour was come,' after venturing to stand and drink a cup of coffee, I blessed Heaven to be in my palkee at full length, pulled all my combs out, threw off my shoes, almost undressed myself, flung my pretty necklace and earrings on the mat, and shut my eyes until put down in my own verandah, where after muffling my shawl over my disarranged dress I regained my couch, which I am almost vowed to quit no more, at least for large parties.

*17th November.*—I often ponder over the strange variety of sorrows which have mingled in my cup, and cannot recall any period when suspense and agitation have been more severe than for some time past, and this must ever be the case where you have taken any step involving the interest of any other or been instrumental to their doing it. All this do I feel with respect to Fenton's selling out, as he yielded to it less

from his own wish than his desire to gratify me and to enter on a plan of life which would include James and ensure his removal from India. . . . The whole measure was designed and expected to be mutual and being for the benefit, necessarily demanded the aid, of all. Under this impression Fenton took those steps which cannot be retracted, and when too late to recede, fancy my amazement to receive a letter from George, saying that James's joining us was very uncertain. He *might* or he *might not*; we had better make our arrangements without reference to them.

I was stupefied, as it was for the express object of being together that Fenton resolved on selling out, and he seemed so much hurt by this versatility,—indeed the idea of going alone never once entered into his thoughts or mine, for I over and again urged James to *determine*, as if he did not decide on Australia, we *should* on returning to England. My first impulse was to make Fenton apply to the Commander-in-Chief to cancel the sale of his commission, although I fear the application is too late. He has done so; I am in most anxious excitement as to the result, and it would be hardly possible to give you all my reasons.

In the first place it may make a difference to Fenton of £1000, beside the loss of his present appointment, if he now leaves the regiment, and he may even resign his profession for little or no purpose. By these delays the time of my confinement becomes so near that I may not be able to encounter the voyage. . . . Altogether, I never felt so perplexed and uncomfortable,\* my present situation renders it most trying, I am often thankful Fenton is not aware of how much I have to fear. At this moment I heartily regret I ever spoke of Australia, for otherwise I should have been settled at Dinapore, or on my way to England. If we do not

leave Calcutta before February we cannot hazard a voyage in the Indian Seas, the hurricane will then oppose us. The hot season is come here, and God only knows which of us may be the victim.

I wonder if James and George ever took this view of the subject, or, indeed, if they ever have thought of it at all. Oh! when shall I cease to be led away by my impulses and take reason for my guide? it is full time, when my influence has so narrowly affected Fenton's interest; at least *this* lesson shall be to me a lasting one, and I will endeavour to profit by it, even should my present uneasy feelings be removed. Of all others I should be slow to deceive myself with delusive dreams and expectancies.

22nd November.—I often catch strange glimpses of those I have met before, which leave me sad and thoughtful. I went this morning alone to the Burra Bazaar to look for some things I could not well describe or send for. It is of all places in Calcutta the least likely to meet an acquaintance in, or where a lady is ever seen. It is a place wholly beyond describing; the lanes are dark, narrow, and filthy, filled with the effluvia issuing from the dens (for I cannot call them houses) of the natives, and they too look barbarous, half-naked, and as if on the watch to take hold of you. There is a kind of market-place covered over and divided into separate stands; they are perfectly wonderful to an European. There are heaped on one board all sorts of shoes, slippers, sandals to suit the native taste, pointed, and turned up some inches; next, perhaps, are heaps of native bangles, necklaces, coral, cornelians, and sometimes you get very beautiful things here for almost nothing. Then all the wonderful specimens of boxes, lacquered work, playthings, shells of all possible variety

and hues, miniature casts of the native gods and sacred animals, feathers, flowers, china, silks, chintz—in short, I should amazingly like to fill a waggon indiscriminately here, and after, amuse myself for a year looking over its contents.

Well, after quitting this strange abode of human creatures and their contrivances, as my bearers trotted on I saw standing in a doorway a face so like Dr. Rhodes of the *Cornwall*, that I started at what I supposed the resemblance, but never for a moment believed it to be the same, when the palkee stopped and he stood before it, like a vision! for in this hasty recognition I found he was going out of Calcutta, and I should most probably have left it before he returned. Of course little could we say during that brief meeting as he stood uncovered in the hot sun, and my words were incoherent from the multitude of ideas excited by his sudden appearance. It was strange that he knew me in the glance of a moment. He had been ever extremely attentive to me, but I had not given him credit for the strong feeling he now displayed. As he was going I said, ‘And is this all, I am ever again to see or know of you?’ He pressed my hand with a degree of energy which brought a flood of tears to my eyes, and seeing it did me little good to prolong the interview, he bid the bearers go on.

When I returned, Fenton was still absent, and the vacant rooms had an aspect of loneliness which oppressed me so much, I actually could not sit down. I called again for the palkee, and went to fly from my own thoughts in paying some visits. The first was to Mrs. Cust. At her request I went to her dressing-room, where she was drying her hair after the operation of washing it. She was as usual extremely agreeable, and having nothing to do elsewhere, I took off my bonnet and lay down on the couch. She perceived that I was agitated, and asked with much kindness if it arose from illness. I told

her the simple fact, adding that I earnestly wished to have more command over my own feelings, but the more I strove the less I succeeded.

She replied, 'I may tell you *now* that you have mentioned the subject,—before we met, I had a strong wish to know you personally; I felt so much interested for you from hearing the young men of the 47th and 59th, who joined us at Berhampore, speak of you and Captain Campbell, and the strong affection visible between you during that voyage; that he seemed miserable if apart from you, and so devoted in attention, he watched every word you spoke, more like a lover than a husband, and seemed to consider you alike without an equal or a fault; that they could not fancy any other so much to be pitied in being alone; your tastes, ideas, and feelings were so congenial. Mrs. Hemming has frequently said the same, and dwelt on your love for him and his devotion to you.'

These were sorrowful truths, and yet I had not been aware that our sentiments had been so apparent to others; it shows when persons are much interested in each other, how little they are conscious of the observation of bystanders.

. . . . .  
*27th November.*—As I sat writing to Patterson lately, Jemima Aitkin was working by my side, and it suddenly occurred to me she would be a very nice wife for him, so I gave him a faithful description of her and told him instead of bewailing his celibacy at Dinapore to come to us and try to excite a prior interest in her good graces before she was appropriated by some one else, which would certainly be the case ere long. I have just received from him a most vehement letter, coming *at once* into the proposal, beseeching my influence with the lady, and declaring that my good opinion

was sufficient to determine him; reminding me that this was not the first time he had placed his fate in my hands! I felt at first a little startled, but on considering the matter, and with perfect good will to both, I really do think they may be very happy and are well suited. I know few men with whom a sensible woman might get on more tranquilly than with Patterson. He is well informed; his manners are agreeable, and his temper and disposition good, I am sure it would be as good a match as she can make: of course to her I have not mentioned the matter, it is much better they should meet as unprejudiced persons. But I told Aitkin, and he said she should please herself, though it was to him evidently very agreeable:—now if *this* turns out ill I shall have a heavy responsibility.

I read in the paper of yesterday of the arrival of Mrs. Grant's two daughters, whom she had so anxiously expected. They were to come out with the Rev. Thomasin and his wife. I accordingly set off to call on them at the Bishop's Palace where I understood Mr. Thomasin was to remain. I asked for the young ladies and was shown upstairs, where to my amazement I met their mamma. She had hastened down to receive them, and only arrived the day before. She seemed really delighted to meet me, and introduced me to the girls, who seemed not a little surprised to see their mamma bestow so many embraces on a stranger. They were both extremely pleasing and lady-like; the eldest, Mrs. Grant told me, was to be married to Mr. Thomasin's eldest son, a fine young man. She had in early youth accompanied him to India and they were shipwrecked; during that hour of trial Mr. T.'s care and kindness had strongly attached her to him. She told me that the idea of the young people being united had been

a pet scheme of hers from the time they were born, though she never had spoken of it. A very nice couple indeed they were; he, tall, handsome, and intelligent, about twenty-four; she, eighteen—that happy age!

I did most heartily enter into Mrs. Grant's feelings, and trust nothing may occur to damp them. She is a most affectionate parent, and in all things has consulted her daughter's best interest. She had been most urgent in her entreaties that I should marry Fenton, and on the present occasion seemed rejoiced to meet us together. Her youngest daughter some time after said Captain Fenton and Mr. M'Naughton were the only two gentlemen in Calcutta with whose appearance she was at all taken. I spent as much of the day as I could with her, and promised to visit them whenever it was in my power.

*1st December.*—There are now some vessels here on the point of sailing for the Isle of France: Fenton has gone on board some to ascertain their accommodations, but as yet we have not fixed on any, although finally resolved to depart by the first opportunity which is favourable. Half of our acquaintances still seem to think us insane, and the rest suspend their judgment.

There is a gentleman here, a lawyer, Charles Prinsep, who, hearing of Fenton's intentions, seems very anxious to get him to take charge of a property he has in Van Diemen's Land . . . he offers Fenton the half of the increase of cattle and produce if he will take charge of it, he supplying a certain sum for its improvement. He seems a very gentlemanlike and well-informed man, and though we had fixed on Port Macquarie as our place of location, the reasons he has given for his preference of Van Diemen's Land have made us vacillate; its

fine and temperate climate and rising importance as an agricultural country are strong recommendations. It is never visited by those parching droughts that often destroy the harvest and sheep-pasture in Australia. On the whole we are rather disposed to alter our first plan, and follow the example and opinion of Mr. Prinsep.

*4th December.*—As I sat this morning writing to James, the sudden appearance of my dear friend Blackwell made me for the moment forget everything, sad as it is to look on one you love for the last time, *knowing* it to be such, and certainly there is hardly a chance, be it ever so remote, of our meeting again, when he departs for the West Indies and *I* for New South Wales. He has been to me indeed as a dear and tender brother, ever since that sad hour, when I first felt the misery of being without one. . . . My dear Blackwell! In my regard for him were united all the elements of which friendship is made up. Friendship, community of sentiment! How much is conveyed by those words! Shall I ever meet again a friend after my own heart, yet endowed with all in which I am deficient? Never, I fear! There are so few I can even tolerate, I need hardly hope to find another I can so truly love and esteem.

Fenton has taken our passage to the Isle of France in the *Hamoud Shaw*, an Arab ship in the service of the Imaum of Muscat. It is a fine vessel of 800 tons; there are, I believe, no passengers but ourselves, and the captain seems anxious to afford us every accommodation; as it might be long before another of the same burden offers, I think it best to take advantage of this. I now begin to feel I am about to leave India, whether for our advantage or not, He only who decides all things can determine.

6th December.—The bustle and confusion of this house affords little time for thought. . . . I am in the midst of laborious packing, and here, where the natives seem bent on frustrating instead of furthering your progress, I at moments feel almost wild with the variety of things I must do and direct. Fenton is all the day occupied with Mr. Prinsep.

I returned to spend as much of the evening as I could with Mrs. Grant. Fenton was going to the Mess of the 59th, and drove me thither a little before the hour. At this season how delicious the evenings are, and never did I look on one more peculiarly rich in all the glow of tropic beauty than this. . . . I could not help saying 'Beautiful India,' although it had been the shoal where peace was wrecked.

8th December.—I have been too busy to go to the Course, and consoled myself with a walk on the top of the house. . . . I was watching among the distant line of carriages for Fenton's, he had been all day absent; while thus waiting Blackwell said: 'What different scenes we shall both be looking on next year; think you the remembrance of this will pass away, or shall we revert to it with pain or pleasure? For my own part I feel I shall long recollect it!' We talked over Dinapore, our first acquaintance there, the dear friend we had both left at Patna, of much connected with the past interesting to us both, of the coming future, whereof we could each discern so little even of our *probable* fate; but we both resolved that whatever might befall either, our intercourse and interest in each other should not cease. He had taken his passage in the *Juliana* and only waited my departure to remove to the house of a relation at Garden Reach.

9th December.—An old friend of Fenton's, a Captain Kirk-

wood, who commands the *Columbia*, brought him some letters from his family and dined with us. I was almost sorry I was engaged to a quadrille party at Mrs. Henderson's in Fairley Place; inconvenient as such an engagement was, it was of old standing, and there was no getting over it; besides I happened to feel unusually well that night and almost in high spirits, which did not diminish on arriving there. There was a very large party of young people, which is not often the case, for at most parties here the good people are all grave in deportment, and bent in sober earnest on proving their own superiority, whether it be in rank or dress or wealth.

All the girls who had come out in the *Juliana* had been invited to meet each other. Jemima Aitkin was one of the number, and we formed an alliance for the evening. They were so gay, so pretty and unaffected, I could not resist the influence of their spirits and thought of past gay evenings, which once lay like flowers on the stream of time, but with the years, of which they had formed an item, were long since engulfed by oblivion and sorrow. At supper I found myself, on the right, touching an old gentleman whom I had met at Bishop's College, and never since. He had then expressed a kind of interest for me, which to a suffering mind was gratifying, and after my marriage I frequently thought of renewing my acquaintance with him by inviting him. This I should certainly have done if I had known before that night that Fenton had been acquainted with his son, killed at Rangoon.

We expressed some regret that we had not met before, with several questions and inquiries as to where I had hid myself in the interim. I replied that I had been fully employed: first I had been nearly *dead*, next I was *married*, thirdly I was all ready to leave India and turn shepherdess in New South Wales. Of my marriage he said he was aware, and since he

could not be the man himself, expressed every good wish towards him who was, adding he believed from report my choice was a good one. Anent my pastoral scheme he had not so decided an opinion to express, but wished us every success. He said, ‘Though you look thin and delicate, I rejoice from my heart to read a happier language in your eye than when I first saw you at church in the college chapel; you reminded me of Cowper’s rose “just washed in a shower.”’

## PART II: ISLE OF FRANCE

## I

DECEMBER 13TH, 1828—JANUARY 31ST, 1829

*Sagur Roads, on board ‘Hamoud Shaw.’*

16th December.—It seems but a moment of time since I first sat here and gazed with such intense delight and excitement at that dark line of forest and jungle, those fishing-boats, the land birds, all which told me I had reached my destination. I can think of nothing expressive of the present change but the shifting scene of a panorama, leaving this moment not a vestige of the last. There is not a single circumstance of feeling which has not undergone a revolution so complete that I hardly comprehend myself to be the same creature, nor in point of fact *am I*. This change has come from the hand of God, nor can I attribute any part of it either to my own wisdom or my own folly; still not the less I feel that change has been, and cold indeed were my heart could I feel myself again on this well-remembered spot without being wrung by ten thousand recollections of all the love, the fond, assiduous care of my dear unfortunate Campbell. The very appearance of the ship, the arrangements of my cabin brought each a pang, telling of some little alteration he had planned for my comfort. The very conversations calculated to support my spirits and lead to pleasing anticipation seemed to echo in my ear as if

the wind brought them back to me. Even the gushing of the waves by the side of the ship had a tongue, and gladly I laid myself on my couch, not to sleep but be unobserved when evening came; for I had the double distress of deep and poignant sorrow and felt that sorrow to be *wrong*.

I have at all times felt peculiar depression of spirits at sea, and this malady is terribly aggravated by my present situation and the nervous irritation of my whole system. . . . The sort of people, too, with whom chance has assorted us are such as always make me dispirited. The misery of being the companion of vulgar people is one I never could become reconciled with.

I felt so ill last night, I find it necessary to remain quiet, nor will I look back on the shore I am leaving; it does me no good. I will endeavour to beguile my thoughts with writing, and give you some account of our departure from Fort William.

After drinking a hasty cup of coffee at gun-fire, we embarked under the glacis in a little beauliah of Mr. Prinsep's, just large enough for Fenton and myself at one side and the three children we had taken from the orphan school at the other, poor little helpless things! in the centre one set of my camp drawers to serve as a table, a basket with provisions for the day, as we expected to reach the *Hamoud Shaw* early in the evening. Our servants, who wished to accompany us on board, and all our baggage, were in a country boat in the rear. It was pleasant for a little, for there was none left to love and regret, and in the bustle of departure there was no time to *think*, until the splendour of an Eastern sunrise revealed the beautiful residences of Garden Reach. I then began to feel what till that moment I hardly dared to think certain, that I was leaving India. It was ominous! I had come up that

river first without Campbell, and though I left it united with another, deserving every feeling of affection which can again animate me, still my heart was bursting to remember that the loved and loving object of my early affection lay in a lonely grave in the land I was quitting for ever. It was a hard struggle to calm my feelings, nor soon accomplished, though I tried to fix my thoughts on the mercy of being permitted to leave India before my health was irrecoverably lost, as well as that of Fenton. The picturesque scenery of the banks diverted my thoughts. Again I looked on the walls of Bishop's College, where I had passed so many really miserable days ; again I thought of that day when I came there alone to reside with those I had never seen ; the bitter, bitter tears I shed in spite of every effort not to betray my feelings to strangers ; the disappointment of my first glance at Mr. Mill's countenance ; his solemn pedantry, then Mrs. Rose and her miseries ; the poor Dane who sung his national melodies with so much feeling, and in broken English gave glimpses of the *Maladie du pays* which was devouring him, and seemed so little calculated for the missionary character he had assumed ; his companion Mr. B., whose sentimentality amused me in spite of woe. Poor boy ! just old enough to fancy it necessary to be in love, giving such piteous sighs which he wished me to suppose arose from the cruelty of some fair lady at home ! A solitary Englishwoman among such a party was rather in a trying position. Then the good black-faced man, with whom I was glad to converse to escape from the personality of the schoolboy, until he too fancied sentiment more fit than science for a lady's ear, which perverse idea was the more provoking as he was so very well-informed—the solitary walks in my only place of refuge, the Garden.

In less than one year where were all these? The first and best, Bishop James, and his baby were dead, his widow returned to England. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Mill gone to England, her father, Mr. Elphinston, dead; dear little E. Gouldsbury dead; myself married and on my way to Van Diemen's Land. It was with a strange feeling that I sailed under the shadow of the well-remembered banyan-tree where I had so often hidden myself from the view of strangers, and said to the last view of Bishop's College receding, 'Adieu, you dreary pile, where sadness never dies.'

With these and such recollections my mind was engaged until all remembered objects were left behind. We expected to reach Kedgeree before sunset. Our little boat floated pleasantly on, only rather too rapidly for the attendance of the baggage-boat, which had fallen in the rear,—much to my annoyance, as it contained all our trunks, plate, money, and my ornaments. We produced our basket of cold fowls and tongue, of which the keen air disposed me to partake with unwonted appetite, and divided it with the children. Feeling very weary from the cramped position of the boat, where Fenton could not sit upright, we gladly removed to the top of the beauliah, where, in the glittering sunset, we tried to discern Kedgeree and the *Hamoud Shaw*. It was no small disappointment, on nearing the vessel which had long attracted our attention, to find it was the *Marchioness of Ely*, and that our ship had in the morning dropped down,—they supposed must be at Diamond Harbour.

We had now to determine whether to go on, or remain under the bank till morning, but as there was moonlight and the prospect of terminating our sail in a few hours, we resolved on proceeding. Our dandies resumed their oars, and after pulling for about an hour we got into a current which im-

pedoed the boat with such velocity that I anticipated a speedy termination to our voyage. 'Tis true I felt some apprehension when a little after we were enveloped in a thick fog, which completely removed all hope of moonlight and knowledge of where we were. As our baggage-boat was still behind we had no means of adding to our comfort or resources for the evening. On passing a bazaar where I knew they possibly might stop, we put the sirdar bearer on shore to wait and bring on the others, suspecting they might adopt a practice very common in India when persons are on the point of departure;—their servants decamp with whatever they can put their hands on, knowing that they may easily evade pursuit until the unfortunate master is fairly out at sea.

I felt extremely exhausted, and Fenton tried to prepare a spot where I might lie down. I had a mattress, but there was no room to spread it, the children occupying one bench, and Fenton and myself the other. He collected the pillows, and rolling a blanket round us,—I know not how he disposed of his length of limb, but *he* soon slept. Gladly would I have done the same, which the gushing of the water alone rendered impossible. . . . We had no light to obtain even a knowledge of the hour, nor was there any seen afar to denote the vicinity of any ships.

I truly felt shivering with terror, yet would not waken Fenton, who slept even as profoundly as Shakespeare's 'Ship Boy,' while my very heart sunk within me. What a dreadful night I spent; I could not even turn round without Fenton first getting up.

Day comes to all, to the happy and the miserable, and it broke on me in a doleful plight, very, very sick, trembling with the raw sea air; what would I have given for the cup of coffee which so often in the caprice of indulgence I had rejected! The diminished resources of our provision-basket was no small

evil, for all it afforded was half a loaf and a small bottle of cherry brandy. This was a scanty breakfast for five persons; I seriously wished for the 'booby' or the 'noddy' on which Byron regales his famished mariners.

This morning was Sunday, which 'shone no Sabbath to us.' I often felt the sight leave mine eyes with fatigue and want of sleep and food. About one o'clock a fishing-boat came up with us, and they offered us some beautiful fish, which I could almost have eaten raw, and were cooked for us by the mongie in the best manner he could. True there was no 'Reading's' sauce, nor even salt or bread, but it was acceptable indeed. We were now close to Diamond Harbour where the *Hamoud Shaw* was *not*, and I was nearly in despair at the idea of another night at sea in the boat, when a sea-boat passing communicated that she was actually at Sagur Roads, which we reached before it was dark that night. I need not occupy my time telling why and wherefore she had led us this trip, nor all the Captain's solemn apologies; indeed, I was so thankful to reach the ship, I thought the less of it, although there was much to reconcile; the people who were to be our associates were far below the grade we would have chosen. Ben Hassan himself had much the advantage. He is really a fine looking man, and as he approached to make his salaami to me, I thought his appearance very striking, habited in a smart scarlet jacket, braided with black lace over a long white muslin robe or tunic; a fine cashmere scarf wreathed into a turban formed his head-dress.

After some ceremonious obeisance, he declared himself my slave, that all the crew were for my use, and, moreover, the good ship *Hamoud Shaw* at my sole direction; I could not help thinking what a blessed pilot or helmsman I would make in a gale. He has one European on board who holds the

office of chief mate. He makes me quite melancholy. He is English by name and complexion, but his tastes, manners, and his scruples, not to say religion, are Arab. He is the son of a Scotch clergyman, but for many years has been leading his present life, trading between Muscat and Mozambique. Muscat is, in his imagination, what Paris is to a Frenchman. His taste seems to lie in laying bare the unsightly movements of the human heart and crushing its better feelings, or dwelling on them with bitterness and ridicule. His converse turns on murders, executions, shipwrecks, his reading is the works of Voltaire and Paine, of which he has just read enough to unsettle his own belief. Poor fellow! though it always makes me nervous to hear him speak, I pity him too; he may not always have been what he now is; has he been made this hopeless thing by disappointment or alienation from the humanising relationships of life? Then what a life his must be; the captain is jealous of his European superiority, and exercises very many petty tyrannies on him. There is no being with whom he can exchange an idea. The Kranee, or priest, is under the captain's authority. The crew are a wretched mixture of low Bengalee, Arab, and negro slaves brought in childhood from the coast of Africa. Oh! would that you could but see a boy, with teeth like ivory, and face the very model for good humour, designated 'Cockroach,' who attends the captain with his coffee! Among this degenerate crowd there is,—*Oh! sad to write it*,—a Greek, a native of Athens, as happy, as degraded as the rest, a Moslem now by adopted faith and practice. Little recks he of past time; Marathon is no more to him than Mozambique—

'Earth, render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of your Spartan dead;  
Of the three hundred give but three  
To make a new Thermopylae.'

He would rather have a curry than all the fame of his ancestors. I believe I was the first European lady they had seen, and they gazed with as much curiosity as you would to see an elephant grazing in the clover fields of Ireland.

Our accommodation is very good for a country ship, and, indeed, this amiable Arab has spared no pains to render it fitting. He sent on board a set of spoons and forks for my special convenience, and the latter article almost bewildered the intellect of the kitmutgars, who, never having seen a fork, could not comprehend its use or necessity. Ben Hassan was quietly stroking his whiskers in the assurance that everything was complete for my reception, when some one spoke of tablecloths, and tablecloths had never once entered into his calculations. However, he prevailed on a passenger on board to sell him a few, off which, I suspect, I shall but seldom dine. My bed, I expect, will be my resting-place for the voyage.

The captain does not appear at our meals; he dines with the Kranee in his own cabin, from whence the odour of many a savoury mess penetrates into mine, from which it is only separated by canvas. Over and above I am benefited by listening to the Koran, duly read by the Kranee, and favoured by the visits of two enormous Persian cats almost as large as sheep.

*18th December.*—The pilot has just taken back my adieu to India, a last letter to Blackwell. Every hour increases my dread of the voyage and my present suffering. . . . I feel that tightened sensation in my throat, that tears would relieve, but here I ought not, must not, yield to it. Though I said I would not look back on India, last night, when the necessity for air obliged me to go on deck, and the last sight of it lay like a faint streak in the horizon—I could not sit up, but lay on my

mattress, the crew were apart, and Fenton arranging for the safety of his white Arab steed between decks—I was alone, and felt it some relief to weep unrestrained over that last view.

*27th December.—North Latitude 4.*—I hardly know how to express the lingering flight of time since I last wrote. . . . Until these last few hours we have been enduring the misery of a calm, if you could but fancy what *that* is, under the Line; it is totally beyond description. The fiery rays of a vertical sun pour down on you, everything is motionless but the ship, which turns from side to side, there being no power of directing her at the helm. It seems as if the element of water had expired, and that you float on a dead sea.

I lay on my mats spread on the floor, fearing some injury if I fell out of my couch. Of course there was nothing done by any one; the crew lay asleep on deck, the Captain smoked his hookah and swallowed his coffee, and the Kranee read double portions of the Koran. Fenton's fortitude seemed also exhausted. He sat silent, pondering over the chart. I looked at him, and often deeply repented having urged him to this voyage. My bodily ills are hourly increased, and if I do not survive the voyage, his chief motive for exertion is gone, and he is a wanderer, without profession or object.

I do not believe any one ever suffered as I do, I am sick and faint from want of food, but if I begin to eat the quickening of the circulation makes me quite hysterical. This, of course, I must strive to suppress or conceal, for those who look on and cannot relieve me must also suffer, and as it is not usual, scarcely any one can understand it but myself. . . . I believe I repeat to myself all the poetry I ever read, to try and go to sleep; sometimes I try to read by the lamp which hangs over

my couch, and a few nights ago I spent the most of the hours writing some lines on the miseries of the calm on the blank pages of an old magazine the mate had lent Fenton. If the pencilling does not rub off, he will wonder what they mean some future day. As they contain a pretty true picture of my state of mind, you shall have them too.

WRITTEN AT SEA, DURING A CALM, ON BOARD  
*THE HAMOUD SHAW.*

' Mute on the deck with listless hands  
The lone and drowsy helmsman stands.  
As if in mockery of his skill  
No more the helm obeys his will.  
The loose sail flapping on the ear  
Makes dreariness appear more drear,  
While Sleep a stern and dread repose  
O'er all his wild associates throws,  
Save when upon the midnight air  
The Moslem pours his wonted prayer.  
Towards Mecca's distant shrine he bows,  
Assured that Allah hears his vows.

How strangely does my soul receive  
Such sound, on Christmas' holy eve,  
And muse on England's distant shore  
Where thousands worship and adore.

Far from such scene, my thoughts they roam  
To hover round my distant home.

How fair was life when first mine eyes  
Delighted in the first sun~~nise~~  
That spread along the lessening shore  
I part from—to return no more.  
How strange that even from scenes of woe  
It should be pain to feel we go  
For ever—that we almost grieve  
The scenes of perished hope to leave.'

What a relief to my mind it would be if I could often write. . . . Farewell for the present, my dear friend; should another day of grace be given I will not fail to use it.

*27th January (Port Louis).—On board the 'Nerbulda.'*—When I laid down my pen last I judged rightly that I might not soon resume it; that day commenced a succession of what sailors term white squalls, which attended us to this harbour, but that I am here and alive is so great a mercy I ought not to complain. . . . Of course, as the weather became rough my suffering from sea-sickness was dreadful beyond description. . . . About sunset my mattress on deck was my constant resting-place. . . . I could not speak, and lay watching the daily change of position visible in the stars. I doubt if I can ever again look on the midnight heavens without uneasy recollection. The moment I descended Fenton would support me until my clothes were got off, and I was extended on my couch, then was my one chance of obtaining rest, for

‘Sorrow returned with the dawning of morn.’

I cannot forget the perplexity of the good captain one cool day when I was taken up earlier than usual. I was scarcely seated when I felt the sight leave my eyes and the power of articulation fail. Fenton and the captain were standing near, looking at some threatening clouds to windward. I grasped the former by the coat, endeavouring to express that I wanted to be laid down flat, and both being alarmed at the death-like hue on my face, some little bustle ensued, during which time Ibrahim seemed doubtful if it was proper for him to be there, and astonished at Fenton requiring his aid to arrange my position. Assisting fainting ladies was evidently so much out of his way, I never shall forget his face, and the pre-

cipitancy with which he descended for some superlative rose water. Sometimes as I lay, the Kranee would leave his position on deck (where he stood to watch the first dip of the sun's orb into the sea and commence his prayers for the ship and crew in preparation of the evening meal); he used to approach and try to converse in Arabic, Parsee, Hindoostanee—all in vain—and give it up in despair.

About this time some old feud between the captain and mate revived, to whom he would not speak on common or nautical points, as seamen generally do. His observations were made in silence, and this made me additionally miserable, as I took it into my wise head Ben Hassan did not know our longitude. I had heard him once say the event of the voyage solely depended on the fiat of Mahommed, already issued, and I was fully persuaded we were at the will of the elements unaided by human skill. The European officer only remarked that if our hour for shipwreck had arrived, we could not pass it by. . . . One dreadful night in the sudden fury of a white squall one of our sails—the main sheet, I believe—was carried away. Oh! what a scene was there—the darkness, the storm, the awful discord of Arab, Persian, and Hindoo jargon; before Fenton could stop me I was out on deck *au chemise*. I cannot tell for what purpose,—I flew out in a sudden impulse I was not conscious of. You may suppose how rejoiced I felt when we got sight of the Isle of Roderigo, which was a point from whence the exact distance to the Isle of France might be calculated. Here we changed our course, and dreadful indeed were the days that succeeded over a stormy cross sea. I had become so feeble I could no longer aid myself, and both day and night poor Fenton had to sit up holding me on that couch; every bone and joint seemed crushed with the blows he could not prevent me from receiving against the side of the

ship. Not alone did I suffer from bodily pain, but terror of the consequences to myself and infant if I should be taken prematurely ill in such a terrible situation; the only female on board was a child of thirteen.

When Fenton came into my cabin to tell me he saw land, I really cried from overwrought feeling, and very soon the motion of the vessel abated enough for him to assist me to stand and look upon the exquisite scenery of those rocky islands, which, lying in the channel, render the approach to the Isle of France so beautiful and so dangerous. We, however, had nothing to fear; it was daylight, and a light and steady breeze carried us safely on. I felt all the miseries of that voyage become light in retrospect when the blessed green earth was again before me.

I think it wonderful what power the mind possesses over the malady of sea-sickness. I dressed with as much alacrity as if I had been on shore; and by the time we anchored by a dangerous reef guarded by a bell buoy, was able to get on deck and feast my eyes with the scenery. The air, too, fresh and strong, felt delightfully bracing to wasted nerves like mine. . . . My impatience to get on shore was so strong, early next morning Fenton collected his letters of introduction and business and went off with Ben Hassan, recommending my doing as much in the way of preparation as I could without fatigue. I said I would, and accordingly summoned my little handmaid and emptied my drawers on the ground for her to arrange. First, however, the morning looked so charming, the lights on the mountain and shadows on the valley lay in such beautiful repose, I got a chair on deck. . . . I meant to sit a few minutes, and at least remained two hours. . . . I sat seemingly possessed by a spirit of procrastination.

About one o'clock, it might be, Ben Hassan returned almost foaming with passion. For some time I could not understand him; he told me I must go out of the ship instantly; this I assured him of my perfect readiness to do on Fenton's return, but he must recollect the quantity of baggage and furniture we had on board, which would require some time to take away; besides, there was no place ready for my reception. By degrees the fact unfolded itself, there was some old regulation that no foreign ship was permitted to land its cargo there or remain in the roads, and he was ordered to quit the harbour before sunset. Besides what private loss Ben Hassan might sustain, the insult to his master, the Imaum of Muscat, who had often afforded the English aid and protection, combined to rouse the ire of the Arab to exceeding violence; and seeing he had just cause, I could not say a word.

At this moment Fenton appeared, Ben Hassan having sent after him, and he was indeed distressed for me not a little; it was three o'clock, and the ship to sail at seven. Only fancy the state of my cabin, strewn with clothes, which then in good earnest we had to force back into my drawers just in the order they presented themselves. I groaned over the idea of when or how I should ever get them in order. Fenton was half crazy. He told me he would send me on board the *Nerbudda*, lying close to the beach, the captain of which he had been introduced to on shore, who most kindly offered me his round house and the assistance of a boat to get off some of our baggage. We had chairs, tables, couches, beds, china, in short, everything to remove,—where to we know not, as Fenton had been forced to return before he could do anything. Every moment of time was precious, particularly as a heavy storm had gathered on sea and land; the mountains which at

early day had looked so lovely were now hidden in mist. One of the boy officers of the *Nerbudda* had come with Fenton, and suggested it would be better to put me on board the nearest vessel, the one I was going to [the *Nerbudda*] being three miles off.

Of course, in the exigency of the moment I could have no choice. On Fenton's requesting me to go into the boat, as my being in *any place* out of the confusion would greatly relieve him, I did not and could not object. So he rolled a shawl round me and set me down with my new acquaintance, assuring me he would at latest join me in an hour; indeed, before I knew well where I was, the *Hamoud Shaw* was far behind. I then begged to know where I was going, and the young man told me 'to the brig *Agnes*', being the nearest ship; that he would return and assist Fenton with his horse on shore and try to get some other boats to return with them, and, to save time, convey as much of our baggage to the *Agnes* as they could, from whence the transfer was easy.

On reaching the brig, however, the captain was dining on shore, none but inferior officers on board. This did not make much difference, it being only a vessel for merchandise. There were no luxuries, such as a chair for ladies to ascend. So I had to make my way up as best I could, which for me in the weak state I was (not to say unwieldy), was not accomplished with ease. As time pressed, the young man could only call the steward to receive me, and immediately returned to Fenton.

I had no uneasiness, as the *Hamoud Shaw* lay so near; I knew that the most of our things might soon be brought from her, and Fenton had said an hour, and he would come. That

hour, however, lengthened to two, and it became dark and gloomy in the cuddy where I lay, and I ascended to the deck, where I found quartities of our baggage had arrived. I took my seat on one of my own crimson satin cushions with a kind of groan at the idea of how little they would benefit in colour by the thick falling rain.

Still the *Hamoud Shaw* was visible, and all was bustle on board with boats plying to the shore. This accounted for Fenton's non-appearance. But now the wind rose into a kind of thunder squall, with dreadful gleams of lightning, and the rain poured down in torrents. No more boats were visible, and I began to feel restless and agitated at no sign of Fenton—being certain he would not willingly leave me in such a comfortless situation.

Between the squalls, light on board distant ships was visible, but boats were no longer to be heard (for now we could only *hear*), and my distress redoubled. I could no more sit down, but paced the deck in uncontrollable anxiety. The lights on board the Arab ship lessened and were no more. She had evidently gone out to sea. But where was Fenton? Nothing could be seen but what the flashes of lightning revealed, a sea covered with foam and mountain waves.

The sailors entreated me to get out of the rain and wind; as I stood there in a white dressing-gown, one of them wrapped the captain's watch coat round me, but I flung it off. I stood leaning over the side of the ship in extremity of distress. The rain beat in my face, and the tears blinded my eyes, for I doubted not that the boat in which Fenton left the ship had been engulfed in that boiling sea. He never would have left me to spend the night (for it was then past eleven) here alone. I said, 'He is lost, he is gone, and it is my work.' The sailors, poor fellows, gathered round me, with

every expression of pity. They hung up lanterns to guide the boat if yet she were to come. I felt despair, and consequently became calm, meditating on the new and strange calamity fallen on me; yet still I listened, and sometimes said, 'He will yet come,' but I did not believe it, and only felt the terror of my heart increased by trying to hope. Oh, how dreadful is such hope!

As I stood leaning my head on the side of the ship, I fancied a faint sound. At first it seemed no more than the throbbing of my own temples, but after a moment the striking of oars could be distinguished; we were all at the gangway, where I then could hear Fenton's voice, and flew to him half frantic with sudden revulsion of feeling. He had gone on shore with the horse, but was unable to induce any boat to return with him during the fury of the storm. I believe it was then that he met the captain of the *Agnes*, who was returning to his ship unconscious of the visitors who had taken possession of it. He was very attentive, and made every exertion to assist me. I was so much exhausted I could not be removed then; and after satisfying myself that Fenton was alive and well, I felt so famished by hunger, I really was glad to partake of the captain's supper, and thankful to take possession of his cot; and though the wind was at intervals tremendous, I slept! Early in the morning, when Fenton went on deck, he found the sailors all of opinion that very bad weather was approaching—it was in fact just the season to expect it—and he came down to assist me in rising, that we might get to the *Nerbudda*, the captain of the *Agnes* not being satisfied of the safety of the position he had taken up.

It was then I felt the effect of the last night's exposure; I could with extreme difficulty stand, until Fenton hurried

on my clothes. About half an hour's sail brought me alongside the *Nerbudda*, a very fine ship of nine hundred tons, fitted up in good style. The captain, Patrick, was awaiting my arrival, and received me with a degree of kindness I shall never forget. He was an elderly gentlemanlike person, and could hardly have expressed more commiseration if I had been his daughter. Never did I feel so thankful to Heaven for rest and safety. After collecting some of our baggage and obtaining the enjoyment of a bath, I sat down to breakfast, and did so relish some bread and butter and fish. Fenton has gone on shore, and I have written by him a letter to Robert Campbell, whose regiment, the 82nd, is, I understand on the other side of the island, and I now sit enjoying the delightful view in a clean English-looking apartment.

Oh, how true it is; there is nothing in the combined luxuries of the earth to equal the comfort of English arrangement; we are born in the midst of it, and know not its perfection until we are without it and feel the deprivation!

Fenton on his return last night seemed in no ways delighted with Port Louis. He says the houses are not much better than Indian stables. I shall have an opportunity of judging for myself, as he has promised I should dine at the house of Mr. Passmore, one of the partners in the chief house of agency there, a correspondent of Mr. Prinsep's.

He also called at Government House, and found his old commanding officer, Sir Charles Colville, was then at his country house about seven miles from town, where they spend the hot season. I have to look for some clothes to appear in, and I dare say to alter them too, so take my leave till to-morrow.

## II

FEBRUARY 1ST—APRIL 2ND, 1829

*2nd February.*—‘To-morrow’ has expanded into three days, but I may take up my story from it. Captain Patrick offered to drive me to Mr. Passmore’s at dinner time, and leave Fenton the whole day uninterrupted. As we stepped into the boat Captain Patrick said, ‘My dear Mrs. Fenton, let me recommend you a bonnet. Although your hair and its arrangement is undeniably beautiful, *it* will be discomposed and *you* will take cold.’

‘A bonnet, my dear sir, where would I get a bonnet, unless *you* can lend me one? It is so long since that article has formed an item in my equipment for driving, I did not remember there was such a thing in the world.’

So finding the deficiency could not be remedied, off we went, and I felt the cool sea air blowing over me a luxury, while Captain Patrick was in distress for its consequences.

I could not help thinking Fenton’s observation just, as we drove through the narrow ill-disposed streets. The houses in general low, dark, dirty and inconvenient—a medley of French, English, and Indian taste and contrivance.

Mrs. Passmore’s mansion looked something like the little bungalows in the higher provinces in India, painted yellow, standing in a small compound, shaded with pretty trees.

The inside is covered with that gay French paper of figures and landscapes which in the days of my youth I thought so pretty in Guernsey; and I like it still, though here it is not considered fashionable, the most vulgar English pattern is preferred. Pictures always dispose me to reverie; I like a story on the walls.

The lady now entered her saloon, and received me with very much kindness, and interest in my difficulties, some of which she might well sympathise in, as she had two fine infants, the eldest just chattering in Creole French.

Her extraordinary resemblance to my sister's nurse, Eleanor, made me sit and gaze on her; while she looked at me as earnestly as politeness would permit, doubtless from thinking me a little distraught. So I took the first fair opportunity to mention that the haste in which I had been sent from the Arab ship prevented me from collecting the necessary wardrobe for travelling by land and sea; the only envelope I had at hand, a small Indian shawl, was lost in the hurry and distress of the scene.

The night proved wet and stormy, and they insisted on my taking a bed at their house, which Fenton joined in advising, though he would not himself remain. I well knew it was no time to trifle with myself, and really wished to have a little intercourse with some creature of my own sex. When she attended me to my apartment, my entreaty to have *all* the windows open astonished her. The system here is quite different from India, so that with the small low rooms I felt all but suffocated.

Early next morning Fenton came, and was called out of my room to speak to an old West Indian friend, a Doctor Coyler,<sup>X</sup> on his way to England from Ceylon, who had been sent by Sir Charles Colville to beg we would immediately take up our

quarters in Government House, until he came in from the country, whither he hoped we would accompany him back. This invitation was given in the very spirit of kindness and hospitality. We had not a prospect of finding an abode, and it is impossible to fancy a more inconvenient place for a stranger, the servants all negro slaves, and the property of planters, who hire them at the most exorbitant rate, and frequently you cannot find them at all, from a late prohibition against the importation of slaves by the British Government.

After Dr. Coyler and Fenton had talked old times over, the doctor informed him he was then staying at Government House, but must leave it to visit some friends in a different part of the island. Before he went he wished to make me acquainted with a lady, also a guest there, a Mrs. Barnard, wife of a civilian in Ceylon, taking her children home to England. They were fellow-passengers, and expected to go to sea again in three weeks. He requested I would dine at Government House next day, when we should all meet.

Mrs. Passmore kindly expressed regret at my short visit, which she requested I would extend at some other time before I left the island. This I promised her.

*10th February.—Government House.*—You may perceive there is a break of ten days almost in my story. The day after we took our appointed quarters in Government House Sir Charles Colville and his staff came in. He is a most amiable and excellent person, and well merits the respect which all who know him consider his right.

As it had been settled, we returned with him to Redwit, his country house. The drive there was very beautiful. . . . The house is extensive but not lofty, the apartments commodious without the least pretension to be splendid. Like

most other houses the floors are of mahogany, most industriously polished with wax, consequently they shine like a mirror, and gave me no little terror and perplexity to keep my footing.

The shrubbery is particularly delightful. There is quite a wilderness of flowers, geraniums, myrtle, a whole tribe of lovely things I never saw before, and an equal number I was enraptured to meet again. . . . The view was one of the most enchanting I ever looked on, terminated by the bluest of blue seas, visible by the opening of two hills, skirted by sugar, coffee, and tobacco fields, and precipitous cliff fringed with cocoa, date, and palm, while in the ravines worn by the rapid and impetuous mountain rivers, the 'eternal' aloes threw up their spiral stems, clothed with pale straw-coloured blossoms. Oh, it was beautiful. Turn where you would, some exquisite landscape met your eyes.

. . . By that time a bell for dressing gave notice of the approach of dinner at eight o'clock. My motions were of necessity slow; I hate strange servants, and declined the attendance of Lady C.'s waiting woman, preferring Fenton's aid in forcing on a full dress gown (oh! what I suffered during his efforts to make me presentable), so of course the whole party had assembled before we joined them.

I shall only now speak of Lady C., whose air and appearance, habited in black velvet with beautiful pearls, was very elegant; tall, fair and slender, with fine blue eyes and light hair, she looked the thing she represented.

It is very rarely you feel comfortable in any place on the first day of introduction, but on the morrow, when we all got into domesticated habits, I hourly liked Sir C. and Lady Colville more. It was a house where, in fact, you might do as you liked without observation. Lady C. pursued her own

employments and her guests did the same all the morning. There were plenty of books, music, billiards, and newspapers, halls, verandahs, and walks, where you might be in company or alone, according to your taste.

Every Saturday there is a public day, when guests come from Port Louis and the out-stations. There is nothing wanting to render these parties agreeable! Outside the drawing-room windows is a verandah or balcony, filled with exquisite flowers and shrubs. To this retreat, when the rooms are filled with company, music and gaiety, I generally move by degrees, until I am unperceived and alone in its extent and vacuity.

Strange as it may seem to tell it, I often cry there till I am quite exhausted, so low-spirited and nervous do I feel—nothing is pleasure. My very heart sinks at the remembrance that I have another voyage to encounter. Oh! how shall I support it? Lady Colville, who sees how much I suffer, is so kind as to take no notice of anything I do, which relieves me from the restraint I might else be under. She knows the misery of being at sea in such a situation as mine. Her youngest baby was born six weeks after she landed. She says it is madness for me to attempt another voyage, unless I make up my mind to be confined at sea, and promises if I remain here to do everything in her power for me.

Mrs. Barnard came out to Redwit without her family, and seemed so restless and uneasy at the dreadful weather which suddenly came on, she resolved to face the storm and return. It was also high time for us to do the same, as Fenton had many arrangements to make; a brig called the *Mary* is to sail in a fortnight for Sydney.

12th February.—*Government House.*—We have been all day sitting to watch the approach of a hurricane; its advances are indeed magnificent, and you will find a minute detail in *Paul and Virginia*. As I lie on my bed I can see the dark line of storm approaching by sea, and the heavy clouds ready to burst over the mountains, which are black as night; indeed, you cannot fancy anything more depressing. The old negro, Ludi-vico, goes about from room to room, securing the windows; there is but one we can keep open for light; and truly they tell frightful tales of men, horses, and houses being carried up into the air. Even making the proper deductions for exaggeration, enough remains to assure me a hurricane is a fearful visitation; as it is, the house rocks like a cradle.

15th February.—Well, the hurricane is passed; but has left many a mark of destruction behind. The shore is strewn with wrecks; the harbour stripped of shipping; very many vessels driven out to sea, among the rest my favourite *Nerbulda*.

Community of fear made Mrs. Barnard and myself more intimate than I think we should ever have otherwise been. We sat in the saloon in the centre of the house fancying it more safe. I did not like her at first, yet had no good reason for it. There was some asperity of manner which kept me aloof; but after a little, I found that her good qualities much counterbalanced this defect, and at last I could not help admiring the spirit with which she made way against the many difficulties and irritations a stranger must meet here.

During my absence in the country there has been an addition to the party at Government House here, the widow of a Major Bates and her large family. I had heard his death spoken of on my arrival as a recent and melancholy event. Her rooms are in the centre building, which I must necessarily

pass to reach my own. I feel my foot unconsciously tread more softly as I come near.

17th February.—This morning Mrs. Barnard came into my dressing-room, saying that Mrs. Bates had expressed a strong wish to see me, partly from her expectation of hearing something of her brother, Major M'Mahon in the suite of the Governor, as I had seen him so recently. I immediately accepted Mrs. B.'s introduction to her friend, in whose appearance I was strongly interested. She was a pretty young creature, scarcely more than twenty-six, though the mother of nine children; dark enough enough to have been supposed Asiatic without any of the disfiguring symptoms of a half-caste.

Her large dark eyes, though dimmed with sorrow, looked like a wounded antelope. I could not look in them unmoved. Poor soul, she seemed so pleased to meet a person who had seen her brother, and this brought back so much of my own feelings and sufferings. She had left Ireland a child, and been married, when no more, in Ceylon.

I then went down,—to me a frightful task from the number of steps I had to toil up in return—to inspect some of our baggage placed in the godowns, and ascertain if there was any injury from sea-water: sat at length quite tired, to breathe on one of my trunks, and turned, on hearing steps, to see Robert Campbell and be clasped in his arms. My dear Robert! it was a sad meeting to both; even round us lay part of the very things he had assisted me to pack up at Chatham, and the veriest trifle awakened keen regret and remembrance.

And thus we met! He told me he came prepared to remain in Port Louis while I stayed, and long and interesting was

our conversation. As we sat beside a window Fenton entered the lower verandah in his regimentals (white jacket and cap); Robert remarked 'There was a stranger.' I felt my lips quiver when I said, 'Tis Captain Fenton,' and Robert's eyes filled for an instant as he looked and said, 'What a fine-looking man!' Their meeting was very cordial.

In the evening, as we sat together in the verandah enjoying the cool breeze off the sea just beneath us, Mrs. Bates and her sister approached, and we rose to meet them. She said her friend Mr. Vicars, hearing her speak of me and also of my name and family in Derry, seemed to wish to meet me, as he had a brother in Derry on the survey then going on in Ireland, belonging to the Engineers.

Then I recollecting having met him at Prehen, where he seemed much smitten by Caroline Knox, and even that there was a strong resemblance between the brothers.

So after being introduced we became by this little circumstance as intimate as if we had met every day for ten years. He knew all my cousins by name and report. Mrs. Vicars was extremely pretty, dark, also with magnificent eyes and teeth. And he is what is concisely called a fine-looking man, without being handsome. One thing was certain, they had all predetermined to be delighted with me, and insinuated it in so many pretty ways I began to think the rest of the world and myself must be at fault, and that I was not the irritable, fanciful, capricious person I had ever regarded myself to be.

*20th February.* . . . As I sat writing to-day I saw Robert speaking to a very fine-looking woman who seemed also to be a visitor to Mrs. Bates. I asked him who she was, as her air seemed familiar; he said, 'Mrs. Longmore.' 'What, of the

Staff Corps?' On his replying in the affirmative I discovered that we had also met before. We travelled together from Leith to London in the *Enterprise* steamboat. It was impressed on me, too, by the remembrance of how much we had all suffered. I could occasionally have the aid of my beloved Campbell, but Captain Longmore was totally incapable of affording her any; greatly did she need it, for she was near being confined and her youngest baby would not quit her arms. The other two pretty little girls sat in my berth and amused me with their prattle.

On relating this circumstance to Robert he awaited her departure, and then told her of my being here and wishing to meet her. She appointed next morning to call. There was so much affectionate feeling in her manner, it was with real pleasure I renewed this acquaintance. She seemed quite shocked at my having to undertake a new and hazardous voyage without medical attendance, and said very much to dissuade me from the attempt, which only increased my despondency, for how can I remain without putting Fenton to serious inconvenience?

As I well knew employment is the best remedy for low spirits, I again set about my packing below stairs. . . . Fenton was absent all the morning, and I pursued my toil below until it was time to dress for dinner, so I won my way up to my room. As I passed the window, Fenton and a gentleman within were in conversation, and as Fenton said, 'Here is Mrs. Fenton,' I could not retreat, and felt a little conscious of my dress being disarranged, and one arm loaded with clothes. Altogether I stood gasping for breath until they both rose to relieve me of my burden, and get me a seat.

Fenton introduced Mr. Thompson, a gentlemanlike nice

young man, the other partner in Passmore's house. He came to apologise for Mrs. Thompson not having sooner called on me. She had been yet unable to leave her house : the medical people all recommended quiet, and not being exposed to the heat of the day ; and she was still too English to adopt the French style of paying evening visits. However, he hoped next day she might venture out, and would come to Government House. His chief object in making the visit was to invite us to dine on the following day. He met Robert Campbell going out and included him in the invitation. He was hardly out of sight when a whole party of military people entered the room, whom Fenton had once known in Chatham. I really had not chairs for them, and the couch was spread with the evidence of the washerwoman's toil. Not knowing any, I did wish them anywhere but where they were.

Next morning I heard Mrs. Thompson's name announced, and seldom have I been so much interested in the first appearance of an entire stranger. Her beauty certainly is her least attraction, for she is blessed with those winning manners which impress you with being the overflow of an amiable and feeling heart. As I looked on her the idea of her being the model for English grace and loveliness was the effect of my scrutiny. I felt really pleased at the idea of spending the rest of the day with her.

While she sat I felt as if we had been old friends, and after she was gone recollecting with mingled grief and pleasure her resemblance to poor, poor Charlotte Hart. There was the same large blue eye, light hair, and transparent complexion, even the figure bore a strong resemblance to hers, which was almost perfection. I need not further dwell on her appearance !

. 23rd February.—Lady Colville, too, strongly advises me to give up the idea of the voyage, to let Fenton proceed by the *Mary* and prepare for my reception. She promises me every kindness and attention if this is my resolve. Fenton seems also to despair of my reaching Van Diemen's Land without some catastrophe; in short every one seems satisfied I ought not to go on.

Where there are so many persons kind and friendly, I am sure I should want for no attention. I have only to weigh the matter in my own mind, and if I can separate from Fenton at present. There is no question that if I go his anxiety and responsibility will be great. . . . The weather is becoming most oppressive, and if I must stay it would be selfish in the extreme to keep Fenton here, wasting alike time, money, and constitution. . . . The indecision of my mind increases my depression, for alas! I have but a choice of evils. However, I could not be justified knowingly to endanger the life of my poor infant. It seems I ought to stay behind and leave the rest to Heaven, who doubtless will not forsake me if I act according to my feeling of duty.

If this must indeed be my alternative I must struggle to keep up while Fenton stays. And if he must go, I wish him gone! I should certainly prefer being with Mrs. Thompson to any one in the colony, and have promised to pay her a long visit. But I have a prior engagement if I do remain.

After the party went off to Redwit Mrs. Barnard insisted I would try to take a walk, it sounded like asking me to take a fly. . . . After some reluctance Mrs. B., with Robert and myself, set off, purposing to descend to the beach, but before I got half way I assured them I must stop or they must carry me on. The French parties, gaily equipped for their pro-

menade, surveyed us with curiosity, a point they never omit where English ladies are in question.

*February 26th.*—There has been again a large party from Government House here on a gay occasion, the marriage of one of Sir Charles' aide-de-camps to a French lady.

I forgot to mention among the visitors at Redwit Lady Barkley. She, too, was not a person to be easily overlooked. I fancy her like one of those fascinating women who graced the salons of Paris in the days of Madame de Staël or Madame de Genlis; handsome and talented, one seeming gifted with an instinctive knowledge of what was *best* to be said and *fittest* to be done, on every possible occasion, communicating her own ease to every one around her. Her husband, a confirmed invalid, never quitted home, and her only child, Captain Barkley, formed part of Sir C. Colville's suite.

A marriage is always to be commented on, whether for or against. She asked me at Redwit if I had heard it spoken of, and then freely expressed her sentiments. The lady was young and beautiful, but, I believe, unportioned, and not standing high in connections. Lady B. said, principally from their different religions she had opposed it as long as she could, even sent him to England for two years; then, finding him return bent on his purpose, she conceded the point and gave her consent, though her approval was wanting.

As she told me this, she sighed, and said: 'It is hard to have the cherished hopes of years defeated, but now I must only strive to aid them as effectually as I can.'

Captain Greville is what is termed a conchologist, a shell fancier. It is indeed difficult for any one with the use of their eyes to be less here. The shells are so exquisite, nothing could save me from the infection but want of time and money,

it being withal an expensive gratification. Some shells are so high as fifty dollars.

*February 27th.*—I don't believe there is any one in this large house but myself to-night; a very large party have attended Lady C. to the play, and I have walked about the vacant saloon musing over the future. This evening is like a picture of my own life—in a few more days Fenton will be gone, and to whom shall I then turn for support and society? I articulated this sentence leaning on the open window, looking on 'the everlasting Heavens bright with their starry host.'

They told me of Him who had created *them*, and yet did not scorn the weakness of human suffering; 'that when my father and mother forsake me, God will take me up,' and a strong assurance of protection upheld me.

The band always concludes the morning parade by playing at the gate of Government House. But I must confess it is not now exhilarating, either to Fenton or myself. He seems sensibly depressed; God grant that new pursuits and scenes may reanimate him and present fresh interests! For myself, I can hardly express the heavy depression that preys upon me. My eyelids feel ready to overflow. . . .

It is a relief to me when Fenton goes to ride, or meets an acquaintance, of which there are many here. The effort of striving to be calm and tranquil renders the struggle with these feelings doubly severe. When he is gone out I generally descend the private staircase, and throw myself on a couch in one of these dark, unoccupied apartments, where I know there is no one will expect to find or come to seek for me. People in this world are so apt to misconstrue one's actions. I do not like to betray what I feel to any one. I am more at ease

with Robert than any other person, from the prior knowledge he has of my feelings.

As I sat with Mrs. Bates this morning there came in a Lieutenant S—— of the Engineers and his wife; it occurred to me he was the brother of Captain S. of the 13th, and in the course of the visit he made some inquiries that confirmed it. I thought, too, I had seen both before, but when or where could not determine.

After they went out Mrs. B. said to me, ‘Perhaps you know Mrs. S——; she is a native of the County Derry, although we suspect there is something rather unpromising in her history.’

Then I recollect that while living at Bishop’s College I had read in one of Catherine’s letters that Mr. S——, who was then living in Dungiven, had married the daughter of old Mercer the carpenter, also that his companions refused to associate with them, as I believe that low birth was the *least* disadvantage attending the connection. I could not help laughing at the metamorphosis of the bare-footed Irish girl, the daughter of a village ale-house, into a fine lady. It struck me, too, that she departed with precipitancy when I was talking about some of my cousins. She certainly did remember me, as they lived at the avenue to our house, and well do I remember this girl running to the door as we passed in driving out.

The most amusing part of the story was that she had declared herself intimate with several families of whose name only she could know, the Knoxes of Prehen in particular, where I had first met *him*. It gave many persons here a strange impression of the manners and education of the higher castes in Ireland, as nothing could conquer the radical vulgarity and ignorance of this young woman. I much doubt if she

could read. She possessed a vulgar style of beauty, very bold, black eyes, fine teeth and complexion. But only fancy what an Augean task it must have been when she attempted the habits and manners of a lady to supersede her own.

I cannot understand the climate here; it is terribly hot, and yet there is a current of strong breeze perpetually blowing over the island. Were it not for this, the heat would be beyond endurance; one or two nights when the wind paused it was more oppressive than ever I knew it in India, and naturally so, the rooms being low, small, and close, the luxuries of punkahs, tatties, etc., being all unknown, and there is another want still more grievous to an Indian wanderer, that of bathing rooms; if I wish for this, which has become from habit an article of actual necessity, I must require the negresses to mount up these flights of stairs. Mrs. Barnard, who suffered equally from the deprivation, proposed to me one day after dinner, when we were half way down, to descend to the lower apartments and search for a bath. It seemed impossible that so large a house could have been erected without providing for this purpose. We certainly were shown a place choked up with weeds, old mats, bottles, in short, rubbish, and it had been once a bath, but neither of us were tempted by its exterior to give it a second visit.

I feel a great loss of Mrs. Barnard; she has this day sailed for England. I look across to the closed windows of her apartments with much regret. Mrs. Bates and her large family are preparing to follow, so that in a day or two more I shall be the sole occupant here. Arthur Frankland, indeed, has rooms on the first floor, but we only meet at breakfast. He dines at the mess and spends his evenings abroad. He is not,

to my taste, a very taking young man! But, on the other hand, he is very young, and his latent qualities may come forward by and by.

Lady Colville speaks highly of the talents of an elder brother in the Survey Department in Van Diemen's Land, who it seems was with them in India, and made there a marriage with more love than prudence. Such being the case, his uncle procured for him a situation in Van Diemen's Land from pure necessity. Mrs. F. she describes as being very gentle and unpretending—rather than pretty or animated—but she says she feels certain I must like her.

Lady C. is a right pleasant person herself and as gay as need be—indeed her spirits often quite bring me to a stand from the mere effect of contrast. There is a very agreeable and superior woman, their companion, or the instructress of the children; she has more the place of a relative in point of authority and respect—a Miss Begarry—who has much and deserved influence. I liked her particularly. She had much knowledge of the Highlands and many families in Argyleshire with whom I am connected.

Fenton accompanied the Thompsons to Redwit this morning. I told him I would send for Mrs. Passmore's carriage and spend the evening, but though I did intend it I was overcome with sickness. I lay down to recruit a little and rose no more. I attempted to stand once or twice to no purpose. It was very solitary indeed: after the servants took away my tea things, they locked the doors and went off, as all the negroes do at night.

There were many people who would have come to me if they had fancied me alone, but having said I was going to the Passmores no one suspected it—and in truth I was too ill to wish for society. When the band at nine o'clock stopped at the

gate and the bugle sounded the retreat, I wrapped my shawl over my discomposed garments and seated myself in the verandah.

It was an exquisite night. . . . The light on board many of the ships was discernible; particularly I distinguished the *Mary*, in which Fenton so soon proceeds. Night and solitude were then for me bad companions, for I had suffered much during the day from bodily illness. I said, 'I will *not* think.' I sat just outside my dressing-room window, the upper part of which was open, and the lamp on my table gave light enough to read. I took up a volume of Walter Scott's—the sweet and sad story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Though it was in truth a deep tragedy, yet the misery was not mine own, and it was better than thinking.

Next morning the negroes attending my rooms put a note into my hand from Mrs. Longmore, who, in driving by Government House from a party somewhere, saw a lady sitting in the verandah. So much for sitting *before* a lamp at night. She concluded there had been some mistake about my going to the Passmores, and wrote thus early to insist on my coming to her; being unwell she protested against as an excuse, as I might come in my dressing-gown and lie on the couch. Captain L., she added, would bring her carriage for me about two o'clock.

I really felt a great desire to go, solitary and ill as I was. Her being the mother of many children and capable of giving me a little good counsel was very requisite for me. So I lay down to keep quiet and nurse myself to be able to dress in time for Captain Longmore's promised call, but unfortunately my obstinate sickness was beyond all control. I more than once rose to begin my work and heavy toil of dressing, and got to—the nearest chair—it was all in vain. I bathed my forehead with lavender and eau de Cologne—there was no

healing in either. My head throbbed and my breath failed : in this way I actually passed the hours until I caught a glimpse of Captain L. in the portico, and was hardly inside my private room when his steps were in the outside one. The urgent necessity for haste gave me strength enough to convey an apology through the door, and assurance of being with him in five minutes—a promise I had little hope of being enabled to fulfil. *Where* I got energy to get on a suitable garment for dining in I hardly know, but I really was astonished at the respectability of my equipment in so short a time, and as the hurry of dressing is always productive of heightened colour, Mrs. L. was both surprised and concerned to hear me detail my sufferings. She talked of patience and hope. Thank God, I cannot now have much longer to endure. She also reminded me of what she had suffered on board the well-remembered steamboat. This led to much interesting conversation and cost us both some tears. She told me they had often wished to know what became of us.

I fancy the state of my feelings has a powerful influence on my health at present, for after I had been some little time with her, and soothed by her affectionate manner, I became quite another being, forgot my illness and spent a very pleasant evening. On returning, I had two adventures. One was, that the negress, after arranging my night lamp, fastened the under part of the windows inside and retreated into Sir Charles C.'s room, next to and entering *from* mine—which she also bolted inside.

On reaching the portico, Captain L.'s horses were a little restive, and he could not quiet them to attend me upstairs—indeed I insisted he would not attempt it, and pointing to the light in my room above said, ' You see all is ready, and I cannot require your further assistance.'

After considerable toil, I got into my verandah, and first attempted the usual entrance. It was fastened by a bolt at the bottom, and by no effort could I reach so far over it though I made many trials; each was secured in the same way, and the negroes, I knew, were all gone to their huts. The only assistance possible for me to summon was the soldier on sentry below, but the utter loneliness of the house made me hesitate, besides I did not see or hear him, and liked not the appearance of vociferating in the dark for him, as many might listen as well as the only one intended to hear: to descend and *return again* was almost impossible likewise.

I searched in vain for something to raise me up on to *lean* over, and at last sat down on the floor of the verandah, meditating how I should pass the night, as my dress was a thin Dacca muslin over a silk petticoat, a lace scarf being my only muffling. Most fortunately I found some masses of coral which Lady C. had placed there to dry, and when almost in despair collected them into a sufficient heap to enable me to climb over the door. But the difficulty with which *this* was accomplished left me faint and trembling. I recollect that Fenton had brought up a case of port wine, part of our sea stock, to be within my reach in case of necessity, and I got a glass of it ready, to refresh me after getting over the toil of undressing, when a faint sound near me caught my ear; then a light perceptible step at the door: I trembled like a leaf, knowing that no person was living in the house, Arthur Frankland having gone to Redwit. I saw the lock of the door move and then gently open, at which a darkly dressed figure was visible, but actually the sight left my eyes before I could recognise Miss Begarry, who it seems had come into town in the morning to visit a sick friend, in whose chamber

she had passed the day, and now came at a late hour to get a bed at Government House. She said, knowing that I was alone and perhaps asleep, she did not knock, but meant to peep in and pass through into Sir C.'s apartments if I should be. After recovering from my terror, I felt quite alive, and invited Miss B. to partake of my yet untouched refreshments, recounting my difficulties to secure an entrance. I besought her if the coral should be injured, she would kindly exculpate me from doing it needlessly.

She seemed highly entertained at the whole story.

*4th March.*—. . . I believe I must take leave of you for some time. Fenton's departure is fixed for the 10th, and as he will take on all our heavy baggage I must again commence the task of arranging it, that is, separating what is only mine from his! It is a strange feeling with which we have adopted *this* measure, which though we admit the necessity of, we each refrain from talking about. My only solace is the society of Robert, with whom I have no restraint, and this comfort will soon be lost to me: he is appointed to the 49th, and must proceed to India by the very first opportunity.

*12th March. Port Louis.*—The evening gun just fired marks the termination of one of the most wretched days I have ever spent without any sudden or severe misfortune having arisen to characterise it. I know not why: I had persuaded myself I must see Fenton again, though I well knew it was in obedience to my own wishes, and to spare me the pain of another farewell that he forbore to come.

However, the calm had lasted so long, and was yet likely to continue, it was insupportable to remain looking at the ship in which he lay, almost a stone's throw from the shore, and

remember he was yet so near and still we were apart. How grateful I felt when Robert offered to go on board and tell him I wished to see him again! However, my wishes were here defeated. After listening, hoping and waiting in vain, Robert returned alone! informing me that he could only find on board the *Mary* the sailors; the captain was on shore and Fenton had gone to the *Nerbudda* which lay alongside, where Robert also sought and found him not. But all this only confirmed my opinion that there was no chance of their sailing and that he would find my note and come at daylight.

Long, long before the *first* beam, I was at the window. . . . Every minute I thought I heard the striking of oars and listened with that intense strain of the nerves which *all* who have ever listened in suspense and pain must well remember. . . . The rustle of the cardinal bird in the stiff leaves of a date tree close to the window more than once made me feel faint with suspense and expectation. . . . I fancied a faint breeze play on my forehead and then just tremble on the tamarind trees. It might increase and prevent Fenton leaving his ship. And while the idea was just occupying my heart, I saw the *Mary* with every sail set gliding out into the bay, *thus* terminating my expectations. My last impulse was to seize my glass, and with it, a moment after, I distinguished poor Fenton standing on the deck watching this bungalow. His attitude, his figure, his military dress were all plain and distinct, until tears and distance blinded me. I laid my head on the window to sustain me. The casualties which might prevent our ever meeting all uprose before me. I looked again for the *Mary* lessening in the distance, and my heart felt bursting. Just then, Mrs. —— entered my room, to take me to breakfast. She asked me what I was looking at. I replied 'the sea,' and

took her arm with a fixed determination *not* to intrude my private feelings of wretchedness on others.

When I sat down to table I recollect that on leaving it last night my belief that I must see Fenton again, kept me up, and again my eyelids were strained to contain the gushing tears. But still I sat there apparently calm. I believe I should have eaten a hedgehog unconsciously if it had been offered to me.

Breakfast over, I returned to my room, and there—no longer under restraint—I sobbed myself into a state bordering on stupor, sick, sick, both in body and in mind. There was now nothing to look at or hope for.

The sea was blue and bright, curled with a freshening breeze and no more trace of the *Mary* than if the waters had closed over her. . . . In the caprice of grief I said Fenton ought not to have left me, forgetting he did so at my own desire. Then I thought of my approaching confinement and my heart softened with the idea of an object of passionate affection whose life was bound in mine, which was now my only perceptible link with human existence.

This remembrance brought to my mind the necessity for composure—the injury it might sustain from my violent agitation. I had arisen and was bathing my burning eyes in rosewater, when a knock at the door preceded the entrance of Robert.

'They told me you were asleep, but I knew you better.'

At that moment *he* was perhaps the only person whose presence would not have been an intrusion; affectionate and doubly dear to me, *he* understood my feelings.

I shall now, dearest, say farewell. Oh that I could see you *this* moment, could lay my head on your kind breast; but

to write in this way of impossibilities is merely madness. Alas, no! I must lay my head on my lonely pillow in the abode of strangers.

25th March. . . . This is a wretched state to exist in, and it is indeed more wretched by the want of a proper servant, and of the prospect of a suitable nurse during my confinement. I have been disappointed of the one I hoped to get, and at this time every person of good character in the island is engaged in the different English families, and also in some French, as I find they consider it more *fashionable* to have an English nurse.

Besides, if it pleases God to spare my baby's life, I shall require one competent to take care of it at sea, where I am so helpless, and no remuneration here can insure success. Lady Colville's sweet Georgina is nursed by a negress, but I hope and pray to be enabled to do this myself—it is only an assistant I require in the care of it, and to attend me in the meantime.

This evening Mrs. —— came into my room holding a very fine boy by the hand. 'Here,' she said, 'is a specimen of New South Wales. This little fellow is returning there with his mother by the next ship.'

He was the son of a Captain Rossie, who had formerly been on the staff of a relative of mine in this colony, and now is Police Magistrate at Sydney. He had married a beautiful young woman here, much younger than himself, but she was long ill and supposed to be dying of consumption. The physicians at Sydney, merely to soothe her, had recommended her native air.

This I learned from an Englishwoman who attended the boy, and in fact her air and manner was so good I almost

doubted her station in life until her own distant and respectful manner reminded me.

I was extremely pleased with her maternal love for the boy, whom, she told me, she had brought up with the spoon from his birth. I asked her many questions about Sydney, which she replied to with intelligence and propriety. . . . She offered to make inquiry among the French families she was intimate with, if a good negress could be found to undertake the latter office.

. . . . . Robert came shortly after. . . . He was to sail in two days, and feeling our separation so near we spoke more openly on many points we had each avoided before, fearing to pain the other.

Though it was impossible to dwell upon subjects of painful interest without deep emotion, to talk unreservedly with one so intimate and so affectionate was a pleasure my heart had long been a stranger to. Besides, I could not think without concern of his going to be a sojourner in a climate hitherto so fatal to all his family.

I don't believe any progress of time can make me forget the present suffering. . . . I wake long before gunfire, and watch the approach of light: a little tea or coffee is my only refreshment. After the tedious process of bathing without any of the Indian conveniences for it, when my apartment is put in order, I get my writing-box on my couch, my book—if perchance I have one—and then lay me down again, 'To measure time by pain.'

In the sultry noonday all nature seems, like myself, weary or out of tune. . . . I have room for meditation even to madness, but I literally cannot think, my thoughts are also spellbound. 'Tis not so when the twilight returns and the

first gale comes off the sea. . . . The glorious stars seem thronging from the undiscovered wastes of space and Eternity! I truly rejoice in their return and companionship:—

‘They utter forth a glorious voice,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeat the story of their birth.’

’Tis true they have also for me other and less exalted language and associations. I think of poor Fenton on his solitary voyage gazing on them arising from the surrounding waste of water.

I remember the hours on board the *Hamoud Shaw*, when to watch their nightly progress and change of position was my only interval of interest. . . . The evening star seems almost a part of myself. Where have I not hailed its lamp?

How wonderful is the dominion of the imagination over our physical powers! I felt this so acutely a few nights since.

I always strive, if possible, to dine with the family or at least sit at table. I was thus sitting after dinner in almost a state of vacuity when the bugles of the 29th regiment sounded their usual call to dinner. It was the same air I had heard the bugles of the 13th play after returning from Campbell’s interment, since which time I have never listened to it; the sight actually left my eyes; I must have fainted if a hysterical burst of tears had not relieved me. The effect was so sudden to those in the room, who could not guess the cause, no more than I could explain it. I cannot describe the distress of the scene, which did not terminate then. I knew I might hear the same next day, and the very expectation of it, though the sound was too distant to distinguish it, produced similar con-

sequences. I feel as if I should never get the better of it, and yet, after this struggle of agitated feeling has spent itself, 'tis strange how much easier I feel, especially if alone, when I can get out, and the night breeze in truth brings 'Healing on its wings.'

Perhaps from all this you may form some idea of the extent of what I suffer, though no words I can use could express it altogether.

*27th March.*—As I lay this morning on my couch endeavouring feebly to knit a little pair of shoes for my baby I unfolded a paper the worsted had been wound on; it was a little note of dear Blackwell's, sent to me shortly after I left Dinapore, with some of my things left there. Though it was brief and hurried, there was so much heart expressed in those few hurried lines, so much zeal for my comfort, my feelings were quite overpowered. I thought, Oh! for such a friend at this trying moment. A negress knocked at my door with an envelope from Sir Charles Colville, containing a letter from Eliza D'Oyly and another from Blackwell. I can but feebly express the consolation I received. . . . I determined, if my child lived, to call it after her, as it should be her god-child.

As I sat writing Mrs. —— came into my room, saying they were going to spend the evening in the country. She inquired where the woman was whom I had engaged to attend me as a sort of sick nurse—a miserable substitute for the sort of person necessary to me, ignorant and vulgar in the extreme. I had allowed her to go on some business for herself to the cantonment; indeed, I was better pleased to be without her all day. It was at night only that the necessity of having some one beside me made me endure her.

I was rather low in spirits when I felt I was in the

house alone, the negro servants having all departed to their cook-house, to make the most of their master's absence; so that, literally, there was not a soul within hearing.

Long, long after drum-beat I still listened and still expected my attendant, but in vain; she came not. I think it was the feeling of solitude and helplessness which brought on sympathetic bodily suffering, for I felt such severe pain I was truly terrified at the idea of being then taken ill. I walked about, lay down, rose up, tried every position in the hope of finding relief. I shed floods of tears, absolutely not knowing what to do, and struggling against frightful suffering. I sat down at the window, hoping to catch a sound of some one—any one—approaching. There was a light burning in the back apartments of Colonel ——'s bungalow, and I remembered there was an European woman there, the wife of his servant. What would I have given to see her then! I attempted to walk from my window across the compound; then the thought struck me I might encounter the Colonel, with whom I was very slightly acquainted. I turned with renewed despondency to lie down again, yet in my clothes. I recollect watching a bright star glimmering through the leaves of a date tree, and wild and wandering reveries passed over my mind; in the midst of them I slept! Merciful indeed was that brief oblivion. When I woke the first streaks of morning were glimmering over the mountain tops. I felt cold, almost benumbed. But the spasms of pain had subsided, and I rose to find a shawl to restore a little warmth. It was four o'clock, and there were many hours to wait before I could procure any refreshments, ten o'clock being the breakfast hour; and having no servant to send, I must necessarily wait for the first who approached my apartment.

About eight a tap at my window announced a visitor in the shape of the renegade, who very coolly accounted for her absenting herself by saying she met some friends, and they were making themselves merry, which induced her to do the same. I am certain I felt as much bitterness as ever Caligula did—for five minutes, as she seemed to feel real contrition when informed of the night of suffering I had spent.

## III

APRIL 3RD—JUNE 27TH, 1829

18th April.—*Grande River, 4 miles from Port Louis.*—What a change in my feelings since I wrote last. Oh! what a relief. Here I sit in a pretty quiet pavilion writing, while my beloved child sleeps by my side. My child! What a flood of new emotions the very name produces. It appears as if I never *felt* or loved till now. I am very certain if I could describe the extent of what I feel, even you would doubt my being in my right mind; unless you could take into consideration the desolation of my heart when it came to light it up with a pure and imperishable affection. Would you could see it at this moment! for if I tell you how lovely it is, you must suppose it only exists in a doting mother's credulity. Before I *saw* it, I heard the whisper, 'What a beautiful infant,' and forgot I had given it life at the utmost peril of mine own, for truly it was all but lost.

It is indeed wonderful to myself, the renovation of my powers; the long and oppressive misery I endured alike exhausted my mind and body, made the present intolerable and the future terrible. The very power of walking about is so new and delightful. 'Tis true I am weak, but what of this in comparison with the past, and very few women are able to do half as much as I have done. My baby is only yet a fortnight old, and I have been able to remove

from Port Louis and take up my abode with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, according to our previous agreement. He has been so very unwell that they have removed out of town to this very sweet romantic place, where, according to the fashion of the island, a separate pavilion is appropriated for my use in the garden, or, as we call it in India, 'the compound.'

. . . I am enjoined by my charming young friend to consider this pavilion as home, where I may be visited or leave to visit, as suits my arrangements. This is so kind, for if I were compelled to attend to the ceremonies of society, I should be in despair! I breakfast here, and Mrs. T. also, in her room, as he goes off about eight to town, where he generally remains until four, then returns to drive out or walk about. My day, however, begins many hours earlier; in fact, I hardly sleep, not from illness but from a kind of mental excitement and watchfulness of the infant I cannot yet moderate. You will smile if I tell you I never fancy it *safe* unless in mine own arms. The nurse likes this persuasion full well, and allows me the full benefit of carrying it about for hours of the night. Then I am up by gun-fire for the purpose of its being taken out before sunrise, through a pretty shaded walk, where I can look at it while I bathe and dress. I have at this hour an early cup of coffee brought me, then proceed to the arduous task of dressing and bathing Flora, whose baptismal appellation I anticipate. Then about ten o'clock Mrs. T.'s gentle voice—

'Comes like the fabled music that beguiles  
The sailor on the waters.'

Or if she is ill, which is too frequently the case, her negress presents a little chit of kind inquiry for us. When she can

and *does* bring her work and come to me, her conversation affords me particular pleasure. She has equal simplicity and originality, with strong sense and tender feeling.

I generally join her at tiffin. . . . I sit until the hour for our evening walk and Mr. Thompson's return to drive out this sweet lady. As I cannot introduce my nursery into their phaeton, I prefer my stroll about the compound, where I can rest at will under the delightful shade of the cinnamon trees; if the night is fine, I sometimes return with Flora to the dinner-table of my friends; if otherwise, I have my dinner sent to my pavilion, where Mrs. T. comes to bid me good-night after her dinner. They seldom dine alone, and I relish strangers so little, it is one reason why I prefer being alone.

I can hardly describe what I feel: I am quite conscious that it is very extravagant, but not the less I *do* feel it. When I have compelled myself to quit the infant for this short period, I have been so faint with terror I could not swallow. It is quite a malady. . . . This would not be the case if I had a nurse I could place confidence in. My present one is a young French girl, whom I prefer, though without experience, because she is sober; but as I must direct her in every proceeding I cannot be a moment absent. I have, too, a negress to assist, who, as a negress, is very passable.

I spoke before of a Madame Rossie, whose child and nurse visited me. This woman was the greatest comfort and assistance. Her mistress heard of my distress for a nurse, and most kindly allowed her to come every second night to sit with me and bathe and dress the child. Fancy my horror the second day after it was born. The Hottentot creature who professed to attend me was dressing it in a manner which made my flesh creep, and cost me many a bitter tear to witness. Well, after it was dressed, she took it by the feet, and

shook it with its head down, as she affirmed, to keep its liver from growing. I screamed and flew out of bed to seize the child though so weak; a fainting fit succeeded. Next day I determined to wash it myself, and actually did sit up and accomplish what to me was one of the most painful tasks I had ever accomplished. It was the first infant I had ever dressed, and it is a thing of such nicety to do, the sight almost left my eyes with nervous agitation. I am satisfied many women have reared ten children without as much personal exertion as I am obliged to make.

Oh! had you but seen my situation when it was born; I had been all that morning rather better than for some days before, and by no means anticipated the event being so near. About six o'clock I began to feel anxious to see Dr. Shanks, and after a delay and suspense and search of about an hour it was discovered he had gone early in the day to visit the lady of an officer in the neighbourhood, who was precisely in my situation, and had not returned. You may guess the consternation of this intelligence, and how not a moment was to be lost. My nurse went off to the mess of the 29th to inquire if their Surgeon was to be found. After much delay she returned with the Assistant Surgeon of that corps—a very young man, an utter stranger whom I had never until that moment seen. After the progress of some dreadful hours, of which the less either written or remembered the better, I saw, evidently by his manner, he was alarmed for the result, and I had full time to feel I stood on the verge of eternity. Why can we not make the solemn impressions of such an hour influential over all the rest of our lives? Can I ever forget my feelings then—my thought of husband, father, sister, and all from whom I believed the shadow of death was hiding me for ever?

Dr. Robinson at last proposed sending in search of Dr. Hart, the Staff Surgeon, who might be in town. The very first look of Dr. Hart revived my confidence. . . . It is wonderful how much the *manner* of a medical man can influence a nervous patient. He was not young, and had a tone and bearing of kindness which in a younger man would have been out of place. I do not doubt, under all circumstances, that I owe my life to him. He took out his watch to mark the time of the baby's birth—four o'clock on the 3rd of April, the anniversary of my marriage.

He seemed to feel a most cordial interest in me, and paid me many a long visit whenever his leisure admitted of it, as a friend, so that I really began to look for his appearance with impatience; every evening, after dinner, he and Dr. Robinson turned their steps to my abode. The latter I soon began to like extremely as a gentlemanlike and well-informed young man. Both seemed equally to feel for my loneliness and lowness of spirits. . . .

Still their kindness could not supply the want of a good nurse at night, and really the distress I felt was inconceivable. Weak and exhausted as I was, often had I to contend against fatigue almost amounting to stupor, fearing to sleep, lest I should neglect my watch upon the infant, and that the ignorant woman would cram it with improper food; or, if I slept, that they would expose it to the mosquitoes. I can hardly convey to you by words the satisfaction I used to feel when Mrs. Hughes came in about eight at night, and then I cast my whole care on her; so careful, neat, and judicious, her manners so good, she was an unspeakable relief.

After spending a few nights there with me she told me her story. She was an Irishwoman, and at a very early age married a handsome sergeant in, I believe, the 49th. Her

own parents were dead: she lived then with an uncle, a rich farmer. Her marriage proved unfortunate. Her husband was dissipated and extravagant, her children successively died, and she became almost heartbroken. A lady on her way to India tempted her to accompany her there, and wet-nurse her child. This she agreed to, partly hoping that a temporary separation might bring her husband to some feeling of remorse. Well, to India she went; and the family she lived in became so attached to her, they would not part with her, and she accompanied them to England. . . . I fancy she then made another attempt to live with her husband, and, disgusted again, accepted a similar situation. This accounted for her superior air and manner. . . . She seemed so truly delighted at meeting with any one to speak of India.

I fancy Mrs. Rossie was confined at the Cape, or at sea, and being unable to nurse her child, induced Mrs. Hughes to take charge of him, and bring him up by hand, in which she succeeded admirably. Such were the circumstances by which she became my temporary attendant. Oh, how gladly would I have kept her with me, had this been possible. She much loved her mistress, and told me with many tears she felt certain her death was rapidly approaching, of which the sufferer was totally unconscious. In that case she must take the first opportunity to return with the child to his father, so that we should probably sail together. I should call it a blessing to have such a woman to superintend the nursing of my baby during the period of suffering and helplessness I must expect then.

*10th May (my birthday).*—"Tis three years to-day since I left Dinapore to reside at Patna. Oh, how many events have crowded into that brief moment of time: I almost doubt my own identity when I look at my lovely infant, and remember

the hand that has upheld me in all my trials. I must not repine, but rather say, ‘Good is the Lord.’ When will this day return, and bring testimony to my conscience that my heart is corrected and purified since its last departure; that I have loved God more and the things of this world less?

Mrs. Thompson came to beg I would try to dine in their house to-night—there was to be Mr. Denny, who wished to see me. Did I introduce Mr. Denny to you? I believe not, though he was one of my first acquaintances. Mr. D., then, is English Chaplain at Port Louis, and I found in about five minutes that he was an Irishman, and had spent some time in Derry, where he knew many of my connections. We accordingly became firm allies from that time, and often met; but since Fenton’s departure I had not seen him. So as my pet seems disposed to be good, I shall transport her to the couch in Mrs. Thompson’s drawing-room. . . . What a delightful view there is from one window. . . . The house is on the top of a hill, consequently considered to be delightfully situated; for catching the wind it certainly *is*, which is the only drawback to my enjoyment with them, as the current of air they rejoice in I tremble at for Flora’s sake, and it would be too much to punish a whole party on the plea of her safety, when she ought to be in her own room.

At the bottom of the hill is a little village, on the bank of the river, which here forms some pretty cascades, beside which the negresses assemble to wash. It is exceedingly picturesque; the invariable costume is a handkerchief tied round the head in the fashion of the Scotch snood, red, yellow, or pink; the petticoat also of the most showy pattern and hue, and a white handkerchief pinned down over the bosom and shoulders, leaving the arms bare. There are some of the Creole French have beautiful hair, and fine eyes and features.

I have seen them extremely handsome with very soft voice, 'like the warble of a bird.'

These women are often mistresses of many negresses, and obtain a support by taking in washing from the town; you see them out among their servants superintending the work; as in other tropical countries, they wash in the running stream, beating the clothes with wooden knives, and singing in a sort of measured cadence—very pretty it is to see and hear.

Then, as I sit, I amuse myself with the figures of the inhabitants from the interior, who are less familiar with English ways and habits. These pass by to and from the bazaar, which they supply with fruit, fish, eggs, etc. They trot along with large baskets of custard apple and plaintain, guava or shadoc on their heads, or fish, so exquisitely beautiful in their colours and shading, they look like paintings.

Their looks express reciprocal curiosity, as they pass, yet not without the salutation which French politeness has dispersed wherever they govern, and here the time of French ascendancy is still too recent to be forgotten. There exists among the higher classes a perpetual jealousy of the English.

It happens just now almost every Englishwoman here is more than commonly pretty,—some remarkably handsome—which induces the French inhabitants to believe that *all* are the same; an Englishwoman and a beauty seem one and the same thing.

19th May.—I did not feel disposed to dine in company to-day, as Flora was rather unwell. But Mr. Thompson said I must come, came over for me, and would not return without me. There was a large party, among others my friend Dr. Robinson, whom, by the way, I had never met out of bed before, and he expressed a degree of kindness almost affectionate at witnessing my perfect recovery.

I sat at dinner beside a very gentlemanlike young man, a Mr. Saunders, who I understood was married to a French lady, and heard some one congratulating him on the birth of a daughter. We spoke of India, and of some persons in Calcutta, where he had spent a year; then of Bangalore; when I inquired if he had any relations there, he said his brother was Judge and Magistrate of that settlement. I told him of Mrs. P. being my near relation, which he declared almost made us cousins, and so we agreed upon being cousins, and got into conversation about different members of his family. . . . I could not help laughing when he said, 'In the name of wonder how do you come to be here alone, and I, who am a connection and ought to know you best, only find about you accidentally?' I explained how and why I was thus apparently left on the rentroll of Providence, and he made me promise as soon as Mrs. Saunders was able to sit up, to pay them a visit, and command his assistance in any way it might be available at any time. These points adjusted to our mutual satisfaction, we parted with many expressions of goodwill.

*3rd June.*—What a miserable night I have experienced through the foolish timidity of my nurse. I told you my little pavilion was apart in the garden, and I generally left both the doors and windows unfastened; indeed, if security had been required, there was no means of obtaining it, as the only fastening was a small bolt, which even my strength at the outside could have removed. But I never think of being afraid, therefore imaginary terrors find no encouragement. I slept in one room, the outside one, and the nurse in the other; in the night I was startled by her at my bedside, declaring there was some one coming in through the window where she

slept. I started up and went in to see, but all was perfectly still; after looking from all the other windows, I opened the door and surveyed the outside, where nothing appeared to justify her assertion. However, as the trees grew thick round the back I could not be *certain* that it was groundless, therefore put on my dressing-gown and sat down to listen, during which time she told me so many horrible stories of murders committed by the Maroon slaves in the forests, near Meburg, that she communicated to me such a portion of her fear as made me feel a little chill and trembling. However, when I thought of our being so close to the Thompsons that the lamp in their lobby almost lit the path to the pavilion, and why should any depredator approach a person whose situation gave no promise of any seizure of importance, I became tolerably composed, and endeavoured to render her so, with little success. I sent her to bed: after a few minutes she was up again with the same alarm; though I did not feel apprehension, the renewed disturbance of my rest made me nervous and uncomfortable; I earnestly wished for morning. About three o'clock she began to perceive how idle her past terror had been, and went to bed,—she soon slept with that facility that the lower class do find sleep at their call, which truly counterbalances half the ills of fatigue. . . .

I felt so feverish, I gladly opened one of the side windows to let the pure air blow on my forehead. I sat by my bed watching the sublime effect of the first gleam of light spreading over those mighty peaked mountains. . . . I hardly know whether I slept or woke, when the first vermillion tinge of sunrise fell on my white gauze curtains.

I don't think watching the sunrise has been much in your way at any time, whereas from my wakeful constitution and nervous feeling which banish sleep, it is with me a familiar

sight. I cannot understand *why* it always should impress or rather oppress me with a strange sensation of solitude, a loneliness I could not strive against. The return of *light* ought to renew cheerfulness. Then why do I feel thus sad? Is it that the eyes are closed that once looked with equal delight on such a scene, the voice hushed that would have praised its loveliness, that seas and nations interpose between me and those who still live to love me, which weighs upon my spirit?

There are some verses of my own of an earlier date which I had not for many a day remembered that started into my reverie; I do not think you have ever been *delighted* or *bene-fited* by their perusal, so I will give them to you here, being exactly the frame of this morning meditation. Be it known to you, they were entitled the 'Voice of the Morning,' and written at the request of a friend who was departing for India, who was sufficiently in my confidence to be entrusted with my secret frailty of thinking in rhyme, a folly I don't think time likely to cure me of, though certainly my offences against reason and plain prose are waxing less frequent of late.

## 1.

Enwrapt in her mantle of starry light,  
Ye may see the vanishing car of night ;  
Now sinking far in the west away,  
To shun the eye of the rising day ;  
The wretched mists of the hill are curled,  
And the voice of the morning cheers the world.

## 2.

I waken the lark in her grassy bower ;  
I open the cup of the lily flower ;  
I drink from its chalice the pearly dew,  
I gather the breath of the violet blue ;  
And the orient light of my garment throws  
Those beautiful hues on the opening rose.

## 3.

My early rays through the woodland gleam,  
Or quivering fall on the glassy stream ;  
From the ancient cedars, that stand sublime,  
In Lebanon's Forest unscathed by time ;  
To the waves of the Ganges widely spread,  
Where the lotus shines o'er its crystal bed.

## 8.

And who are they, whom the morning breeze  
Is wafting over the sleeping seas ?  
—There are some who careless turn to roam,  
Who call no spot of earth their home ;  
Alike to them each scene, each face ;  
*They leave no friend's familiar face.*

## 9.

But there's one who mournful comes to stand  
And gaze on the fast receding land  
Till his heart is sad, and his eyes are dim,  
And the scenes of this world are lost to him ;  
While he lists to the breakers with deafening roar  
As they rush to the land he may view no more.

## 10.

More hopeless still, is *their* grief who dwell  
In that desolate home he remembers well,  
Who mournful view each well known scene  
Where erst with Him their steps have been,  
And start at every turn to find  
Some fond memorial left behind.

## 11.

Oh ! many a youthful brow doth wear  
The withering touch of untimely care,  
Who start from the pictured dreams of sleep  
On the colder forms of truth to weep,  
On each fond hope the heart hath lost,  
Too fondly kept ! too rudely crost.

## 12.

With some the hours of night have fled  
 By the couch of the dying and the dead,  
 Who fearful gaze on that breathless clay  
 When the light of the spirit hath passed away,  
 And shrink to feel They are gone for ever,  
 That the voice of the morning can waken them never.

## 13.

Alas ! unto sorrowful hearts I bring  
 No healing power on my dewy wing,  
 I can claim no influence to dry  
 The tears that dim affection's eye ;  
 For my softest light and my freshest bloom  
 Invest their souls with a darker gloom.

## 14.

The hours are fleeting, I must away,  
 And soon in the light of the busy day  
 The wounds of the spirit are closed awhile,  
 And the cheek is dressed in a borrowed smile ;  
 Till the hours return when the pageant's o'er,  
 When the strife of the world is felt no more,  
 When the shadowy pinions of night have spread  
 O'er the sorrowing heart and the aching head.

It is curious to turn back to a picture of one's own feelings, when ourselves and the whole world have changed since it was taken, to compare the past with the present, hope fulfilled with hope defeated ! But does not hope expire with the attainment of its object ?

These few and worthless lines, gave back, oh ! how many a perished hope. They were written under the excitement of strong and painful feeling. The 10th and 11th verses were expressive of what was actually passing in my mind. The 12th was an unconscious prophecy of what was yet to come, the 4th was imagined from the description of my departing friend of the Straits of Malacca 'Whose verdant hills,' etc.

What a change has come 'o'er the spirit of my dream'; I may add continuously, 'The creatures that surrounded me are gone,'

'He was himself not like to what he had been.'

What a feast of poetry, true, sad, and lofty poetry, is that *Dream*. . . . The description is so vivid of that Oriental scene, words almost have hues. . . .

Oh, it is an exquisite poem; in that, as well as in *Manfred*, there are some touches that ice my very blood and leave me

'Breathless as we grow when feeling most.'

Truly I feel in too dreamy a mood for this workaday world and common sense to tolerate, so lest I bend the bow of your patience too far, I must quit the land of faery and fancy for some sober and matter-of-fact employment. 'Tis a strange effect of a sleepless night to spend the morning in day dreams.

7th June.—. . . Mrs. T. amused me considerably by telling me she had a violent curiosity to see me at first from two circumstances—the first that both she and Mr. T. were impressed with an idea that ladies coming from India were too fine or too helpless to do anything for themselves, which idea had arisen from the manners of a couple who had been their guests, during a temporary residence in the Isle of France; from one or two observations she made I feel certain the lady must have been a *half-caste*. The peculiarities of that description of persons she evidently was not aware of—and I found my opinion correct. I then told her the anecdote of Colonel —— of the 47th regiment justifying one of his junior officers who left his 'dark ladye' behind in India, when I called it deserting her. He asked me, What could he do in England with a limited income, and a wife who could not wash her own face?

She further assured me the helplessness of this poor thing became so vexatious, it required all their sense of what was due to a guest to enable them to endure her—a poor superficial being at best, who required a retinue for her own attendance, which retinue made no minor portion of my sweet Sophia's annoyance.

It was very shortly after her departure that Mr. Thompson met me for the first time in the act of toiling upstairs from the lower story with a huge burden of clothes I had been unpacking, which he verily believed Mrs. —— would have given up the ghost at the very mention of.

On his return home he said, 'Sophia, you complain of never meeting people you can like; I am certain that to-day I have at last found one to please you in Mrs. Fenton.' Then she said in another quarter she received such a strange description of my landing, without a bonnet and divers other particulars of the same stamp, she concluded I must be a very out-of-the-way person or somewhat distraught. To decide which, she asked Mr. Denny on his return from Redwit, where I was then staying, what order of person Mrs. Fenton was. But his reply was not very intelligible—describing me as so extremely *piano* that he could form no opinion. Only fancy *me* '*piano*'—and you may next call me a Chameleon; so much for definitions.

14th June.—I have been so much engaged with what Dominie Sampson calls the unprofitable arts of hemming, sewing, and shaping in preparation of Flora's outfit on our voyage, I have literally worked from morning till night; with all I get but little done—for my work is so often put aside to attend on the young lady. I have a restless feeling which, whenever I have anything to do, prompts its speedy conclusion; I am never at ease, if I know there is anything hanging

over me to perform. I like to finish my work and then enjoy being idle, which I never can do if I think to-morrow is burdened with part of the business of to-day.

In the present instance I really cannot account for my own impulse for preparation, and Sophia laughs at me for being so prematurely wise and provident, and asks me *where* I am going and when? I tell her, My familiar spirit has told me to be ready, but I know no more, and in case nothing better offers, I shall just put Flora in a basket, and set off on a pedestrian tour through the island with my friend Dr. Barry.

By the way, I have not told you yet of Dr. Barry bringing charges against Dr. Hart and Dr. Robinson for attending me. They had, it seems, been long at war. He is the superintending surgeon, and was watching for some opportunity of attacking them. . . . So he tried to make it appear that they were engaged in private practice to the detriment of their hospital patients. So, these charges being given in to the Governor, a Court of Inquiry was ordered to investigate them, and there was my poor nurse, frightened out of her natural life, on being sent for to prove that Dr. Robinson *had left* the hospital and was undressed and reading in his room when she ran in to beg his immediate attendance on me: that Dr. Hart had gone to bed, and neither had ever seen me until that night. They proved that their prolonged attendance was a matter of strict necessity . . . that on their leaving me at five o'clock they went straight to the hospital, etc., etc., making it apparent that the charge was instigated by malice, not public zeal. Sir Charles Colville set the matter at rest by a general order fully acquitting them, also declaring that Mrs. Fenton, being the wife of an old and meritorious officer, had a right to the attendance of the regimental surgeon — especially in the absence of her husband; in being with her they were in the

performance of duty, especially where that of the hospital had *not* been interfered with. There was, too, some notice of removal to Dr. Barry, the particulars of which I forget, but under *these* circumstances, being each on the wing, a tour of the island together seemed both agreeable and natural.

There is certainly something extraordinary about this same Dr. Barry. I remember one night in India, I was sitting in the room of a friend assisting to watch her, along with a nurse-tender much in esteem in Calcutta, who to pass the hours began to recount some 'passages' in her former life. She said she had been driven from the Cape by Dr. Barry, over whom there hung some extraordinary mystery. She was in high repute there, and often engaged where Dr. Barry attended. One night when she supposed a lady she was with to be in want of immediate aid, she sent for him—he slept in the house—but not being so expeditious as she wished, she ran herself and made an unceremonious entrance into his room. Thereon he flew into a most violent passion. She declares, and steadily maintains, that the nominal Dr. Barry *was and is a woman*. From this time he displayed the most implacable dislike to her, even to making it a condition not to attend in any family where she was employed. The truth of this strange tale I cannot pledge myself to uphold, but well I remember listening to it one tedious night, when I very little expected to come in contact with the individual concerned.

18th June.—I now certainly believe in presentiments. I have had an unaccountable impression that I was going to sea, and been daily preparing as if such actually were the case, whereas no ship was known of to sail, or even expected to go to Van Diemen's Land.

There is a pretty little apartment off Mrs. Thompson's saloon which delightfully commands the sea. I walked up and down there with Flora in my arms, lulling her to sleep, while Sophia lay on her couch. We each pursued our separate employment—hers was the fashioning of a cap, mine was singing to the child and talking to her by turns. I stopped at the window. There was one white sail on the calm sea, but so far off, so imperceptible, it required deliberation to say if it were indeed a sail, or only the snowy speck of a tropic bird basking on that bluest sea. At last I decided it was a ship, and coming in. I said, 'Why is it, my dear Sophia, that the sight of a ship approaching should make me melancholy? For me there is naught either to hope or fear, none I love, either to render me happy by coming or sad by departing.' She said, 'This feeling naturally arises from your anxiety to meet Captain Fenton, the loneliness of being divided, and your solicitude for him and your baby. I must tell you, you seem, to me at least, almost heroic in bearing up as you have done against the many trials of a young woman and a mother in utter solitude. I have frequently expressed to William my admiration of your fortitude, especially as I know your feelings to be extremely acute.' I told her what I believe is the fact, that my whole soul was absorbed by my passionate love for Flora, and anxiety for her safety. I had no being but in her, no room to remember self—indeed was scarcely conscious of anything but that one sentiment.

I had gone to my pavilion, and, as was my fashion, had laid my head by Flora's pillow to rest—not sleep—for in the day I never slept, though all nature seemed torpid in the sultry noonday. Mrs. Thompson's favourite negress came to my couch with a chit from town sent in haste by her master, to tell me of the arrival of the *Denmark Hill* on her way to

Van Diemen's Land *direct*: that she would only remain ten days: he also informed me two gentlemen had arrived from India, who were anxious to take a passage in her. One of these, an officer in the Company's service, was the son of Mr. Burnett, Colonial Secretary in Van Diemen's Land; the other, a Mr. Betts of the Nizam's service. One of these gentlemen had letters for me from India.

You may believe this intelligence soon put my dreams to flight, and gave me enough to think of, and no room for deliberation. My first impulse was joy, that now I might hope to join Fenton and find some settled home where I might watch my baby in tranquillity, and obtain the *rest*, both in person and in spirit, I had long been a stranger to.

But then arose the thought, What if my health should fail on the voyage—then, how is Flora to exist? If I suffer, so must she. Where shall I find a nurse? and so forth. Suddenly all these mists cleared off my spirit when I thought of the Omnipotent hand that had already upheld me in so many times of peril,—and was it shortened now?

But as there was necessity for instant exertion, I wrote to Mrs. Hughes, to inquire if she intended going by this opportunity, and if she could assist in obtaining a nurse for Flora on the voyage.

Since I had removed to Grande River, her suffering mistress had terminated her brief and trying probation, and she had been indeed faithful to the end.

Mr. Thompson as usual came to the pavilion on his return to inquire for us. . . . Finding that I was quite resolved to go by the *Denmark Hill*, he told me to command his assistance in any shape it might be required and any time, if I must go; as there were others equally desirous of obtaining

a passage, it would be expedient to make immediate arrangements with the captain for accommodation ; he feared the best on board must be greatly inferior to anything I had before experienced. But my purpose being once definitely fixed, an obstacle of this kind would not swerve me. He had heard too that the captain of the barque was a low person and rough in the extreme ; besides that he had a wife on board who commanded the commander : he almost wished to advise me to wait for some other opportunity, though none was in prospect, for though he could enter into my feeling of anxiety to be at the end of my journeying, still he feared Captain F. and his *lady* might be 'too many' for me. We ended our discussion with my leaving the issue at his disposal after visiting the ship and seeing Mrs. Hughes. Her assistance on board for the child would compensate to me for almost any personal inconvenience I might be put to.

How very fortunate it now appeared to me that I have been progressively advancing with all my preparations, how much hurry (and hurry is so ungraceful) it saves me now. I hope I may always be able to adhere to my favourite maxim, 'Defer not until the morrow,' thereby I may *govern* circumstances, not let *them govern me*. It now gave me many hours of intercourse with my dear Sophia that must otherwise have been denied me—no common pleasure, though sensibly diminished by her depressed spirits and general debility.

When Mr. Thompson returned to town he met Mr. Saunders, and on communicating my intention to sail by the *Denmark Hill*, the latter immediately sent to remind me of my engagement to come into Port Louis, and make my final preparations for sea at his house . . . recommending me to fix the next evening for him to come for me, as time was precious. On consulting Sophia, she said if I thought it expedient, which

doubtless it was, to adopt Mr. Saunders' proposal, she would also remove into town, as she affectionately said Grande River would be full of my remembrance to her, and she thought it would save Mr. T. some anxiety about her to be nearer medical advice. So I sent a reply to Mr. Saunders that I should be ready.

At my next interview with Mr. Thompson I found all was arranged as I desired. He went on board with Mr. Burnett and Betts, and engaged what they all considered the best cabin for my use. Mrs. Hughes had also engaged a cabin for herself and the child, and she seemed much pleased at the prospect of our being fellow-passengers. So all seemed *couleur de rose*.

I wrote a few lines to Lady Colville to acquaint her with my intentions, and was so actively employed that I was 'all ready' when Mr. Saunders made his appearance. I did not feel regret at this separation from Sophia, as she would be so soon beside me in Port Louis; but I *did* as we wheeled swiftly by the pretty retired spot which had been to me 'as a nest to a spent bird.'

My negress had been sent on to await our arrival, and Flora was so judicious as to sleep until the phaeton stopped in George's Street—fashionable, I must inform you, from its English appellation. On entering the hall, I found to my disappointment Mrs. Saunders had a soirée, though she came immediately to receive me at the door, but seeing a roomful of company within I hesitated to make my appearance, as no nurse had arrived to assist me. However, Mrs. Saunders very soon settled the point by carrying Flora to the apartment designed for us.

With the aid of a negress I soon had Flora bathed and undressed, and when she was disposed of, prevailed on Mrs. Saunders to return to the saloon, and I would rest after my drive; so after ordering me coffee she left me, and in the

luxury of quiet and my dressing-gown I made another survey of my apartment. . . . It was of no ordinary elegance, and tasteful arrangement, and yet so much of the savage is innate with me, that I felt sad after my hermitage at Grande River, the dark, shadowy trees that anticipated the evening's approach, the gushing river lashing the narrow channel that opposed its mountain impetuosity, the blue jagged mountains that rose abrupt before our windows, rosy with the early sun, or enwreathed in the floating vapour. . . . In this frame of mind how the sound of that piano below jars upon my ear. *N'importe*; I suppose young ladies and pianos are part and parcel of each other, poor things—though perhaps they are all pitying me just now. I wonder, if Flora lives to be a 'young lady,' how I am to get on with her. This is a serious thought, and lest it should disturb my repose I will think no more of it *now*; for perhaps she may have been *born old* like myself. So good-night.

19th June.—Next morning being Sunday, I made a great effort to dress and dispose of Flora in time to enable me to dress myself suitably to meet the family at breakfast. 'Farewell to the halcyon days of dressing-gowns'; a sad adieu I repeated to myself while pinning and hooking a fashionable dress made by Madame Laplace in gay Calcutta. Having expanded very considerably since it was made, I felt as if this meritorious concession on my part to established form did surely deserve some recompense beyond that of dress, like virtue, being its own reward.

I was somewhat surprised to find Mrs. Saunders prepared to go to church, as she appeared by daylight even more delicate than I had pronounced her to be by the glare of the lamps. However, she *went*. Her mother, her grandmother, her four very pretty sisters all assembled to go too. Interesting as the

young ladies indisputably were, a specimen of an old French lady was a real curiosity. This old lady, so much more youthful in dress, gait, and manner than myself—it was strange, passing strange, to call her ‘Grandmama,’ as strange to me as it evidently was to her that I should risk spoiling my *shape* by nursing my child.

Verily, as the party proceeded to their open carriages, as I looked down from my room upon the procession, they appeared a moving parterre—feathers, flowers, silk, and gauze, while the circumscribed limit of their waists gave me a pain in my side from very sympathy.

Dr. Hart came to visit me, and brought a note from Lady Colville requesting me to contrive to visit her at Redwit before I sailed, but this I found to be totally impossible, as every day and hour was crowded with employment; besides many arrangements to make for Flora, there was my *own attire* for months neglected to be reformed, knowing that I must no longer expect to shelter myself by my nursing avocations from looking a little *like other people*.

Would these packings up were all at an end! it is a serious thing to set out on such a voyage without a medical man and an infant of four months old depending on my strength for nourishment. But, as there seems no alternative between this evil on one side, and that of protracted delay on the other, I feel I *ought* to go, and trust, as past experience teaches me I may confidently do, to the Eye that neither slumbers or sleeps. And oh! undeserving as I am, may that special mercy be extended to my beloved and innocent child, and bring us both to that haven where we would be.

*Monday morning.*—I am ready and breakfast is not, so I

open my sibylline leaves to say that poor Mrs. Saunders is very unwell. She caught cold at church and is very feverish.

June 23rd.—I have at length ascertained that we sail on the 27th, and am just returned from visiting my accommodation on board. It is dreadful, but must not be thought of *now*,—indeed, I *never* before even saw such, this being my first introduction to a vessel without a poop. Yet for this gloomy den I must pay as much as we did for our beautiful cabin on board the *Hamoud Shaw*. There is as much difference for the worse between the Mahomedan and the Englishman. *N'importe*. I have one stern cabin, Messrs. Burnett and Betts the other; Mrs. Hughes the side cabin next mine; some pariah the opposite one, and two or three others disposed of ‘the gods know where.’

I left Mrs. Hughes in charge of Flora; so, as the morning was enchanting, I had time to enjoy our sail into the bay, conveyed in Mr. Saunders’ pretty boat. It was so exhilarating, I almost regretted so soon to reach the *Denmark Hill*, my prison in prospect. The old captain received us; he was short, square, dingy of hue, with an awful squint. But the best part of the entertainment was yet to come, in the introduction of his lady wife. She was tall, *passée*, but by way of being dashing withal, and seeing Mr. Saunders to be a handsome young man, was, I suppose, calculating on him as an agreeable passenger, so showed off after her fashion in high spirits, assisted no doubt by the conscious dignity and captivation of an enormous lilac gauze toque—she hung out signals of distress in the shape of a cabinet piano, guitar, etc., affirming she could not exist without her *comforts*.

Oh, that you could see, or I justly convey to you an idea of the pair; very loving too, and novel from my long separation

from anything resembling the English vulgar. However, being informed that Mrs. F. was the first authority on board, Mr. Saunders, like a wise general, began his operations to gain the lady by many compliments on her taste, etc. etc., which took good root. He impressed on her that the Colvilles were much interested in my welfare, and that I had many influential friends in the Island whose good opinion would be secured by attention to my comfort.

After his oration, her complaisance seemed unbounded, and he took advantage of it to point out all the arrangements he wished to have made, directing where such baggage as I had then ready to put on board, should be placed.

Well, we behaved extremely well, and took a ceremonious leave of this exemplary couple. I do not say that we did not, when fairly off, indemnify ourselves for our restraint by one long and lasting laugh—almost till we landed.

I found a messenger at George's Street with a very kind letter from Lady Colville, saying that as I could not go to *her*, she would come to me, and intended to be at Government House early next day. . . . Even my maternal vanity was more than satisfied by her admiration of Flora. She repeatedly called her the loveliest baby she ever saw, with an earnestness that confirmed her sincerity—indeed she is not the kind of person to talk only for a fashion of speech.

There were several strangers, among the number Captain Lyons commanding the *Jasper*, a very pleasing person, and most polite in offering any assistance of his sailors or boats, besides his nautical experience in preparing my cabin. I told him I had felt some uneasiness at a report of the *Denmark Hill* being in an unsound state, not seaworthy, as sailors term it. This point he promised me should be immediately put at rest,

and that he would call at George's Street to report to me the next day. Dr. Hart was also present, and declared himself my especial knight errant.

I then sat for two hours with Lady Colville; she had put up some of Georgianna's warm clothing, in case my own stock should run short, and most kindly offered me many comforts, which had formed part of her own supplies from England for the voyage. I need not tell you that with real regret and some tears I parted from this very kind and interesting lady. . . .

On my return to George's Street, before I had seated myself, the Thompsons' carriage drove up. Running downstairs I met them at the door, but instead of speaking they held up their hands, with other demonstrations of surprise, to see me *fashionably dressed*.—‘You surely sin against yourself,’ said he. After a little conversation with them, other visitors presented themselves, Mr. Burnett and Betts; the former, tall and gentlemanly in deportment, seemed rather silent, but Mr. Betts, who in the course of the conversation contrived to let me know he was married, has a great deal to say on all subjects, and says it well. To each of the party Van Diemen's Land was *terra incognita*, and we all compared our opinions and anticipations. . . .

While dressing for dinner I heard our already large family party had been increased by a Captain and Mrs. —, two children, and negresses and bandboxes *ad libitum*. Captain — seemed a staid, quiet man, not very young; his lady, about five-and-twenty or so, was like ten thousand fair ladies, the boast of happy England,—neat, quiet, fair—what else I know not, but ‘fashionably dressed’ will fill up the space.

One thing amused me, that there were five babies upstairs under three years old, and at each cry, each mama turned pale

and declared it must be hers, and then all simultaneously rushed out to see whose number was deficient; sweet Louisa Saunders, a privileged pet at the dinner table, whose long, fair ringlets, according to the French fashion, had never felt the scissors, looked like an old lady among the other babies in arms.

24th June.— . . . It was with much satisfaction I found from Captain Lyons that I might go on board the *Denmark Hill* without any apprehension. We sat a long time, and during his visit several others arrived, among them Mr. Denny. But one anecdote I must make room for. At dinner, at which he was a guest, there was some conversation about Mrs. Telfourd, who, Lady C. once before said, inked her fingers to seem literary! The stranger, Mrs. —, bestowed rather a sweeping condemnation on all the 'blue' ladies, adding, She hated to meet them, they were all intolerably stupid. 'What!' said Mr. Denny, 'do you really say so?' 'Yes,' rejoined the lady. 'All so disagreeable? What, not even except Mrs. Fenton?' I so sincerely supposed he meant a jest—though one of unpardonably bad taste—that I laughed very heartily, and told him I wished the cause had been left in other hands, not exactly knowing why I was to be champion for the Muses. I noticed while we spoke that Mr. Saunders whispered Mrs. —, who turned from red to blue and averted her eyes from me. After we left the dining-room she disappeared, and was still absent when Mr. Saunders inquired where she was, adding, He concluded she was afraid of being in the room with me. I hardly knew which, to laugh or be angry, when he said he had asked her after Mr. Denny's oration, 'if she had not been informed Mrs. Fenton was an authoress!'

Oh, how I wanted Sophia then to laugh with me, for I do

suppose some one who has seen me scribbling away at this 'Letter' has pronounced me 'preparing for the press!' Well, some people get the reputation of learning on very easy terms.

*26th June.*—All ready now, according to the seaman's phrase. How vacant my room looks. . . . I saw my dear Sophia for the last time, but Mr. Thompson said he must attend me to the ship to-morrow.

And now a few lines to him, my best, my dearest, my other self, James. It is ever my first pleasure on arriving, and it is my last care at departing, to tell him my heart is with *him*, as *his* follows me. Oh! how the thought upholds me now, that his benefit may be decided by the voyage I now undertake, that we may there unite in another home,

'Around the evening fire our chairs to draw  
And tell of all we felt and all we saw!'

Surely if earth has peace and pure happiness, it will be then and there. . . . I am disappointed at embarking without a letter from him, but this will not hinder me from sending him my farewell. Shall I parody Byron's tribute to 'Tom Moore,' thus:—

'Now my ship is on the sea  
And my boat is by the rocks,  
But once more before I go  
Here's farewell to thee, James Knox.'

## IV

JUNE 28TH—AUGUST 10TH, 1829

*On Board the Denmark Hill.* . . . I have just descended from the deck where I watched the ‘lessening’ boat. They are all gone, and here I sit without one whose care I have any right to ask.

What a large party attended my embarkation! A. Frankland, Captain Lyons, Mr. Saunders, Thompson, Dr. Hart—but ‘tis vain repeating names. How very kind were they all, and I shall meet them no more.

Beautiful Isle of France, farewell! How ever lovely is the receding shore, eternal in its beauty, imperishable in its poetic interest, girded in by that bluest sea, now so calm and mirror-like. How different was its aspect when I watched its billows during the hurricane, when fear had assembled us in the saloon in Government House. It sleeps *now*, as calm as on that morning when I saw Fenton standing on the deck of the *Mary*—perhaps just where I am now. May I look upon that tempest and this placid sea as encouraging and emblematic of the progress of events with myself? Are my trials past? May I innocently thus expound the future? For even with the discomfort of the wretched ship, how comparatively strong and happy do I feel, and if there is something to risk, so will

there be more to look in thankfulness to Heaven for when the voyage is over.

Our course lying directly south, a few days will bring us into very cold weather, and, I hear, a tremendous sea. . . . All the good people around me are bustling, fighting, and contriving . . . but all having been so admirably arranged by my many kind friends, I have nothing to do but look on.

I intend to favour the cuddy with my presence at dinner to-day, to *show* myself, and then *disappear* until we are in sight of land. To live among these people, even if I were well, would be a trial of forbearance that I need not uselessly encounter. I have had a case to decide between my nurse and the helmsman, something strange in its way. She prefaced her tale thus :—

'Mistress, I have a bet with one of the sailors regarding your name, for he will insist your right name is Campbell, as he went to India with you, and perfectly recollects your face and appearance. He said, too, he wonders much to see you in a "dirty little" ship like this alone, for when he was last at sea with you, the whole of the gentlemen on board, officers and sailors, were striving who would best attend to you.'

I said, 'I fear, nurse, you will lose your bet, but if you call the man forward to speak to me, I will settle your wager.' When my *ci-devant* acquaintance appeared, I well remembered him. He had lost one eye by lightning off the Cape.

Poor fellow, when he reminded me of the days when my large chair used to be placed beside the helm during the trade winds, and asked for all his old friends, I tried to answer him generally, and with cheerfulness as far as I could command it, but I felt that tightening sensation at my throat —a sign my composure would not last long. He saw, I

expect, that there was something out of place, and after begging to be sent for if I wanted any assistance, made his sailor's bow and departed.

And now farewell. The awful sounds of dinner are in my ears. One peep at Flora when I go to my cabin to put up my 'book,' and Othello's occupation is no more.

## PART III: TASMANIA

## I

AUGUST 11TH—SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1829

11th August.—*On the River Derwent, in sight of Mount Wellington and Hobarton.*—Though there is but one thought absorbing my mind, I must not anticipate, but tell you that after seven weeks of most awful weather we got sight of land. You may judge my thankfulness, as three weeks we had been under water on deck, nor had the daylight entered my cabin. 'Tis vain now to waste time dwelling on all the suffering of such a period with a baby at my breast, but I may express how much valuable aid I had from my humble friend Mrs. Hughes, and kind attention from Mr. Betts, who nightly stopped to speak and cheer me, sometimes, if it was tempestuous, nursing Flora or assisting to bathe her and beguile our mutual discomfort.

After reaching the point where the pilot is taken in, we had not long to wait. A fine ship was just then in sight which he had that morning left, and after some beating about, he came up with us, at sunset.

Mr. Betts hastened with the glad tidings, and I requested him to inquire if the *Mary* had been heard of, forgetting she had gone to Sydney.

He did not soon return, and when he appeared, although he assured me that the *Mary* had been long since announced at Sydney, his manner was constrained, and unlike its usual tenor. I had an uneasy or unsatisfied feeling, arising from his hesitation, so I again despatched him on a mission to the pilot to inquire if Fenton was known to him, either by name or in person. His second report brought a full assurance that he knew Fenton well, had lately seen him, that he was well and liked the Colony. *What* then was the *something* he had to say, but would not? That night when Mrs. Hughes was composing Flora for sleep and assisting me, she said, 'Do you think baby will see her papa to-morrow night?' I replied, 'Of course, if he is near Hobarton; but it is possible he may be in the interior, in which case Lady Colville desired me to send for Mr. Frankland, to whom she had written to be ready to assist me.' 'Yes,' she rejoined, 'or he might be in Sydney, or perhaps have taken an excursion to Swan River.' I started up in my bed, pulled back the curtain that I might *see* her. 'Tell me,' I said, 'at once, what you have to say! What has befallen Captain Fenton? I insist on being told!'—The poor woman was startled by my vehemence and said, 'Indeed, indeed, he is well. *But, but*, madam, he has left the Colony!'—Only fancy my consternation. Was she sure of this?—Where was he gone?—Who told her?—She believed to the Isle of France, *vid* Swan River, a voyage that must occupy some months. . . .

The story was all my own now, and I sent for the pilot to see what further insight he could give me into the matter. The nautical news-carrier soon appeared and gave me very clear and positive information, as Fenton had told him he was going for his wife, whom he had left at the Isle of France in delicate health. I believe he told me many things he expected

me to be interested in, but I could comprehend *only this one*: that I had taken this miserable voyage in vain, and was *alone* in Van Diemen's Land, while Fenton was retracing the perilous sea I had just crossed.

Surely I am doomed in everything, and for me there is no haven of peace on this side of time. After this disclosure I was glad to say 'Goodnight' to all, and when alone how bitterly I wept over my poor Flora, until I wearied myself and slept. The sun arose in such splendour, I soon dressed that I might see it shine again on the blessed green earth,—and how lovely this is of all external objects—the aspect I should say, but in truth I know not what I write, and yet I must write or weep, and I give the preference to the former, for my tears you can never see; but you may one day participate in what were my present feelings.

As we sail up this beautiful Derwent, every mile most distinctly marks the progress of civilisation. We *now* are in sight of Hobarton, a small and irregularly built town, viewing it at this distance, but with an indefinable 'English air.' Mount Wellington, yonder table mountain, rising abruptly over the town, is topped with snow; the last snowy hills I saw were the Himalaya mountains.

There seems no lack of wood here, the hills—and the whole country appears a succession of hills, and gentle undulations—are clothed to the very summit, the foliage at this distance is very sombre. Not tropical—there are no graceful bamboos or feathery cocas. Still, from the uniformity of the colouring, not altogether English.

As we advance, pretty cottage residences are visible in what appeared impervious jungle. I wonder if these are 'farm houses.' There are streaks of lovely yellow sand, fringing each diminutive bay or inlet of the waters among the hills; there

are wide fields freshly ploughed, and ploughmen and sowers all busy at their labour with English smock-frocks. All this, so novel to me, will seem childish in the recital to you. But here, I candidly acknowledge, I have been writing to please or rather lull my excited feelings, more than to interest or amuse you; to keep myself from thinking what I am to do, when we arrive at the town we are rapidly approaching, for here I can form no plan.

How fortunate it appears, how providential, that the Colvilles should have written to Frankland to assist me in case of Fenton's absence. My purpose is this: I will send by the port officer my letter to Mr. F. and write to know if he can give me any information as to Fenton's movements.

As it is time this letter should be ready, I shall shut my book, and write it. Oh, how strange all this seems! How will it terminate?

14th August.—*Micquarie Hotel, Hobarton.*—'Tis night, all still, and I have just enveloped myself in my dressing-gown, and drawn my table closer to a wood fire. Only fancy, a wood fire! The first I have seen for so many years. I am impatient to go on with my story. Well, my letter to Mr. Frankland was hardly written, before the port officer was introduced to me by Mr. Betts, a Lieutenant Hill, a very mild and gentlemanly person. On the first mention of my name, he expressed the kindest interest, and begged an immediate introduction, as he said he was intimate with Fenton, whose movements he was fully aware of, also his intentions in leaving the Colony. He went to bring me! as he could not persuade himself that I had nerve enough to follow alone. Alas! had he known me better, how much might have been spared us both.

I then told Mr. Hill I had just been engaged in enclosing letters for Mr. Frankland, and writing to ask his advice. This he said was the very best thing I could have done, as Fenton and the Franklands were always together. . . .

A consultation was held between the gentlemen, as to the possibility of a whale-boat overtaking the *Orelia*, in which Fenton sailed, as the pilot affirmed that the fresh breeze, which brought us in during the night, must have retarded them; it was impossible they could round a certain cape, and might be still beating about 'Storm Bay.' So the result was that Mr. Hill, after leaving my letters with Mr. Frankland, would proceed to Colonel Arthur, to request assistance on my behalf. . . . How very greatly it lightened my disquiet, to find so much ready kindness displayed where I had expected *none*. But on the possibility of Fenton's return I would not suffer my mind to dwell. It was too vague.

By eleven next day we saw a boatful of gentlemen push off from the beach, and in a few minutes after Mr. Frankland's name was announced. I had sent Mrs. Hughes to put up our things within, and had seated myself near the window with Flora asleep on my knee. One glance at Mr. Frankland assured me he was above the common style of men, and a few minutes' conversation convinced me he was equally high-bred and kindly obliging. He had a gaiety of voice and manner more French than English, but still there was that which bespoke the high-caste English gentleman, and we became as well acquainted in half an hour, as if we had lived together for ten years.

He presented a letter left with him, by Fenton, in the event of my coming during his absence. This I only glanced over, and gathered enough for my guidance—that Fenton had advised me to consult with Frankland. After many questions

about his uncle's family, and his brother Arthur, a little nursing and much admiration of Flora, and every kind intention that could be expressed in words, he rose to depart, previously arranging that I should be ready by twelve next day, to go on shore to his house. He much regretted they had no spare apartment, but that should not prevent our being together all the day, and he would engage commodious rooms for me at the Macquarie Hotel, near his house.

I then reopened Fenton's letter to give it a more leisurely perusal. It ran thus:—

'MY DEAREST BESSIE,—I write this prior to my departure for the Isle of France, in case you should arrive before my return, although I feel so certain of finding you still there, and that you will receive this letter in my presence from our kind friend's hand. But in the event of my calculation being wrong, it is necessary to provide for the worst, and secure due attention to your comfort. This letter will be delivered to you by Frankland, who will take for you a house, and by whose advice I strongly advise your being guided. In money matters apply to —, who is my agent, and has been very attentive. He will, I know, invite you, but mark! you must not go to remain in his house, for as a merchant he is not visited by the first class, and you would lose caste; but be courteous to them. I shall only add, do not deny yourself any comfort your affectionate husband can afford. I must be brief, my dearly beloved wife, that these hurried lines may not be too late to go on shore, and have not one moment to express those feelings which are my sole happiness, and without which, I have so often told you, life would be wretchedness, and it is my intense anxiety about you that urges me on to this voyage which you know how much I detest, but to look on you again, to be near, to protect you and our beloved little one, overcomes every

other feeling—in the anticipation of the moment that gives you both to me again. I have written to Catherine and acquainted her with our proceedings. Should any accident befall me, I enclose for your information a statement of my affairs, leaving you sole possessor of my property, to use your discretion for the future benefit of our child. A Will, to the same effect, is in the keeping of Frankland, on whose friendship you may depend.'

Such was the substance of poor Fenton's letter, and you can well understand how sorrowfully I perused it, for though all the unpleasant ideas of being solitary and unprotected were relieved, still I felt how many terrible chances might interpose between us for an indefinite time. My heart was very sad indeed.

Next morning Mrs. Hughes made such active preparations that I was quite ready, and even properly dressed, before Mr. Frankland's arrival. A number of persons were with him; they walked the deck, while he came in to know if he could assist me in getting off.

When I got outside, a general introduction, to I know not how many, occupied some time, for all these good people were intimate with Fenton, and came on board with the kind purpose of offering assistance. However, as Mr. F. had proclaimed himself my champion, there was no need of further assistance, and we all took our departure together, Mr. F. carrying Flora; in a few minutes we were on the wharf, as it is termed here—I first called it the 'ghaut,' to F.'s great amusement.

Then we took our way up Macquarie Street. About half-way up I could not resist the temptation of stopping to lean upon a fence almost breathless, this being the longest walk I had taken for some years; and further being equipped in black

satin shoes, they were penetrated by wet and fringed with mud. Mrs. Frankland's recollections of the habits of India soon explained my distress, and the party kindly accommodated themselves to my feebleness and unequal strength, until we reached the hotel, when, after inspecting the rooms ordered, Mr. Frankland, with equal kindness and tact, proposed they should all leave me to rest for an hour, when he would return and take me to his house, which proposal I readily agreed to.

Well, suppose the hour past. I am again on my way, attended by the nurse and Flora, and enter a very pretty cottage within a little compound of shrubs and flowers, in all the lavish fragrance of Australian spring. The cottage itself, as well as its inmates, the very beau ideal of taste and good order. Small indeed was the cheerful drawing-room, but how much did it contain bearing evidence of the high tone of its occupiers' education and tastes! . . .

Mrs. Frankland was then dressed for dinner. Lady Colville had told me I should think her cold, but not so. She was exceedingly kind, though calm and still in manner, which her aspect of fragility and paleness led you to attribute to physical causes. Her lady-like, quiet demeanour prepossessed me, and there was in her a most living resemblance of some one I had known before, though who I could not tell—or where.

While I was making my toilet in her room, I felt so exhausted by the length and weight of my hair, I expressed my desire to cut it off; she declared her *horror* at such a sacrifice, saying for many years she had seen nothing like it, and that there was some peculiarity in this climate very injurious to its growth. It does appear strange that all my illness has nothing reduced the quantity of mine.

With much pleasant conversation the evening passed, for

. . . to find listeners to all I had to relate of the most estimable family I had quitted was an enjoyment.

I could fill some pages with trifling matters, which all created interest, but it would not be worth your attention; one remark only—I was almost childishly pleased by the evening aspect of an English drawing-room, the windows covered with graceful blue merino drapery, the ‘carpet,’ even the polished steel fender and fire-irons brought back so many dormant remembrances.

On my return to the Macquarie Hotel, . . . I felt so nervous, to sleep was impossible, and I stepped out on a little balcony to look on the waters with which my future destinies and that of my babe were mixed up, and on the strange stars above me. It thrilled on my remembrance when I saw Orion exactly reversed from its position, when my mother used to point it out as we sat on the step of the hall-door ‘at home.’ Oh, what strange and wild transitions have passed over me since then, and *what* may be yet to come! I almost envied the visionary creed that can seek evidence of future fate in their aspect. But *this*, reason and religion alike forbade. The atmosphere here is surprisingly clear and rarefied, the planets shine like moons; I almost think they cast a shadow.

I have in the midst of other disjointed thoughts to-night half inclined to the idea of returning to India, if Fenton’s return is hopeless. I must in this case have seven solitary months to spend here, how I know not. The *Georgiana* is about to sail for Madras with the 48th Regiment. If I take my passage in her I might spend a few months with George, and a chance exists of seeing James. However, this is but reverie, idle reverie. I must wait as best I can until the matter of Fenton’s absence is past a doubt. I now conclude

this mingled recital of the first twenty-four hours on a strange land! To-morrow night I shall talk with you again.

The day passed as yesterday, unless it were that an additional kindness of feeling and confidence grew with our knowledge. . . . I returned home early, as there seemed very rough weather approaching, and the good people of Hobarton are still primitive enough to exist without carriages or sedan chairs or doolies or tonjins, but I did sigh for my palkee when I faced the briny breeze; on turning round from the compound to proceed down Macquarie Street, the gusts fairly blew me round Mr. Frankland. This is the third day since the departure of the whale-boat, one or two more must decide my measures.

Next morning the rain poured in torrents, notwithstanding which I had a visit from Mr. Frankland. . . . I found the benefit of his arrangement with the persons who kept the hotel, which is also a kind of table d'hôte, that I should be attended in my private apartment whenever I should require it; as F. hinted I might not like to form acquaintances at the general table, although he said there were some nice people, but these in a mixed company could not be chosen out. A very pretty elegant little creature, Mrs. Boyd, with her husband, Captain Boyd, of the Staff Corps, appointed Assistant Surveyor General here, paid me a visit. She also seemed to think I had done wisely to avoid the public table. She expected to remove into a house they had taken when its owner, Mr. Dumaresque, went off to an interior settlement called New Norfolk, as Police Magistrate. I also saw a very dashing person, a Mrs. Roper, quite the rage here, and also just arrived; but though handsome and dressed from top to

toe in the exuberance of French fashion, I could never like or admire. She had the indefinable air of a second-rate actress. Her husband, too, did not look aristocratic, or anything bordering on it.

So after my late dinner I spent the evening in arrangements among Flora's wardrobe and my own, and close my book with anxious thoughts of to-morrow!

And to-morrow came: a fine, breezy, invigorating day, with merry birds and sunshine. The waters were sparkling as bright as if sin and sorrow had never been afloat on their bosom, and the blue and snow-capped aspect of Mount Wellington formed a delightful contrast with the low-wooded hills, which ran down into the bay. As I sat in the window after breakfast with a sort of nervous excitement which every moment filled my eyes with tears, busy tongues were in the street below me, gay children passing on to school, and most lovely rosy infants carried by in their nurses' arms, all seeming to rejoice in the brilliant morning. . . . I was busying myself with a letter I had begun the day before to James, a ship being on the point of sailing for England, where I concluded he now must be.

And while I wrote I heard some bustle below, soon followed by steps on the stairs; a moment after—Fenton flew in. *Was not this a crisis!* After being four days out at sea, the wind continuing contrary, they had brought to in some bay, and there spied the distant speck on the water, whose errand was so momentous to us both. Fenton was playing chess with some one called Gelebrand, when there was a cry of a boat following the ship. He started up, exclaiming that it was coming for him. A very brief space elapsed before himself and his baggage were in it, and on their way again to the Derwent.

After Fenton had been a few minutes in the house, Frankland entered with the greatest delight. He said he had heard the news from twenty people as he ran down street. After a little unconnected and very joyful conversation,—for still we all felt as in a dream,—Frankland pleaded my engagement, would not remit it, so we agreed to dine with them, and that Fenton should take me there in due time. He then left us.

I do not think any comparison can be fairly made between the love of a father and a mother for an *infant*. But he was evidently delighted with Flora. She could not be passed unnoticed by a stranger, and the dullest parent must have regarded with delight the lovely creature, just able to sit up and know it to be a *stranger* who embraced her. Visitors came in in rapid succession. . . . At length with Flora enveloped under the nurse's cloak, we proceeded to Mrs. F.'s drawing-room and spent a delightful evening; Fenton and Frankland were in such high spirits, and even the children seemed delighted to see him.

Next day was spent by Fenton chiefly in making arrangements about the ship he had quitted, which it appeared he had chartered for the purpose of investing his own funds and those of Mr. Prinsep left in the Isle of France, in a cargo of sugar, and it was now necessary that some indefinite thing (at least to my comprehension) termed a 'supercargo' must be sent in his place; which this thing was, a man, a sail or a bag of sugar, I was utterly ignorant of, the technicalities of business being altogether unknown to me. But this matter became intelligible when a person called Lord was shown me as the supercargo of the *Orelia*, and charged by me with many parcels and letters. This business being all disposed of, we were at liberty to return visits and make further arrangements.

I had so many visits to return that I came home quite worn with weariness, but not the less pleased and happy. There is something inspiring in the climate; perhaps a little too keen for me; those who have been here for any time like it. The style of the houses is English generally, save that verandahs to almost every house indicate the necessity of a shade for summer: there are a few brick and still fewer stone houses. The generality of those inhabited by the mercantile class are wood, or what is called brick loged, a compound of both. Gardens surround almost all, and these are now gay with hedges of scarlet geraniums, stocks, wallflowers, and an unknown variety of native shrubs. The tree which here seems most beautiful and most common is the mimosa, sweet-scented almost to excess; its odour resembles the white meadowsweet of our hay-fields, and its blossoms are a rich yellow—it is quite different from the sensitive mimosa of India: it is graceful alone, but still more beautiful in clumps.

23rd August.—Several days have passed unnoted, for I thought it needless to detail a list of visits or of visitors. I have been at one large party at Government House, which being the first, I shall say something more in detail, as I conclude one description will serve for all. These parties are given each Tuesday, and I was let into a secret by Frankland, that the Temple of Janus is not closed in Hobarton. He expressed his regret that I had been invited that week, ‘as now we shall never be together here,’ for there were divided parties—one colour assembled on one Tuesday, the other on the next, alternately, and the new arrivals *continued* in the one they made their *début* in. This information I received with regret, for such a companion as Frankland would be to the party, what salt is to the egg. However, as the lot was

cast, it was irreversible. Having enlightened me considerably on the nature of these conventions, he left me to conclude my toilet, for I was braiding my hair, attired in my dressing-gown, at a huge mirror in my sitting-room, when he came in, and he bestowed so much admiration on its length and quantity, he prayed permission to remain and see the work concluded, which I assented to on the condition he was to tell me 'stories' all the while.

At six o'clock we found some fifteen or twenty persons assembled in the Drawing-room at Government House, a few faces I had not seen before. The business wore a solemn aspect. . . . Captain Swanston was there, in figure and style not defective to fill up the detail of a dinner-party. Mr. Burnett also I saw, who is a very gentlemanly man of the old school; a Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton who had both been some years in India, and seemed very pleasing and well informed; next a Mrs. Sorvel, a nondescript kind of person, pretty, but a little fierce withal: she had not enough of any definite quality to call her either wise or simple; to me she seemed just part and parcel of her gown. She affected a becoming sort of wonderment at my 'astonishing courage' to undertake a 'voyage' alone. I was much amused. I assured her the days of Pamela-like adventures were fairly gone and away, and every one but very young girls, or very simple old ones, might travel where they list as fearlessly

'As she whose beauty was far beyond  
The bright gold ring and the sparkling wand.'

How much more durable is the fool of nature's fashion than the fool of affectation's creation.

It was a great relief to me that the stranger's privilege gave me a seat by Colonel Arthur during dinner. I saw

during the evening the port officer, who had been the first to commiserate my dilemma and to offer his aid, . . . the Padre, Mr. Belford, his wife and daughter, some medical and some military people—it was just what we would call in India a Station party. But alas! there was an indefinable something belonging to Indian society wanting, and like the unoccupied place of Brutus ‘in the vain triumph of the imperial lord’ of Rome, you thought less of what was than of that which *was not*. But all parties, whether gay or grave, terminate, and I made a faint plea to Mrs. Arthur of the necessity of an early return to my baby, and made my salaam.

As you will perceive, there was nothing to tell of this burra kaunna, though I have given it two pages. I thought I might find occasion hereafter to mention some of these names, and it might be as well to introduce them according to order.

I do not expect to write for some days, for, as we have decided on remaining for some time in Hobarton, I shall have much to attend to, particularly as the *Denmark Hill* will sail in a few days for Sydney, and I shall then lose my most careful and useful assistant, Mrs. Hughes, whose attention to Flora has been invaluable to me.

## II

SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1829—JULY 11TH, 1830

12th September.—*Macquarie Street.*—I am again set down in a habitation of my own, to tell you somewhat about the last three weeks—it is surely that since I wrote last.

Well, our first object was to remove into a private home, and then I began to miss my Indian attendants, who never suffer you to see any thing or *place* until fit for your reception—something very different I had now to experience. We selected a house—one of the last in Macquarie Street, which I liked as affording immediate access to the jungle. It stands a few doors higher up than the Franklands', which locality was one of my chief inducements. So into this empty house all our baggage was conveyed, according to the taste of two or three assigned men, who had no idea of doing anything beyond the letter of their instructions. They put it inside the house and departed. I went for one or two days and looked at it in despair, but finding that neither sirdar bearers nor the more disinterested fairies, whose assistance to the housekeepers of past time has lived both in story and in song, were coming to my aid, I collected all the moral resolution and *immoral* physical force I could command—which latter material you must translate as referring to our convict servants—and proceeded to my unwonted and un-

relished task. It was almost an Augean one—for though I had sent two servants every day for a week, who were supposed to be cleaning the house and furniture, it became very evident to my unpractised eye that their exertions had only extended to lighting fires to dress their dinners and keep them comfortable at their game of cards. Fenton, who has not the organ of arrangement, was of little assistance; besides, he was engaged with accounts and matters of business.

Perhaps I ought here to tell you that the labour of mechanics or free people of any description is enormously expensive—£20, £25, and £30 per annum are usual rates of wages for a nurse or free woman. I sent for one of those carpenters whose labour in India you may obtain for 4 annas, which is about 6d. English, to put up some nails and regulate some shelves. How astonished was I at his bill presented for £1, 10s. 6d.—and everything else is in this proportion. But I must pass over these details. . . .

After seeing my room matted and the beds curtained, my next solicitude was providing a nurse for Flora, as I had engaged the woman I brought from the Isle of France only for the voyage, and I could not reason myself into the endurance of a prisoner in that capacity; so I took a woman whose early education in the south of Ireland was completed in a *barrack* in Van Diemen's Land, with the further advantage of having, during ten years' residence, lived successively with every family (sufficiently independent to hire free people) in Hobarton, and very many in Launceston.

I arose very early to-day, and with a succession of unrelated employments, one of which was nailing down the mat on my bedroom, the servants having put it crooked, I am

'aweary, aweary,' therefore take advantage of Flora being abroad under Mrs. F.'s eyes to commune with you, and glean a few of my scattered ideas into the sheaf of this fair sheet. And there are the whole party at the gate, returned from their walk, and I have only time to say farewell and *hide* my book.

*3rd October.*—Verily, my dear, 'our book' at this rate will die a natural death: another unrecorded fortnight, and what is my apology to be? Certainly *not* forgetfulness, if such an apology could be cited, for I never thought of you more frequently. It must chiefly be, that there is a perpetual stir, a going out and coming in of visitors; also that I walk a great deal, for at this season the climate to me is perfect luxury.

. . . . .  
The perpetual encroachment of the servants on my time is indescribable. After our breakfast at eight o'clock, I order dinner and go with the cook to the store-room, for anything requisite, for I need hardly remind you of the direful necessity of having to lock everything up yourself. Here my daily admonition is, 'Take all you want *now*, for I will not come here again.' Then perhaps the cook departs to the market for any small articles wanted; in an hour after, when perhaps I am nursing the baby or writing a letter, or arranging my clothes, a knock comes to the door: 'Please, mam, will you give me some rice, or some sugar or spice, or something else out of the storeroom?' It is in vain to remind the offender that I said I would not go there again. His or her 'Very well, mam,' will not supply the deficient article when dinner comes, and the only redress left me of 'sending him in,' will only give me another to pursue the self-same plan of annoyance, which is repeated in every family of the Colony. Well,

if I cannot set aside the evil of returning to the storeroom, I must lock all my trunks or drawers before I quit my room, and when I am again in the storeroom my expert attendant puts his hand into the case or cask behind me while I am opening some box or canister, and abstracts a bottle of wine or porter or brandy and coolly departs with his prize under *his* coat or *her* apron.

I may tell you here what my establishment consists of: a nurse, a cook, a laundress, a housemaid, a man who cuts wood and is groom; the boy I brought from India I have kept with the idea of training him for an inside servant; I cannot yet reconcile myself to the attendance of a convict, though I see them at every house in town, and admirable servants too. All *these* ideas I am told I shall lay aside and do as others do after a little experience. So this is my household at present. I asked the housemaid yesterday while I was giving her some work what she had been sent out to this Colony for: 'Please mam, for *housebreaking*'; a very pretty, neat, dark-eyed girl.

Of my neighbours in this street I see most of the Franklands and Hamiltons, and like them best. The Hamiltons are extremely kind, and altogether I need never be an hour alone, unless it is my choice (but I will decline all future invitations to large parties while I am nursing Flora). I see Mr. Betts almost every day; he comes in to dine whenever he feels disposed. He is very amiable and clever too. He has got a grant near 'Jericho'—only fancy a visit to Jericho!

You will perceive that altogether the tone of society here is very superior to what I had expected to find—indeed, I was fully prepared to be without any that I could mingle in.

A ship from the Isle of France yesterday brought me a

regular packet of letters. Thank Heaven, my beloved James arrived safe in England after a short passage. All our immediate family were well, my father little changed, and Catherine not at all. My dearest brother! he tells me he is waiting with ardent impatience for my next letters, first for accounts of my health and safety, next for our opinion of 'his land of promise.' . . . He says Catherine is 'wild' to join us, but that such a step for her requires serious thought, as the Major's situation at home is very comfortable, and at his age it might be rash to commence a new life. But none of these scruples seem to influence Catherine, who says if we are absent she cannot exist in England, or divided from us—any privation she calls preferable. I have no doubt Catherine sincerely feels what she writes, but alas! all she knows of privation is the name. If they came here it must be with small means, and how a family accustomed to expensive habits could meet this change is a point of serious consideration. The advice they seek I am still incompetent to give, for I am yet ignorant how settlers live with only their land to depend on. Our own position is no guide, as we have a certain income to meet our expenses. Still it seems like want of heart to damp her spirit for the enterprise. I will use my best exertion to place a fair statement before James of the prospects for a settler here. He will be the fittest judge then of the application to their situation.

My beloved James concludes his letter with his lively hope and conviction that we shall all, in a brief space of time, be united in my home again

'Into one knot of happiness.'

If this is indeed to be, Oh! am I not overpaid for all I have suffered? The thought of such an event being realised makes

my eyes dim with emotion, for my very soul is knit to James.

He desires me to tell Fenton that he and my dear father have been at Castletown on a visit to his family. He calls Fenton's father a very handsome old gentleman, and says his younger sister Helen is one of the loveliest creatures he ever saw, and thinks it would be a very good arrangement if he would include her in the emigration from Ireland. Her family say she is very like Fenton at the same age, and I can easily realise the idea of her beauty by what I recollect of him.

18th October.—Fenton has been gone for some days. The exceeding loveliness of the weather tempts me continually out, and I feel my health very much benefited by so doing. My neighbours here are, if possible, more kind since I have been alone. . . . Still, though I am very happy and very well, I should like to come to some definite plan about our future residence. . . . With the hope of our family or any part of it joining us, I should like a *home* where I might be making permanent improvements. Every one here tells me we are sure to find something of this sort after a little, so I am letting the matter take its own course, being in every way comfortable and happy, except in the idea that Fenton's long journeys back and forward are fatiguing and inconvenient.

26th October.—Fenton spent Saturday and Sunday here, and again departed to 'the bush,' as the jungle is termed here, much to my wonder that forests of high trees should be thus designated; though he is in excellent health and spirits he feels the separation from us very much. The dear baby is now seven months old, and so lovely and engaging. She knows him, too, and he complains of his evenings being so

solitary. The mere want of accommodation would not deter me from going with him, for in this fine climate

'To follow thee to the forest green'

would be small privation, but we both fear to have the dear baby so remote from medical advice.

I was saying to him one evening that Mrs. Frankland's likeness to some one I had known before was so striking, it haunted me, and that I wished to hear her name. 'Oh,' he replied, 'Lady Colville told me it was Mason.' 'I have it all now,' I said, 'she must be sister to a lady who was governess to a family connected with ours in Ireland—and I well remember her telling me of her sister "Anne" going to India.' How strange that I should thus meet the two sisters at such intervals of time! I am sure I must have spoken to you of Arabella Mason, for we were great allies. Her situation was rather peculiar. She had taken the charge of two boys whose mother was dead. Their father, a man of immense fortune, was anything but the kind of person whom it was pleasant for a young woman to be domesticated with. . . . My sister lived immediately beside them, and when she found how uncomfortable poor Miss M. was, she invited her to spend the evenings with us, which she did, and we all liked her. She had been very well educated, and was indisputably a 'lady.' Her society was a great advantage to me, for I was too much the mistress of my own actions, and she commenced reading French and Italian with me, which I had too much neglected. She often told me my 'Sayings and Doings' were a perfect curiosity to her, accustomed to the conventional regularities of London life, which I can now well understand. She invariably wound up all her exhortations by deplored that I had been allowed 'to run wild.' Nevertheless, many and

many a pleasant excursion had we over those beautiful glens and mountains, aided by a quiet pony we rode alternately, and escorted by Richard Webb, regarding whom many a sage admonition she bestowed on me—pity they were thrown away—and where is he, I wonder?

I lost no time in communicating my discovery to Mrs. Frankland, and at first it appeared to embarrass her, which made me repent having referred to it, but whatever the first impulse was that operated in her, it passed off, and we spoke of her sister and other members of her family I knew by name. And she after that told me something of the story of her life, and she had many trials.

*6th November.*—The climate now is to me perfectly enchanting. I am, as I told you, the last house in Macquarie Street, and the road passing it leads out to the Female Penitentiary, and interminable hills covered with forest. . . . The road to Newtown or to the Battery point is more in fashion for a walk; consequently my locality is seldom sought, except by persons going to select women servants, and I often disappoint my nurse, who, being a smart widow, likes to show her own smart dress and that of her baby at the band or in the street, and doleful are her looks when I turn myself to these dark deep woods, whose aspect is to me all beauty and novelty. It rarely happens that we ever meet a human creature, few walkers come out here, and there is no cultivation to require labour. But here I come, as often as I possibly can find a time. The birds, the trees, the wild flowers, the lovely weather, are all strange. Oh, how delightful it is to me thus to stroll at will

'Away, away from the dwellings of men  
To the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine  
Where the kangaroos unhunted recline.'

Sometimes the woodman's axe wakes the silence, and when we rest on the grass for me to nurse the babe, I soon get my waiting-woman into good spirits by asking her some questions about 'Tipperara,' or of some of her bush adventures 'ten years ago.'

. . . . .  
*4th December.*—A most oppressive hot wind by which I was a prisoner all day. . . . After such a day I cannot sleep. While I read I heard a violent entrance at the gate, and a yet more violent knock at the door, being undressed and attired only in my dressing-gown, and the servants all in bed at some distance. So I took the precaution to demand who stood without, and was replied to by Fenton, who had been riding since early day under this terrible sun and wind, having come the whole way of more than sixty miles without stopping to feed his horse, ridden through rivers and through bush, at all risks, and was here between one and two to tell the tale. I felt quite alarmed at the rashness of such an exploit—it might be very well for boys for a bet, but where there was no urgent motive it was certainly a hazardous experiment.

*10th December.*—As I had expected, Fenton has had a return of his old malady since his arrival; now, though he calls himself better, I cannot see that he is. One thing he is at least convinced of, the madness of such expeditions, and will attempt them no more. • He complains much of his head and side.

How time flies—in a few days it will be a year since we left Calcutta. I trust before the next return I shall be settled in some permanent home; though I have every comfort and much kindness where I am, still, for the sake of others, I feel we ought to be *progressing*. I am much averse to going to Launceston. But *here* there is nothing eligible to purchase

that would answer our views. Before the winter sets in I am resolved to bring the matter to an issue. Flora, too, has lost her colour and appetite, without any definite cause; watch as I will and have done, I fear her nurse, who is both ignorant and wilful, gives her when out of my sight such food as I do not permit.

*23rd December.*—We had a very delightful party at Secherone—Mr. Frankland's location at the Battery point—a picnic, dining in a tent. I was solicited by all parties to produce a curry as my part of the feast, which gave general satisfaction; Mrs. Stephen declared it to be the nicest dish she had ever tasted. I had Flora and her nurse along with me, who was as usual petted and admired. 'Our little Flora' is her general designation. . . .

*7th February.*—My dear friend, never did any of your dear letters reach me at a more critical moment than the last—of the 29th of August—yet it lay three days *unread*. I opened it and looked at the signature, but read it I could not;—you will not wonder, when I tell you that my baby, the very light of my eyes, was then quite despaired of, and given up by all but myself—even when there was no hope to any other, still I said, She will not die. She is now out of danger and renews her wonted smiles and endearments. But oh! what have I suffered! Sleep has altogether forsaken me, my strength too is wasted; though I force myself to eat and drink for her sake, it oppresses, not revives me.

I am writing incoherently I know, but it will be long before my nerves are renovated. I cannot go back all the separate days of misery I went through, for she was left to *die* by the medical man I had first brought in. And then Providence mercifully roused me to send for Dr. Bryan, who in

defiance of the other practitioner adopted a different mode of treatment.

Never, never can I forget the kindness of the dear Franklands, the hours they spent with me in that chamber of sorrow—indeed all were kind. One day when she was evidently better, a lady whom I had called to see with Mrs. Frankland before Flora's illness, called to visit me. I was in my room, but Fenton received her and told the cause of my not appearing. She requested so earnestly to see the child that he brought her into my room. My nerves were so shattered, to see a stranger was a pain, but soon the maternal kindness of her manner soothed me. She watched the baby and pointed out every trifling indication of returning health which my eye had not experience enough to detect, expressing her lively conviction the child would recover. I had then hardly *dared to hope*, and my exhausted spirit gave way under the revulsion of my feelings into floods of tears. I could not tell the cause, but she *knew* it—having been the mother of sixteen children—and wisely let nature take its course. On taking leave she asked me if I should like to see her on the morrow. I entreated her to come. . . . From that time Mrs. Darling often visited me, and we became very intimate.

After this time Mrs. Stephen told me that Dr. Bryan said to her that morning, 'Thank God, little Flora is out of danger—if she had died nothing could have saved her mother's life.'

. . . .  
24th February.—With what unspeakable happiness I received a packet of English letters yesterday. . . . James tells me to rest assured nothing shall prevent him from joining us, and his eagerness to set out can ill brook the delay of being mixed in the plans of others. But he thinks it an insuperable

necessity to await what the Gibsons *can* or *will* do for a definite period, and *then*, if they still fluctuate, set out alone.

One passage in James's letter is so characteristic of his mind that I must repeat it; it is something in the shape of advice, established on the example of my sister's fondness for her children, interfering alike with her *duty* to them and their interest; he commences thus: 'It is painful for me to continue a passive observer of a system which must end in evil to all parties—need I impress on you the importance of pursuing a different line of conduct? But from your clear judgment and enlarged mind I look for other results. Your error would be without apology; woe to you doubly, if you descend into the weakly indulgent mother, and forget that the fair clay is committed to your charge to mould and spiritualise.'

There was so much for me to meditate on, I felt pleasure in the prospect of a decidedly wet day. . . . So after reading and re-reading my letter I have sat down, with my mind in a sort of chaos, to write to you, the rain still pouring.

As I wrote the last word, I saw an umbrella pass the window, but taking it for granted that it could only be some of the servants, wrote on until I saw Mr. Frankland standing by my side with his keen eyes riveted on 'my book' and the most lively expression of 'fun' in all his features. Really if I had been detected forging, I could not have felt more confounded, and looked from him to the luckless book without speaking—and then—he began: 'it was no use to deny it, he had long suspected I was an authoress,' and as for proof, he declared my maid Kitty had told their maid Mary 'that her mistress was writing a sight of books.' The more vehemently I asserted myself guiltless of the charge of authorship, the more

he persisted it *must* be so. ‘Would I let him see what it was?’—‘No.’—We could not come to any terms about it, and he went off laughing.

28th February.—We have been quite in a commercial ferment here, which matter will require explanation by relating the facts connected with it.

One of the Calcutta Prinseps was concerned in a house of agency there—Palmer’s, I think. Well, Captain Swanston has just completed a purchase from Mr. Abbott of an estate somewhere near or beyond New Norfolk. He expected remittances from India to pay the amount, and his correspondent had lodged £7,000 in Palmer’s house to be transmitted in treasury bills, but behold! the next day the house had stopped payment and his £7,000 went in the crash. I was in the street with the Franklands. She wanted to go into the store of that old shopkeeper, Kemp, to buy some Berlin chains he had for disposal, and while there, the arrival of a large mail from Calcutta was announced to be in circulation, and some rumour through the Captain of the ship of this failure. Swanston soon appeared, in great dismay, seeking intelligence in every quarter. I told him I was certain of having letters, and of the latest date, from our correspondents there, which by this time must have been left at our house, whither I immediately proceeded with him, though we were both too anxious to speak.

There I found a large packet of letters, and without hesitation opened Mr. Prinsep’s, which contained a confirmation of this misfortune. Poor Swanston’s exclamation ‘This has ruined me!’ went to my heart, though he is by no means a person of whose character I had a high opinion, believing that if self-interest came in the way he could set aside *every* other consideration—but there he was, a sufferer, and I deeply felt

for him. He proceeded to tell me he had involved himself in the purchase of Mr. Abbott's property, for which he was then quite unable to pay. I well knew Swanston was a keen observer, and never would make any bargain unless he would by it be a clear gainer. I therefore told him, If he felt embarrassed by his purchase, I felt almost certain Fenton would take it off his hands. He seemed quite relieved by my suggestion, and begged me to send off a messenger to Fenton. While this was arranging I went to look for Mr. Frankland, whom I had heard speak of this very place, and when I told him what I was about to do, he said if Fenton's object was to purchase he could find no better opportunity. . . . On our parting he said, 'Oh, do persuade Fenton to buy it, and settle on this side of the Island !' This was just what I wished to do, and I am now awaiting Fenton's return with considerable impatience.

Well, Fenton came off immediately on the receipt of my letter, and after making every inquiry necessary, he departed with Mr. Betts to take a survey of the place, and returned quite delighted, as also Betts, who examined the garden and plucked some fine peaches. There was a house building of a large size for the farming people and overseer. It was of brick, and though ill-designed, they thought might be improved so far as to enable me to reside in it until we had time and means to build a good one. This too was very fortunate, for I had listened to so many doleful tales of living on the first location 'under a tree' or in a bark hut, or some horror of that kind, that I was charmed to think I might have a *house* to cover me; and here I may tell you, that one of Fenton's next neighbours at Westbury, Mr. Ashburner, his wife and family, had literally to sleep under a bullock cart!!! at their outset. She is spoken of by all as a most accomplished

woman, a beautiful performer on the piano; it made my flesh creep when I heard of her having to sit up in bed *immediately after* her confinement to sew sacks to contain the wheat, which must otherwise have remained loose on the floor of her room. Poor thing, and she accustomed to all the luxuries of an Indian establishment where she was married! This little digression I have made, otherwise you could not understand why *having a house* should seem to me such a fortunate circumstance.

So Fenton is now engaged in right earnest, in making his final arrangements with Captain Swanston. . . . My friends here inquire if I have no fear of living 'in the bush'—they forget my natural temperament, besides I have been 'a traveller.'

. . . . .  
*7th April.*—Fenton has been at our Estate almost ever since I wrote last, only returning to celebrate our Flora's birthday; but the sooner these journeys cease it will be the better, for his health has never been so good since that dreadful day he rode such a distance in the hot wind. . . . His residence, too, in the jungle must be very comfortless, and I am satisfied he neglects himself, and does too much of personal effort. These considerations render my removal a thing of necessity, even were it not my choice. This is autumn, far advanced; next month, I am told, is winter.

. . . . .  
*5th May.*—And is this an anniversary of marriage? Eheu! What a bewildering dream of a few nights since this day recalls. I fancied myself yet unmarried and living in Ireland. There was an indistinct vision of some unhappiness relating to Campbell, a weight that *would* not lift itself off; months had passed and still he came not. And I roamed as of yore in

solitude and grief about the ruins of the old church and castle of Dungiven. Suddenly a large packet of letters from my brother James was presented by one of the soldiers of the 13th, one too that I recollect attending his death-bed! How vivid were the emotions with which I broke the seals, exclaiming, that James would now account for the long silence and absence of Campbell, but though the letter lay in my hand there was ever some agency that interposed to prevent me from comprehending its import, while the *personal* appearance of Campbell in the very dress he wore during those 'last days' at Dungiven rose before me with a clearness I cannot in my waking mind recall him. There was a ring in the letter, which I was striving to put on my finger. The pain of the pressure woke me to that strange and bewildering feel of 'it is a dream.' The response to my audible exclamation came strangely to my senses in the gentle hold Flora had of one finger in her hand as she slept. I raised myself with an indescribable terror of *what*, of who was *that child*. Nor was it till after I sat up in bed, and, by the lamp, looked steadily at her and at Fenton, both sound asleep, that I regained a conviction of my identity; but with renewed consciousness came also a faint and giddy sickness, which actually forced me to lie down and close my eyes. Floods of repressed tears at length enabled me to breathe, and I lay in sad and troubled rumination till daylight. These dreams are truly terrible, they seem to let loose all the long pent up waters of affliction on the soul. Indeed, for two days after, I could not regain the composure of my mind. Strange voices seemed about me, and visionary shapes passing before my eyes. Is not this what Byron means in those powerful lines:—

'Yet ever and anon of grief subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting'?

I can only close this day's diary with the hope that the 5th of next May may find me, if not wiser, at least more firm in mind.

*20th May.*—I know not how it is I cannot resist the impulse to write on every day marked by any event of past time. It was this day I left home on my way to Argyleshire—the first time I proceeded in the path of life alone with Campbell. . . . But this is all past and gone—gone, save those bitter memories from which I must endeavour to divide my thoughts as best I may.

I have nothing interesting to write of. The winter has now set in, and the streets nearly impassable with rain and mud.

*2nd June.*—Fenton has been here and is gone again. He thinks the finishing of our house will be sufficiently advanced in a month to admit of my residing in it. . . . I have been trying to gather from Mr. Hamilton some knowledge of the locality. . . . The township of New Norfolk I believe boasts of some half dozen inhabitants, the police magistrate, Mr. Dumaresque; the clergyman, Mr. Robinson; the district surgeon, Dr. Officer, of whom Mrs. Hamilton speaks very highly. A few miles nearer our abode, Mr. Oaks resides—a settler and a curious specimen too, a *ci-devant* Indian, and one who seems endowed with the talent of going *wrong* in all places and under all circumstances. He had a very good appointment at Madras, could not live on it, left India inextricably in debt, ditto England, and has wound up this well spent life with settling in the bush on a farm he rents. I have seen Mrs. Oaks often in Hobarton, a fine-looking young woman, and gay too, where I should be broken-hearted. I do not know enough of her to say if this is the resistance of a firm mind or the apathy of a feeble one. If I could know

her *singly* I think I should like it, but he seems a reckless being, graced by his acquaintances with the appellation of a good-hearted fellow.

9th July.— . . . I have been for the last month making gradual preparation for our removal; having to do so much *myself*, I knew it was only by following this plan I could accomplish it without great personal difficulty, as the servants cannot be trusted to do the smallest duty without superintendence.

We have sent off the principal part of our baggage and some servants, and we should have been on the road long ago, only that Fenton has been really very unwell. . . . We are waiting very patiently at a boarding-house, where Captain and Mrs. Boyd have also taken up their abode from utter disgust of housekeeping with convict servants. I confess I too am much disheartened at being obliged to take one of that class with me as nurse, who certainly does not appear, either in language or demeanour to be a low person—her own account of having married, while unconscious of her first husband being alive, is no *crime*, but there is something about her I cannot reconcile myself to, notwithstanding her very plausible account of herself. This ‘treasure’ calls herself Mrs. Loyd.

. . . . .  
Dr. Bryan has just left Fenton and calls him *better*, so that if the weather moderates, we purpose leaving town on Monday, the 12th I think it is. I do not expect to be able to write again until I am at home! Home, alas! that word is one of sorrowful import. Has it any local habitation on this side of time?

## III

JULY 12TH—DEC. 18TH, 1830

12th August.—*Fenton Forest.*—After more than the interval of a month I resume my tale. No Arabian tale alas! but one of dull and downright reality, and I think before I tell you aught of my ‘forest sanctuary,’ it were well to let you hear how I got to it, as that was a consummation at one time very doubtful, so I must take you back to Hobarton. On the 12th [of July] the weather had cleared; a very bright morning, too bright to last, decided Fenton, and though he was extremely weak, we set off in our buggy with Flora on my knee, her nurse and a girl from the Orphan Asylum having gone the evening before, to wait our arrival at New Norfolk. I need not detail all promises to write and parting regrets. . . . The thing was to be done one way or other, and though I felt both ill and very nervous, from knowing my illness was only the commencement of a period of indefinite suffering, I knew too, that the effort must be made, and the sooner the better for all parties.

. . . We descended into what might be termed an ocean of forest, as far as the eye could reach. The Derwent was still on our right, and far between might be seen farm-houses with their naked fences closing in patches of cultivation; in some, the trees only felled, and the ground cultivated between the stumps, for it appears the process of taking them altogether

out of the ground is expensive, and therefore a progressive business. I must confess these habitations looked dreary and slovenly in the extreme,—no attempt at neatness, no tidy inclosure for office houses, no little gardens;—but piles of wood for burning, sheepskins, pigs, rude farming implements lay to the very threshold in unsightly mingling. At these specimens of agricultural taste my spirits fell an octave lower, and only revived when no trace of man's agency defaced the beautiful wilderness: the road was good, and the sun shone out brightly until within a short distance of New Norfolk, when light snow showers began to fall, and heavy clouds gathered on the hills.

On the whole we got over our twenty miles very well, but were right glad to arrive at the township and find good fires, and a neat apartment, at its single inn, kept by a portly old lady, a female Boniface, who showed us every attention, and had a most excellent dinner on the table. . . .

When I arose next day, and returned to the room where we had spent the evening, the scenery from the window was enchanting. The Derwent, broad and deep, lay below the house; on each side rose precipitous banks, rocks and foliage mingled; a lofty range of mountain, called the Dromedary, rose from the river, wooded to the very summit. A few straggling fences appeared at the foot of these mountains, with here and there a solitary farm-house. •

Our hostess, who it seemed had received rather a favourable impression of us, appeared, to usher in a most inviting breakfast, and seemed well disposed to converse with Fenton on 'country affairs'—predicting too a snow-storm, which made us doubly anxious to proceed on our way, lest delay might altogether arrest our progress. Fenton then went out to collect opinions as to the state of the road, and to call on

Dr. Officer, with whom he presently returned. Very much indeed was I prepossessed in his favour, alike by his cordial manner and his intelligent and handsome countenance conveying no slight resemblance to my brother George.

I acknowledged myself somewhat dispirited and almost feared myself inadequate to go through with what I had undertaken, as we were all so delicate at that time. He reasoned very forcibly against this opinion and said instead of desponding 'I ought to feel highly delighted with the possession of one of the most beautiful and best estates in the Colony, one capable of being made anything of—that my chief means of happiness in every place rested with myself, but such a place in a fine climate presented much to contribute to it, and he had no doubt that a corresponding improvement in health would result from the mode of life a residence in the country rendered expedient.'

He spoke with so much spirit and good sense that I listened to him with real pleasure.

The day seeming tolerably clear, we sent off the women in their bullock cart, calculating they would have good light to get home before us. To the nurse I gave the baby's night things, etc., etc. When *they* were gone, and *we were going*, Mrs. Bridger came up to me with an important face to caution me with respect to my nurse, whom she believed to be one of the worst women in the Colony—everything that was bad and depraved—she had gone away nearly drunk, and was quite drunk on her arrival the day before. This was pleasant intelligence to one with my anticipations, but I thanked her warmly for her caution.

We proceeded as far as a most terrific ledge of rocks overhanging the river, round which the road wound, midway

between the river and a perpendicular cliff, along whose edge and at whose summit huge masses of rock jutted out and seemed as if they must inevitably crush us at every onward step; even the motion of the carriage below seemed sufficient to impel them forward, and through their angles you saw the sky above at intervals: these threatening on the left and the abyss of the river many fathoms below constituted together a fearful position. On entering this pass Fenton pulled up the hood of the buggy and drove our spirited horse on at full speed, expecting I might not observe our situation. I *did* see it, but forbore to speak until fairly past. I could not then resist remonstrating on such a mode of driving over such awful roads. We had no more precipices, but the road, if road it might be called, was a succession of gulfs and mire, through which it required the utmost effort of our fine horse to drag us. Every step I believed an upset inevitable. I grasped the poor infant to save *her* from the bruises that I received on every side. My comb was broken and my head cut with one sudden jolt, and I perceived too late the personal danger that such a journey exposed me to.

If I might bear up until we reached the shelter of a house, was the extent of my wishes and expectations; as we stood to breathe the poor horse after toiling up a steep and slippery hill, a storm of blinding hail and snow swept down from the mountains in our faces, and Fenton had to get out and turn the carriage off the road where a clump of mimosas formed a shelter from the storm. He was drenched with rain and snow, and if my fears for myself were strong, you may judge what I dreaded at seeing him, who had just arisen from a bed of illness, in such a condition.

The baby too, cold and hungry, was fretting on my knee, and I shed bitter tears over her as the gloom of the evening

approached. After the storm was past we again proceeded, but very slowly, the horse seeming quite spent. After toiling up another weary hill the snow again came on, and again we stopped. I then in despair inquired if there was no human habitation within reach where we might pass the night. He told me he thought we must be near the residence of Frederick Bell whom I had met at the Hamiltons', if we could find the entrance, as each side of the road was fenced with fallen trees piled on each other. After some difficulty we reached a gate and entered a waste of wood without trace of either man or animal, and drove onward at hazard, for now it was so dark we could barely distinguish one object from another.

Judge of my distress at this juncture, with a sick infant on my knee and almost powerless with fear and cold myself. The distant bark of a dog was to me a sound whose blessedness I never shall forget, and then the report of a gun directed us where to drive, and we approached a dwelling. In the darkness the light of fires within was a joyful revelation.

Without any inquiry as to who were within, Fenton assisted me out and gave the child into the arms of a man, who informed him that Mr. Bell was just come back from Hobarton, and showed us into a small apartment where Mr. Bell sat drying himself before an immense fire. You may imagine his amazement when I staggered in, faint and blind with the sudden glare of light—a lady and an infant, at such an hour!

Most kind and cordial was our welcome—every effort of master and man to revive and refresh us was bestowed; a cup of nice soup brought for the baby, who seemed quite joyful at the sudden change from the darkness and storm without to the cheerful scene; so after the refreshment of warm water and dry clothes for Fenton, we joined Mr. Bell at his excellent

dinner, though a late one. When it was concluded and we heard and told the ‘on dits’ of the day, I had leisure to notice that Flora seemed flushed and her pulse rapid and unsteady. Mr. Bell summoned his man ‘John’ to procure me some water for a bath and told me he had a medicine chest, out of which I at once prepared the prescribed dose. . . .

It was then I recollect with dismay that I had not a single article to put on her, and she had always slept in flannel. *Here* was a difficulty beyond Mr. Bell’s hospitality to remedy. The only linen article he could afford me was a *shirt* or a *sheet*, so selecting the former I divested myself of my only warm garment—my under petticoat—into which I put my poor Flora and gathered it round her throat somewhat in the fashion of a mantle. Over this was a muslin shirt confined round her waist with the band of my gown. Her papa’s silk handkerchief bound her head, and in this guise she dropped asleep.

Where to lay her down was my next perplexity, for Mr. Bell’s accommodation was strictly that of a bachelor.. He had slept in his sea cot swung in the only bedchamber, which he most kindly offered for us, and a couch was prepared on the floor, which no doubt might have been very comfortable for one person, but for three was scanty quarters. Such as it was, I was very glad to see Fenton and Flora asleep thereon.

It was extremely cold and how to manage during the night without a fire or a lamp I could not divine. For myself, I was faint and shivering with cold, and nothing to put on but Mr. Bell’s shirt, to which I added a sheet folded something as a shawl, and thus I laid me down on the hard edge of the cot, fearing to disturb those who each needed sleep so much. I did not care to cover myself with the blankets lest the baby should be disturbed, and for her to sleep after taking calomel

was of vital importance. My anxiety was too great for sleep, and I lay watching her as long as the candle burned. But long and dreary was that vigil. Towards morning she awoke very sick, but as it was utterly dark my only mode of keeping her quiet was walking to and fro through the apartment with her in my arms, until Fenton woke.

It was then the cold pale twilight of a winter morning, and I did not scruple to send him to rouse our friend 'John' to get a fire made and some tea, of which we all most thankfully partook. I was, in addition to loss of sleep and fatigue, struggling against the most overpowering sickness. The only thing I had to keep me up was, that after Flora was bathed and had got a sufficiency of warm nourishment, she appeared evidently relieved by the calomel which I rejoiced I had so timely administered.

It was one of those bright days which generally follow a snowstorm, warm and invigorating; but Mr. Bell strongly advised us to give up the idea of pursuing our journey on this side of the Derwent, as our buggy could never get through it. Fenton then took a survey of Mr. Bell's boat and said he would attempt the Indian mode of crossing, with the body of the vehicle in the boat, the wheels over the side. All who listened said it was impossible, but the thing was done, and the horse swam the river gallantly.

I ought to tell you the object of this excursion was to gain a certain point where a boat would pass from the farm of a Mr. Barker to that of a Mr. Ballantine. Once at Mr. Ballantine's, we were nearly on our own property and could drive over the plains in an hour;—furthermore, I must tell you the said Mr. Barker was introduced to me while getting into the buggy at the inn at New Norfolk as a 'neighbour,' and I 'guess' my

acknowledgment of him was not very alluring—for, truth to tell, he looked mean and dirty, and I should have forgotten him only for the present arrangement.

On inquiring of Fenton who and what he was, he told me he was now a man of very large property, one of our squires! had been a shopkeeper, partner with another illustrious, Kemp, who still kept the concern in town, only *calling himself* an agent or merchant. They were among the very early settlers and had both feathered their nest in the ‘good old times’ when they sold a pound of tea for £1, 2s. 6d.

I had hoped when the river was safely passed my troubles were well over, but a new and very embarrassing dilemma presented itself; neither soothing nor force would induce our horse to go into the buggy (I mean into the shafts). They said it was fright at the uproar of crossing the water, but it was evident his resolution was taken, and whenever backed to the carriage he reared and plunged in a way that would have intimidated a more daring person than myself. It was then suggested that, if once on the road and out of sight of the water, he would get quiet and proceed, so Mr. Bell kindly sent two men to drag the buggy into the road about a mile *at least*, and bade us farewell, business requiring his return. He promised an early visit to Fenton Forest.

The day was delightful, and with renewed hope and energy I took Flora in my arms and followed the procession, Fenton leading the horse while I took a path through the trees that seemed drier.

I wish, my dear, I could honestly keep back one *fact*, which was, that I had been so very *absurd* as to set out on this expedition in black satin boots; but the truth must be told, otherwise you could not understand why it was that ever and

anon I sat down to ease the pain of my bruised feet, for the boots were in fragments with the rough ground I had to walk through. Then, finding the *mile* lengthened fearfully out, my strength quite failed. I put Flora, as the Indian women do, on my hips, on my back, tried to induce her to walk, all in vain. The thought of 'Hagar in the desert' came across me as I lay down under a mimosa which spread bower-like over the footpath, and some few tears of weariness and pain were shed in spite of all my striving against them : and then again I pursued my way, with the double toil of trying to amuse the child as well as carry.

The road attained, with some little difficulty the horse reluctantly was harnessed, but when he once got the rein he flew *on, on*, while I was breathless with horror, supposing some greater evil yet to come. We were on Macquarie plains and the way had hitherto been level, but steep hills were in view, which tenfold aggravated my horror. Fenton pointed out the site of Mr. Barker's house, but my sight was dim with fear and weariness. My expedition seemed like that of Leonora and the Spectre Horseman.

The road wound up a hill, whose inequalities and side motion were so dreadful that I implored Fenton to let me out, and not kill the infant if he would [kill] himself. I vowed in my terror never again to let him drive me and at last succeeded in getting out with the baby. It was close to Mr. Barker's house, and heedless of mire I got as far from the buggy as I could. Mr. B. was at that moment engaged in the pastoral duty of ploughing, but he approached and offered me his arm, and so we neared his house, which was a new and spacious stone building of handsome appearance. To enter was *not* so easy, for every species of filth you can imagine had been quietly deposited about the doors, and it was floating

with mud. Hesitating how to emerge into this Augean pool, and dreading being overthrown by contact with large pigs if I invaded their 'pleasure ground,' I decided the point by letting Fenton carry me into the hall. A handsome hall it might have been, but just then seemed doing the double duty of barn and scullery. I was introduced into the parlour, and after being told the lady of the mansion would instantly wait on me, the gentlemen went off to investigate the prospect of the boat and the river.

Oh, what a mournful impression I received of a country house as I sat there (a full hour, I am sure) and surveyed the apartment! It was without a carpet, and half the window panes without glass; a very dirty table in one corner on three legs, contained I suppose all the glass and delft of the establishment. It had that undefinable air of 'the worst inn's worst room.' I was evidently a curiosity *in some way*, as I found a scrutiny was carrying on by means of the door and windows. I was visited by a little girl in a torn frock and hairpapers in abundance, and by a fearful serving woman who rushed in with a blazing block of wood in a shovel to relight the fire, while I held my breath in awe.

At length I questioned the damozel if I could get a little milk or a little sago or, as your favourite begging girl used to say to you, 'A little bit of anything,' for food for the baby. She civilly replied that milk they never used; 'And what then do the children live on?' was my simple inquiry. 'Please, mum, fried meat and tea.' . . .

My ruminations were dispelled by the entrance of the lady of the house, arrayed in a very beautiful French Levantine dress of a pale lilac; next appeared the nurse and baby, who was rejoicing in a French cambric robe and cap, beautifully worked with superb lace. I really pitied the poor woman

who wished me to suppose this her usual costume. I could not admire the baby's lace when I thought of the delicate child on my knee, cold and hungry.

You may 'suppose' the style of our converse, etc., etc., until Fenton and Mr. B. returned, announcing the boat ready on the opposite side; but I learned with dismay that to reach it, we must walk round a creek of at least a mile in circuit, which the existing state of my shoes made quite impossible. I was then offered dry stockings and shoes by the lady and departed, with the assistance of a woman, who bore the well-loved name of Mary Campbell, to carry Flora.

With the support of Mr. B.'s arm I advanced with more ease than I expected after the excitement of the morning (it was with some surprise I gathered from the style of my companion that he *had* been a man of education and mingled with that class in Dublin in his youth; see the evils that spring from neglect of exterior, and orderly habits), and notwithstanding the pain arising from the unwonted use of leather shoes, we reached the river bank, where the boat and Mr. Ballantine waited to convey me over.

A lady and a group of healthy neat children stood on the opposite bank, waiting our approach with evident impatience. I shall not soon forget the cordial and maternal air with which Mrs. B. took the baby and claimed her as her peculiar care while she welcomed me to what she called her *humble* home. Her language and whole bearing was that of a well-educated person, a Scotch gentlewoman.

The house had obviously been commenced on an extensive plan. . . . What was finished was kept as neat as hands could make it, and Mrs. Ballantine's own room, though crowded with little cots, was in *perfect order*. A good fire was there, and

immediately clean and comfortable night things were put to air for the baby. Every child was doing some thing for our convenience; as when Mrs. Ballantine saw me, and heard me tell what I had undergone for the last two days, she entreated me to remain for the night and accept such accommodation as they could afford. They were evidently all at ease; no striving to appear what they were not, and I saw that my remaining would be more a pleasure than a trouble, and consented. Fenton went 'over the plain' as it was termed.

The conversation during the evening convinced me I was right in supposing Mrs. Ballantine to have been well brought up. She spoke unreservedly of their past and present condition. Her father had been a merchant in Leith; they emigrated after her marriage (from some losses) at the same time Dr. and Mrs. Officer had come; they were fellow-passengers. Her father and mother had settled on the spit they are now living on. He had built so much of the house they live in when he was shot dead by a brother of my old friend, Mrs. Grant of Maldah, in a fit of derangement, as they sat in perfect good feeling together. Mrs. Robinson had just risen from the table after dinner and was at work in her flower garden before the door, when the report of a gun hurried her into the house to see her husband expire. Their father's death, whose affairs were unsettled and understood by none but himself, threw them into poverty as well as affliction; *much, very much* had they to struggle against, but latterly patient endurance had done its work and their circumstances were improving.

I could not refrain from making the proper application of this little story to my own circumstances and felt that I had much to be thankful for.

In the course of the next morning Fenton appeared, and being quite renovated by rest and quiet I took leave of my kind entertainers. They promised soon to come 'over the plain' to see how I got on.

The drive along those downs gave a splendid range of distant hills capped with snow. After proceeding about three miles, a fertile valley lay below on one side bounded by the Derwent, on the other by an amphitheatre of woody hills, one or two singularly abrupt and beautiful. At the foot of one of these sugar-loaf hills Fenton pointed out our cottage, the road to it lying through a forest which we presently entered. The sun had gone down and the cold wind whistled through the trees; the withered bark of the gum trees waved mournfully in the air; but dismal as the approach became, more dismal still was the scene presented in my forlorn habitation.

It was a long, shapeless, naked, brick cottage outside, but oh! within, there was confusion worse confounded. Every article of baggage that had been sent up, furniture, packing cases, had all been piled up, promiscuously, as they presented themselves. The vile servants we had sent out had profited by the opportunity to pillage everything they could abstract. All the farm servants had collected in the house, and the nurse—my right-hand woman, as I took her to be—had opened a keg of rum, for their refreshment; rum, tobacco, noise and dirt assailed every sense with horror and dismay.

My choice of accommodation was not difficult, for there was only one apartment with a *door*. . . . Turn where I would, comfort found I none. Oh! how I wished myself back in India after a comfortless dinner; by the time I got out some things for the child, weary of everything I

undressed and went to bed, and I must fairly confess, cried myself to sleep.

After breakfast on the following morning, Fenton went off to his farming operations; and I proceeded to take a survey of what could be done to render our abode habitable. I first went into the verandah, which was filled with relics of the mason—heaps of mortar, barrels of lime, hair, sheepskins, old rags, old shoes, and bones of mutton, for the kitchen occupied the end of the dwelling corresponding with my room. Oh! how long it must be before I can effect any arrangement here. I need not hope for it until the servants are separated from our dwelling.

One of our first deficiencies I felt was the want of milk. There were cows, but no one attended to them; it was supposed whatever milk they gave was drunk by those who listed. There was no dairy, of course. I discovered that there was a 'milkman,' and sent for him to desire the cows should be milked at regular hours, and the milk brought to me; this was declared impossible, as the cows were not separated from the calves who naturally considered they had the best right to the produce of their mothers. So I have commanded a search to be made in the neighbourhood for a cow ready to calve, that I may have her trained in the way she should go.

Bread have we none, nor any one to make it, except the cakes of unleavened bread they bake on the hearth. Alas for me! who have not the most distant idea of the science of making bread, which in the interim we must send fifteen miles for, as Flora must have what is good. I think I must ask Mrs. Ballantine to come over and give some counsel in these matters.

*26th August.*—Since I last wrote, there has been nothing

before my sight or about my ears but scouring, dusting, whitewashing, and general correcting of abuses; but alas! the hydra-headed monster creates faster than I can take away. However, the result has been the consolation of sitting down this morning to write in a clean apartment; finding carpets out of the question I have spread it with Kedgeree mats, which look very neat. I have got some shelves for my books, the windows cleaned and curtained; all the rubbish being removed from the verandah, and a few rose bushes planted to grow up the pillars, it is a pleasant sheltered walk for Flora. The garden is very beautiful and in excellent order. The situation of it is admirable at the junction of the Russells Falls with the Derwent. Our cottage is on a hill and the ground descends in beautiful natural terraces; the ground between the garden and house is as left by nature, a very lovely park-like region with some very large trees. Fenton has been at work, what they term grubbing these trees, which operation is both difficult and laborious, as they are to be removed 'root and branch.'

14th September.—What enchanting weather we have had the last month—just cold enough at night to render a fire pleasant. I have walked more this last fortnight than I did all the time I was in India. I begin to see how beautiful this place may be made when we have time and means to effect it.

I have sent off my thrice odious nurse—her profligacy was so appalling I would not let her remain under the roof even if I never get another. I have taught the girl 'Sarah' to bathe and dress Flora, who likes her, and this she performs in my presence night and morning.

I am comparatively comfortable, with a good, clean kitchen, a little dairy, abundance of milk and excellent butter—the latter prepared by *myself*. At this piece of information I see you open your eyes, but I wish I could give you a just idea of the self-satisfaction I felt when I first achieved this exploit. I sat down to write to Mrs. Hamilton that I had made five pounds of ‘beautiful butter.’ She wrote to me in reply that if I had been true Irish I would have called it *elegant butter*.

I am minute on these trifles, because I have been taught *here* that it is absolutely necessary that we should have felt the want of the common comforts and conveniences of life, before we can understand that these are blessings. Much did I need to have a juster view of the importance of the common *duties*, common comforts, and common enjoyments of life, for far and wide of the truth had my imagination led me. How true it is that a price has been fixed on every enjoyment! how soon we become indifferent to that which is procured without effort, and the duration of our pleasures greatly depends on the exercise of our physical or mental exertions to attain them. Here are many lessons for me. You will join me in the hope that they may not continue to fall like the ‘seed by the way-side.’ It is well to be permitted to see that we have been led, without our own purpose or knowledge, by a Hand that cannot err, into the very position of moral discipline our condition requires.

After some consultation we have come to the resolve to build another range of apartments behind what is already finished, of a larger size, for bedrooms, nursery, store-rooms, etc., and by taking away sundry partitions to throw the seven small rooms into four large ones: well-proportioned they can never be, from the original design being bad, but as *room* is our object, and an object, if possible, to be combined with

economy, this plan will effect both. The reasons as follows: in the first place, it will require a large expenditure in fencing, clearing, and building of office houses, to put this place in such a state of cultivation as will afford the prospect of future remuneration. Next, there must still be a considerable sum laid out in stock to procure a return in wool. Next, there are several small grants and farms contiguous to this property which if added to it would importantly increase its value. With these objects standing in the foreground it would be madness to attempt building until the place makes some return, and this certainly cannot be for the next two or three years. To obtain future ease we must submit to present privations, and our ultimate object will be importantly advanced by living as quietly and as much retired as it is possible. Happily there is no struggle with *inclination*, for there is not one individual in the neighbourhood I either *could* or *would* associate with—my accidental rencontre with Mrs. Ballantine I do not bring into the question of visiting, for she is a domestic quiet person, and I am well inclined to the interchange of all neighbourly civility with one who assumes nothing. She, I find, has many acquaintances, *whom* or *what* I know not. There is a clique in the vicinity of the River Plenty, all connected together and good friends after their own fashion. When Mrs. B. gave me a hint that I might be very sociable with the settlers at —, I profited by the opportunity of announcing that visiting with me was out of the question; both Fenton's health and my own were unfit for it, and I had made a resolution never to leave the child; besides the prospect of an increase to my family presented another impediment, in conjunction with the state of the roads.

A few days after this conversation I suited the action to the word, for while sitting on the step of my door, meditating over

a portfolio of letters, I saw through a vista of the forest a procession on horseback, green veils waving among the branches of the mimosa, and I fled. *Where?* Why, out of the back window of my bedroom, where none of the household could witness my retreat, and hid myself in a most exquisite sandy creek. There I rejoiced in my happy escape, examined the heaths, delighted in the gush of the rapid mountain river, making one or two adventures out of my lair to see what was astir in the world, and there were the domestics in various directions,

‘Who sought her long in bower and shaw—  
The lady wasna’ seen ;’

and when the coast was clear I emerged, and united in the woe for my absence, in the most pathetic manner. To Fenton I did not reveal my evil deed, for he would have favoured me with a small lecture on universal benevolence, etc., etc., which I was neither disposed to combat nor yet to profit by, which will prove to your *dissatisfaction* I am no whit amended.

And now, my dear, I must close my book and go and make a sago pudding, for I have no cook. He went along with the horrible nurse, and for the time being I brought in a young man off the farm, who had once been in a baker’s shop and had the strong recommendation of being clean.

It requires little skill to manage our cooking, for a curry or some soup is the only food I relish, and poor Fenton is so delicate in his appetite he scarcely eats at all, and what is the most distressing part of it, it is quite impossible to tell what does agree with him. He looked so wretchedly ill a few days since that I wrote to Dr. Officer to beg he would come, as it were, to see me. I imagined him apprehensive about himself and for that reason did not appear to remark anything unusual. Dr. Officer admitted that he was in bad health from derange-

ments of the digestive organs, but assured me of his firm conviction that he would renovate after he had been longer naturalised to the climate, but that he must leave off his starvation system and exert himself less in the approaching summer.

*2nd December.*—I often think of one of Madame de Genlis' Tales of the Castle where a fair lady is compelled to walk at one even pace over a smooth green plain on which the sun never ceases to shine or the lady to walk, and then compare my case with that of the spell-bound damozel of yore.

But soberly speaking, since the mimosas came in flower, I think every minute I am in the house time wasted. . . . Sometimes we go and sit where Fenton is directing the sawing up of trees, which when piled in huge heaps are set fire to, and the ground cleared of them without the labour of drawing off. I go from a double motive—to have an eye on Fenton and to intercede for the preservation of any fine tree—to the wonder of the by-standers, to whom all trees are the same. Flora laughs and plays and gathers flowers, and Fenton ever seems better when he sees her near him.

Then the banks of the rivers are so endless in rich variety of shrubs. I go miles along them with undiminished interest and never meet a human face. My love of flowers has not diminished, and I fill my flower bowls with native blossoms and English blossoms alternately. I am sure if the way I spend my day could be *seen* and *commented on* I should be reported insane; and what have I to urge in my own defence, save that I really am quite content and should be very happy if Fenton's health was better? I know I cannot continue this mode of life very long—circumstances must of necessity soon alter it, but as it is, I never know one hour of weariness.

Fenton has received a letter from a cousin of his who left the 13th when they went to India and married a Bath lady with a large fortune, stating his purpose of emigrating to this colony, induced by the favourable account of our experiment. He mentioned having seen my brother James at Castletown and reading many of my letters! (pleasant enough to have one's thoughtless and confidential letters criticised by those you never saw). However, the result of these conferences has been his resolution to join our party. He brings a large establishment and eight children, governess, etc. . . .

By the same ship I received a long letter from Fenton's father, who is very complimentary in saying the perusal of my letters to my own family has interested him so much that he feels he has experienced a great loss in not having sooner sought a correspondence with me. . . . He is charmed with my account of a 'bush' life, our fine climate, and independence of all conventional restraint. I am to tell him all about the trees and indigenous productions of the island, and he is henceforward and for ever to discard his son as a correspondent. I well recollect in one of these letters he alludes to, in the fulness of my heart calling on James to rejoice that Flora was able 'to dip her fingers in the cream bowls.' He 'hopes there is no danger of Flora falling into the milk pan.'

So now I may look forward to a little community around us, for all parties have made up their mind, Where we are there will they also be. I wonder what influence on my happiness these events will have, for I admit I am deeply impressed with the belief that relations by marriage never are and never will live happily together, at least with respect to a wife; and without knowing one thing relating to my husband's family, either for or against them, I felt much satisfaction when I

married Fenton in believing we should never come in contact. If they do not interfere with me, as *they seek us* I shall do all I can to keep on amicable terms, but if they *do* I shall take up the defensive by keeping apart.

Captain Thomas Fenton supposes a year must elapse before he can perfect his plans and financial arrangements. This will barely give us time to complete the additions and alterations we have begun. And then will end the pleasant and independent day of *thinking* and *doing* according to my own taste with none to blame, none to praise. *N'importe.* I suppose it must have died in some way. Still I like its tranquillity well.

‘Serene not savage was the solitude  
Of those unsighing people of the wood.’

*18th December.*—I have been witnessing the novel proceeding of sheep-shearing—some of our wool is very fine. Fenton was fortunate in purchasing a flock of sheep on his arrival on very low terms, which he put on his grant at Westbury.

Next comes the wheat harvest; the fields are bending with luxuriant crops; how like England when I walk in the twilight!

I must tell you a dreadful fright I got with Fenton last week. A messenger from town came up to say a ship from India had come in, and all manner of creatures, horses, deer, etc., sent by Prinsep to be landed as he should direct. Seeing it was immediately necessary for some one to go and direct their disposal, he prepared to set off, though he had been complaining all the morning of extreme giddiness in his head, but *go he would.* It was Tuesday, and our post days are Thursday and Sunday; he said he would certainly return

next day, but if anything prevented him from leaving town I should have a letter by Thursday's post. With much uneasiness I saw him go, particularly as he rode a spirited Arabian, and he would only wait to take a mutton chop with Flora.

After he disappeared among the trees I sat gazing with many troubled thoughts, wondering if there was any *road* out of the bush. . . . So I summoned Sarah with the child, and calling for the boy I had brought from India told him to show me the way to the road to Hobarton. . . . We ascended the plains and descended into a valley where a rapid mountain river rushed; over this was thrown a very rustic bridge, and my escort announced 'this was the Styx bridge and the high road to town.' Seeing a beaten track was some comfort, for I feared that Fenton might have the trackless bush to traverse.

It was a very long walk, the boy and girl took Flora alternately. We sat down to rest on the grass, and I was delighted with the novel aspect of the forest about me. . . . I lingered until the shadows became so slanting I knew sunset must be near. . . . On reaching the top of the plain the boy directed my attention to some smoke about three miles behind our house, which he told me was from the fires of the natives. Seeing me look rather dismayed, he said 'he had heard that tribe never did any harm, as Mr. Abbott had been very kind to them, and in harvest used to induce them to come and carry in wheat and thresh it *in our parlour*, for which he gave them knives and blankets.' This comforted me a little as to our personal safety, and being extremely tired, and my mind amused by my long expedition, I soon went to bed and slept well.

Next evening arrived without bringing Fenton, and *this* did not give me any uneasiness, as I felt it would be impossible

for him to finish his business in town in the time he had allotted.

But next day when the post arrived and *no letter*, I felt much disturbed; my only hope was that he had not written *because* he was coming. So I waited dinner until dark, and gave up all hope for that day. Next morning the overseer came to me complaining of the delinquency of some of the men; they were abroad at night, and it could not be for any lawful purpose. The horses, too, he was satisfied, had been ridden violently. I was ready to weep with agitation and perplexity. The overseer seemed respectable, and, quite ignorant of the best plan to pursue, I told him I was hourly expecting Fenton's arrival, and all he could do in the interim was to be vigilant. I felt too uneasy to go out, knowing there were several desperately bad men on the farm, who, if aware of Fenton's continued absence, would stop at nothing, the un-trodden bush behind us presenting an impenetrable retreat for absconders.

I really felt my heart sink when the next evening closed and no tidings of Fenton. . . . I struggled to conceal my uneasiness at his unaccountable absence while the servants were about me, but when evening came and a gorgeous full moon rose opposite to the verandah, I walked there and shed tears, in more abundance for their being restrained. . . . My nerves were so excited that the throbbing of the pulses of my head seemed the distant tread of a horse, and the footstep of the cat in the verandah made me tremble. Saturday morning came and Saturday evening closed without any alteration, except that then I did not *expect* Fenton, and the conclusion I came to was that he had never reached Hobarton. I was faint from agitation and loss of rest and food, feeling as if a decree had gone out against rest or peace on earth ever being permitted

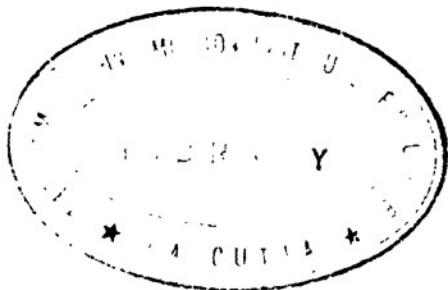
me. With renewed agitation I waited the arrival of the post, which brought no letter, no tidings of Fenton from any one, and then I determined on sending off a messenger to Mr. Hamilton. After summoning the person about the farm I thought best of, I only told him I had a letter which must be conveyed with speed to town, and entreated Mr. Hamilton to send the messenger back next day without fail. So I nerved myself as well as I could to wait his return.

As I lay on the couch in the nursery, quite spent in strength and spirit, a sudden joyful exclamation of Flora in the outside room brought me to the door, and I saw Fenton at the hall door, looking more dead than alive. My apprehensions were not unfounded. On leaving this in the heat of the sun he had only gone about seven miles when he fainted, fortunately near Mrs. Oaks' house. He had just power to get off his horse: he was taken in and every attention shown him, and when sufficiently recovered to proceed, Mr. Oaks rode into the settlement with him and left him in the care of Dr. Officer for that night. He went on next day, finished his business, and on Thursday he was on horseback in the street, talking to Dr. Bryan, when something started his horse, who plunged and threw him, his head being previously giddy. On this Dr. B. insisted on his remaining all the day quietly in bed, and would not let him leave town till Saturday, nor would he let Mrs. Hamilton write to say he was ill lest it should alarm me. This was well *meant*, but very ill-judged. Thank God, however, that the consequences were not worse; but you may judge the uneasiness I feel about Fenton—in fact, if I lose sight of him, I am uneasy until I know he is safe. And truly, I have not been myself since. I tremble at the step of every one who enters the house.

Dr. Officer came next day, and cautioned me about Fenton's

mode of living. . . . All his injunctions I have promised to follow to the letter.

Would to Heaven my confinement were well over, and my capability to exert myself renewed. Alas, I feel daily the need of help. My unwearied friend Mrs. Hamilton is trying to get me a respectable nursetender; there being only one person in town of known respectability, she has had some trouble in inducing her to come so far into the 'bush.' Mrs. Dumaresque gives her an excellent character.



*February, 1901.*

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